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ART. I.—*Memoir of Sir William Hamilton, Bart.*, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. By JOHN VEITCH, M.A., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1869.

PROFESSOR VEITCH has laid the admirers of the late Sir William Hamilton under great obligation by the present memoir. Ever since the death of Sir William, in 1856, students of philosophy have been waiting to learn something of the early associations, the education, the habits, and tastes of a man who was justly regarded as the prince of metaphysicians, and one of the most learned men of his time. His biographer has succeeded admirably in his endeavour to gratify so reasonable a curiosity; and has accomplished his task in such a manner as to render the example of Sir William an invaluable stimulus and guide to the earnest inquirer after truth.

We are not unaware that there exists, in certain quarters, an impression that Hamilton's authority has been somewhat rudely shaken by the recent assault of Mr. Mill. It remains, however, to be proved that Mr. Mill has inflicted any such injury upon Sir William's philosophical reputation as can possibly be permanent. While opinions may differ respecting the precise value of Hamilton's speculations, of this we may be quite sure, that his philosophy is not destined to be superseded by that of Mr. Mill. British thinkers cannot long be content with a system which provides no test of certitude, and which even denies the existence of necessary truth; a system which reduces matter to a mere possibility of sensation and

mind to a series of feelings; a system which, as Dr. Haven well says, "gives us a philosophy without first principles, a cosmology without a material world, a psychology without a soul, and a theology without a God." We are not without hope that Mr. Veitch's memoir will awaken a new interest in the Scottish philosophy, and lead to a wider and juster appreciation of Hamilton's great merits. Discrepancies, doubtless, are to be found in Sir William's writings, owing, as we suppose, mainly to the fact that he never seriously attempted to adjust the different parts of his scheme with each other. This is accounted for, partly by the state of his health during the last ten years of his life, and partly by the circumstance that he lacked that strong desire for harmony of view which has characterised the most distinguished philosophical system-makers of France and Germany. Notwithstanding certain admitted errors and inconsistencies, we still believe that in the main he is correct, and that, in fact, he is the only writer since the death of Dr. Reid who has made any really solid contributions to the science of mind. But it is not our intention to attempt in the present article to assign to Hamilton his appropriate place in the history of philosophical speculation. We purpose merely to pass under review the leading incidents in his career, blending with the narrative of Professor Veitch some reminiscences of our own.

Sir William Hamilton was born at Glasgow on the 8th of March, 1788. He was the lineal representative of the Hamiltons of Preston. The first baronet received his title in 1673, as an acknowledgment of the services rendered by his father to the royal cause at the battles of Dunbar and Worcester, at the latter of which his kinsman, the Duke of Hamilton, commanded, and was mortally wounded. Sir William was only the third in possession of the title, which had not been assumed since the death of the second baronet in 1701.

Dr. Thomas Hamilton, the grandfather of Sir William, held the Chair of Anatomy and Botany in the university of Glasgow. His name stands associated with that of Dr. Cullen, as one of the founders of the medical school of Glasgow, and one of the great promoters of medical science in Scotland during the last century. He was a man of liberal accomplishments, and was notable socially for his geniality and genuine humour. Dr. Thomas Hamilton was succeeded in the Chair of Anatomy by his son, Dr. William Hamilton, the father of Sir William. Though cut off prematurely—dying in his thirty-second year—he was greatly distinguished both for his talent and ardent devotion to his profession.

"As a lecturer," says Dr. Cleghorn, "Dr. William Hamilton was remarkably free from pomp and affectation. His language was simple and perspicuous, but so artless that it appeared flat to those who placed the beauty of language in the intricacy of management, or the abundance of figures. His manner of speaking corresponded with his style, and was such as might appear uninteresting to those who think it impossible to be eloquent without violent gestures and frequent variations of tone. He used merely the tone of ordinary conversation, as his preceptor, Dr. Hunter, did before him, aiming at perspicuity only, and trusting for attention to the importance of the subjects he treated. These he selected with great judgment. Holding in contempt all hypotheses unsupported by fact, and inapplicable to the improvement of practice—omitting or passing slightly over facts remarkable for curiosity, more than utility—he demonstrated with great distinctness and precision those parts which it is necessary to know accurately; accompanying his demonstrations with specimens of morbid parts, and with every remark, physiological and practical, which he was able to collect from extensive reading, and careful reflection on his own part."

Sir William was scarcely two years old at the death of his father; consequently the charge of his education devolved entirely on his mother. Mrs. Hamilton was a woman of considerable strength of character and of cultivated mind, warmly devoted to her children and solicitous even to an extreme about their education and general welfare. She was the daughter of Mr. William Stirling, a merchant in Glasgow. The name which the subject of the present memoir received in baptism, and which he continued to use for some time, was *William Stirling*. As he grew up, however, he omitted *Stirling*. In a letter to his mother, he says, characteristically—"You need not direct to me by my full names; you may always omit *Stirling*. It is nonsense having three long names."

There was nothing remarkable in his boyhood. His biographer tells us what few even of those who knew Sir William would be prepared to expect, viz., that he early displayed a taste for the marvellous and the highly coloured in romance. When quite a child the *Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Apocalypse* were the two books which charmed him most, and through life he sought relaxation from his severer studies in works of the imaginative type—*Frankenstein*, *The Arabian Nights*, and even Mrs. Radcliffe's novels. We sometimes thought that this love of the marvellous led him occasionally to yield a too ready credence to the assertions of the German physiologists respecting the phenomena of animal magnetism.

In 1797 he entered the Glasgow grammar-school and made great progress in his classical studies, for when only twelve years old we find him attending the junior Latin and Greek classes of the University. He was afterwards removed to a private school in England, and felt not a little indignant at having to submit to what he viewed as the degradation of being turned into a mere school-boy, when he had enjoyed the dignity of a gownsmen.

After spending a year and a half at the school of Dr. Dean, of Bromley, in Kent, he returned to Glasgow to pursue his studies in the University. During the long summer vacations he resided at the manse of Midcalder, about twelve miles from Edinburgh. The minister of the parish, the Rev. Dr. John Sommers, was a man of considerable attainments and of admirable judgment. To his instructions and influence Hamilton doubtless owed much.

"The doctor," says Mr. Baynes, "had early perceived the force and originality of his pupil's mind, as well as the generous ardour of his disposition. He was evidently charmed with his keenness of intellect, his fine sense of honour, his frank and manly bearing, and felt towards him not only admiration, but warm regard."—*Edinburgh Essays*, p. 250.

On returning to the University he joined the senior Latin and Greek classes, and also those of logic and moral philosophy. He speedily attained a high position in all these classes, especially in those of logic and moral philosophy, carrying off in both the highest honours of the year. About this time he formed the purpose of entering the medical profession. He attended the medical classes of the college for two sessions. During the session of 1806—1807, he pursued his medical studies in Edinburgh.

The following letters, which give an account of his habits and occupations at this period, are not without interest:—

"EDINBURGH, *Saturday night* [November, 1806].

"MY DEAR MOTHER,— . . . After walking out to Midcalder, I stayed there till Monday night, when I came in to attend the classes next day. I spent my time very happily there, and, among other things, employed myself once a-day in swimming in the river. I have advised all the boys to continue the practice every day during the whole year. I am convinced if people plunged once a-day into the cold bath, colds and consumptions, and all other complaints of that nature, would be *rare æves in terris*. It is impossible to express the pleasure it gives you after coming out of the water; you feel a glow of heat warming you to the very bones, which is evinced by smoke and vapour arising from the surface of the body. It is best to stay

very short in the water. If I was not so completely engaged in the forenoon, or if there were any water near me in Edinburgh, I should assuredly bathe every day, good, bad, or indifferent. Mr. Bell and some of the boys at Midcalder are fully convinced of the utility of the custom, and are determined to persevere. The minister, too, was threatening to begin.

"I wholly forgot to remind you in my last letter of the care your duty calls on you to bestow on Vindex; dumb animals are not able to express their wants, and should therefore be more carefully attended to than human animals. I am afraid the sheet won't hold all I have to say, or I should give you a long string of advices on this subject. . . .

"I have been buying a good number of books, but chiefly the books I am immediately needing. From nine in the morning till three in the afternoon, I have not a single moment to spare—out of one class into another. I keep a regular account of my expenses. I am hesitating whether to enter a member of the Royal Medical Society this year or not. I won't, I believe. They have a most elegant building belonging to it. I wish you would write me soon. I suppose you have been busy moving from your house.

"Send me my skates by the first opportunity.

"I am, dear mother, your affectionate son,

"W. S. HAMILTON."

"[EDINBURGH,] BANK STREET, *Saturday night* [November, 1806].

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—I don't wish to be introduced to any more people this winter. I shall be pestered to death with invitations, &c., which cannot be done without loss of time. . . . The books necessary for my studies cost me some money; for example, *Fyfe's Compend of Anatomy*, being a complete set of anatomical plates, cost me five guineas; and even here I save two guineas by taking a plain copy and colouring it myself—the price of the coloured copy being £7 7s. You may depend on it, I will be as little expense as possible. . . . I wish you would give me a genteeler appellation on the back of your next letter. . . .

"I shall now bid you farewell. Your affectionate son,

"W. S. HAMILTON, *Esq.* Remember that."

"EDINBURGH, *Tuesday* [April, 1807].

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I just now received your letter, and lose no time in answering it. I am much obliged to you for being so gentle with me, as I had just summoned up all my resolution to bear a hearty scold, which would have been the more ungrateful as I had given you some cause for it. I, indeed, confess that I find I have spent more money than I should, and would have been very sorry to have laid out so much money on any frivolous or unnecessary articles; but the money has only changed its shape. What was a little ago bank-notes, is now metamorphosed into the more respectable appearance of rare and cheap books; and from the monotonous

repetitions, 'The Bank of Scot. promise to pay to the bearer on demand, &c.,' they have now suffered the glorious metamorphosis of being converted into historians, and philosophers, and poets, and orators, and, though last not least, into physicians. . . .

"Hoping to see you soon, I remain, dear mother, &c.,

"W. HAMILTON."

These letters throw light on the relation which subsisted between Hamilton and his mother. They reveal the kind of influence she had acquired over him: an influence which tended greatly to his advantage, and which she retained to the last. They also indicate the existence of that passion for collecting books which gained strength with his years, and resulted in the formation of one of the most valuable private philosophical libraries in Britain.

In 1807 Hamilton left Scotland for Oxford, where he entered the ancient college of Balliol. The high position he had gained at Glasgow secured for him one of the Snell Exhibitions, which were founded in 1677, by John Snell, for educating Scottish students at Oxford. At Oxford Sir William's course was most distinguished. His personal appearance, agreeable manners, and gentle demeanour, his habits of study, his lofty intellect, and extraordinary attainments made a deep impression on his fellow-students. Mr. Veitch has been fortunate in securing the reminiscences of men who either were Hamilton's contemporaries or went to Oxford shortly after he had left the University. From these sketches we extract the following:—

"Hamilton," says Mr. Christie, "was my senior at college, I think about two years, and my senior in age a few years more. All marks of boyhood had left him, if they ever belonged to him: he was in appearance completely a man, though a young man. The dress of these days showed to advantage his singularly finely-formed limbs. There was an apparent looseness in his figure, proceeding, I think, from a certain carelessness in his gait, and certainly not from any imperfection of form, for he was admirably formed; and still less indicating any defect of muscular power, for he was very strong, and excelled in running and leaping, and all other athletic exercises, to which, moreover, he was much given. I wish I were able to convey a just notion of the singular beauty and nobleness of his most intellectual countenance. His oval face, perfectly-formed features, deep-set black eyes, olive complexion, his waving black hair, which did not conceal his noble forehead, combined as happily to give the result of perfect manly beauty as it is possible to imagine. . . . It is not always that great intellectual gifts are accompanied by a corresponding elevation of moral feelings—there are many lamentable instances the other way. But it sometimes happens (and Hamilton

is not the only case which has fallen in my way) that great intellectual power is accompanied by qualities of the heart raising their possessor still more conspicuously above the average of men. I cannot enter into particulars, but I can say with truth that, considering his means, which I have no reason to suppose were great, I have never known a heart so open to the claims of distress, and with him misery was a sufficient claim when his help was asked. The turn he gave the matter was, that he was the party obliged, not the asker of the favour. If anyone was depressed by fortune below those who would have otherwise been his equals, Hamilton was sure, by the most delicate means, to make him as far as possible forget what was painful in his position.

"Hamilton, as far as I can recollect, was not wanting in the performance of any of the duties which society expects from all its members, but he did not rest there. On many occasions he seemed to me to love his neighbour better than himself."

"At the period of my entrance at Balliol," says Mr. James Traill, "Hamilton was in the second year of his residence. His habits of study were then confirmed, though somewhat irregular. His manner of reading was characteristic. He had his table, chairs, and generally his floor, strewed with books; and you might find him in the midst of this confusion studying with his foot on a chair, poising one great folio on his knee, with another open in his hand. His mode of 'tearing out the entrails' of a book, as he termed it, was remarkable. A perusal of the preface, table of contents, and index, and a glance at those parts which were new to him (which were very few) were all that was necessary. It was by this facility in acquiring knowledge, and his great faculty in retaining it, that he was able, in the short period of his undergraduateship, to become the most learned Aristotelian in Oxford. . . . Hamilton was a great haunter of old book-shops—one, in particular, in the neighbourhood of Soho Square. It was a low, dark hole, crammed with dust and folios, and in the darkest corner sat the old bibliopole, like a spider in his web, watching his prey. He never spoke, and beyond the price of a book, seemed to know nothing. I came across the old man some years afterwards. He had advanced into a strange stage of development, and appeared in the character of a shrewd, active parish overseer, in a country parish, occupying a neat cottage, chatting away, and offering his visitors the hospitalities of his home baked and brewed. It was a dangerous affair accompanying Hamilton to an old book-shop. He was sure to persuade you to buy some favourite folio, and as soon as you had got it, he would comfort you with the assurance that you would not understand a word of it. His own collection was one of the most miscellaneous nature. In addition to every commentator upon Aristotle, it included the learned squabbles of the Scaligers, Scioppius, and the authors of the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*. He was fond of controversial writings, and enjoyed the learned railings of the Scioppian style. Any account

of Hamilton's Oxford life would be defective that did not notice him in his hours of relaxation, which were equally characteristic of the man. Whatever he did, whether work or play, was done with his whole heart and soul. He had no turn for hunting, shooting, or boating, the usual out-door *studies* of Oxford: nor would they have furnished the sort of relaxation he required. Gymnastics, as now scientifically practised, would have been exactly the thing for him, and he would have excelled as a gymnast. We were obliged to content ourselves with the simple feats of leaping, vaulting, and the use of the pole. In these our proficiency was by no means contemptible. . . . Those who have known Hamilton only through his writings, and in the later period of his life, can have no idea of his almost boyish sportiveness in his early days, when his animal spirits, being set free, seemed to bound up with an irrepressible elasticity. In one of his nocturnal visits to my rooms, whilst we were talking, a mouse crept out of a hole on the hearth. With a view to the advancement of science, we strewed crumbs of bread soaked in wine for him, and found that mice and men were very much alike under the influence of drink. Whether as this was a mouse of a learned university, it was to be considered an exceptional case, we did not fully determine. In college rooms there are no pantries or store of provisions; the food is supplied from the college buttery, and cannot be had after certain hours. Hamilton had nothing of the commissary in him, and often found himself about midnight in a state of destitution, for which the only relief was a raid into other men's rooms in search of plunder. In one of these freebooting expeditions we had a narrow escape. We had been foraging for several nights in the rooms of a brother Scot of rather a fiery temperament. He had on this occasion prepared himself with the poker at his bedside to discharge at us. Fortunately he had dropt asleep, and we escaped out of the rooms before the missile overtook us. It left a deep mark on the door, which he showed us as a warning next morning."

Hamilton's first impressions of Oxford University life and teaching do not appear to have been of the most favourable character. Writing to his mother, he says—

"I am so plagued by these foolish lectures of the college tutors that I have little time to do anything else. Aristotle to-day, ditto to-morrow; and I believe that if the ideas furnished by Aristotle to these numbskulls were taken away, it would be doubtful whether there remained a single notion. I am quite tired of such uniformity of study."

He and the tutor to whose care he was specially consigned speedily discovered that they were by no means necessary to each other, and soon ceased to have any intercourse. Thus Hamilton became strictly a solitary student. He obtained

but little assistance from Oxford University teaching. What he there achieved, he achieved for and by himself. This the Master of Balliol (Dr. Parsons, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough) frankly acknowledged, when, in 1811, he spoke of Hamilton to Bishop Gleig: "Among other names (of young men) whom the master mentioned with peculiar respect was that of Hamilton. 'He is one of those,' said he, 'and they are rare, who are best left to themselves. He will turn out a great scholar, and we shall get the credit of making him so, though in point of fact we shall have done nothing for him whatever.'"

We believe that Hamilton's honour-examination stands unequalled, for the number and character of the books given in, in the history of the University. From the testimony of eye-witnesses we learn that his examination in philosophy occupied two days; that he was actually examined "in more than four times the number of philosophical and didactic books ever wont to be taken up even for the highest honours; and those, likewise, authors far more abstruse than had previously been attempted in the schools." In fourteen of his books on the abstruser subjects of Greek philosophy, the examiners declined, with the most flattering compliments, to question him at all! To this fact, doubtless, his mind reverted when, many years afterwards, writing of the neglect of logic and philosophy at Oxford he says, "the public examiners could not be expected, either to put questions on what they did not understand or to encourage the repetition of such overt manifestations of their own ignorance." It was during Sir William's residence at Oxford that the bent of his mind towards abstract thinking became thoroughly fixed. It was here that he laid the foundation of his extensive knowledge of logical science and of his marvellous acquaintance with the writings of the schoolmen. Here, too, he acquired that partiality for the works of the great Stagirite which he could hardly have obtained from the disciples of Reid in Scotland. Mr. Veitch, in a passage of rare force and beauty, sums up the main characteristics of Hamilton during the Oxford period:—

"He stands out in entire life-like reality—handsome and commanding in form, with overflowing spirits and abounding physical vigour that delighted and excelled in all bodily exercises; possessed withal by a fervid, unquenchable, intellectual ambition, the hardest student and keenest intellect of his time—reading so widely that he could offer, without boasting, to give some account of any book, in

the languages which he knew, on any subject that was named to him—reading, too, without aid of tutor and usual appliances, leaving all such far behind in his strong self-reliance and love of literary conquest. Admired and revered for his talents and attainments; possessing unbounded personal influence, and using it nobly; beloved for his frankness, his friendliness, his tender-heartedness and generosity; ready to aid the young freshman in the difficulties of his early studies, and seeking carefully to keep him from evil companions; with but limited means, yet open of hand to men whose circumstances were narrower than his own, and concealing his part in the matter; yielding to no excesses or unworthy solicitations, yet social and ready to relax severer pursuits for the companionship of his chosen friends; sunny and joyous—we find in him a breadth, force, purity, and elevation of character which have been rarely paralleled.”

Having completed his course at Oxford, it was necessary that he should determine finally on his profession in life. He had hitherto pursued the study of medicine with the view of entering that profession. But his taste for philosophical studies, a taste acquired at Glasgow and afterwards greatly strengthened at Oxford, had caused him to change his mind on the subject of his profession. His thoughts now turned to the law. In July, 1813, he became a member of the Scottish Bar, and thenceforward resided in Edinburgh. He had inherited no private fortune with the baronetcy, and had to trust to the bar for support. Although his legal acquirements were extensive, his professional practice was not large. His love of abstract speculation and his scholarly tastes were hardly the qualities to attract the attention of the agents, who had to a great extent the making of the young advocate. Then, too, he was never a fluent speaker. His fastidious temperament could not be satisfied without the most elaborate preparation, and as a necessary result there was a want of punctuality in the performance of his work which constituted one of the main obstacles to his success at the bar.

The wearisome pacing to and fro of what he terms the “vile Parliament House boards” was at length abandoned for those underground recesses in which were stored the choice treasures of the Advocates’ Library.

His political views excluded him from any share in the numerous legal appointments at the disposal of the Government. He received his only piece of legal promotion in 1832, when he was appointed to the unremunerative and comparatively trifling office of Solicitor of Teinds. Of

material rewards, indeed, he was destined through life to have but little. In the year 1820, the Chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh becoming vacant by the death of Dr. Brown and the retirement of Dugald Stewart, he offered himself as a candidate for the post. Dr. Brown was cut off in early manhood. During his brief but brilliant career he had held the chair as colleague to Mr. Stewart. On the death of Dr. Brown, Mr. Stewart, finding himself unable, through failing health, to resume the active duties of the chair, placed his resignation in the hands of the electors. The election rested with the members of the Town Council. The chief, if not the only opposing candidate, was Hamilton's friend and fellow-advocate, John Wilson, already extensively known by his contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine*. Wilson had devoted but little attention to philosophy, and was regarded merely as a genial critic and a poet of promise. On the other hand, it was well understood that Hamilton had for years been devoted to philosophy in all its branches, although he was not yet known to the public as an author. He was able also to produce testimonials of the highest class. Mr. Stewart himself gave his support to Sir William, so far as the circumstances of his position would permit. Without doubt Hamilton's claims were far superior to any that Wilson could then offer. But such was the political constitution of the Town Council that the real merits of the candidates, and their special fitness for the vacant post, had comparatively little to do with the election. Political feeling then ran high. Everybody was either a Whig or a Tory. The line between the two great parties was most sharply drawn. There were no Liberal-Conservatives or Conservative-Liberals in those days. Hamilton was a Whig, while his opponent was a Tory; and, since the Tory electors were to the Whigs as two to one, Wilson was appointed to the Chair. To the honour of both Hamilton and Wilson it should be said that the result of the election was not allowed to interrupt their friendly relations. To the close of life they retained a warm regard for each other.

In 1821, Sir William entered the University of Edinburgh, as Professor of Civil History. The appointment lay virtually with the Faculty of Advocates. In this instance political considerations were not allowed to outweigh his indisputable qualities for the office. The appointment did not bring with it great remuneration, nor did it involve very onerous duties. The class was not included in the curriculum, and attendance was not required by any of the learned professions. Conse-

quently, the number of students had always been small. It had always been difficult to secure a regular attendance, and sometimes a whole session had passed without the delivery of a single lecture. Sir William attracted for some years what was then regarded as a considerable class, numbering as it did from thirty to fifty. We have the testimony of Professor Wilson that "the most distinguished students of the University spoke with enthusiasm of the sagacity, learning, eloquence, and philosophical spirit of Hamilton's lectures." Still it was evident that this was not the sphere in which he was destined to achieve a distinguished reputation. During his occupancy of the Chair of Civil History he was diligently pursuing his philosophical inquiries. He devoted himself especially to an investigation of the relations existing between physiology and psychology. Anatomy and physiology had always been with him favourite studies. "Already, in 1814," says De Quincey, "I conceive that he must have been studying physiology upon principles of investigation suggested by himself." He now resumed this study with fresh zeal, and entered upon a far more extensive examination of the nervous system than he had previously attempted. He always seems to have had a very clear perception of the line which marks off the province of psychology from that of physiology, a praise which can hardly be awarded even to the most distinguished writers on mental science of the present day. We rarely find Sir William confounding the facts of external observation with the facts of consciousness. He did not make the fatal mistake of supposing that biological phenomena can afford an explanation of mental states and acts. The characteristics of thought, feeling, and volition can be determined only by an appeal to consciousness. He held that the psychologist as such can derive no aid whatever from physiology, since he must deal exclusively with phenomena which have nothing in common with the facts of biology. The facts of consciousness—"all the facts and nothing but the facts"—was the motto of Sir William when engaged in purely psychological researches. It is only when we come to the question, what are the conditions of the existence of certain classes of mental phenomena, that the physiologist can render aid to the philosopher. Still the question itself lies altogether beyond the province of the pure metaphysician. Although Hamilton was generally successful in discriminating the two orders of facts, it must be admitted that he occasionally lost sight of his fundamental maxim. We can afford but one illustration, namely, his acceptance of the ancient hypothesis that all the

senses are but modifications of touch. Thus he held that in an act of visual perception the object *immediately* perceived has no existence out of our own organism. Now to us this appears to be utterly inconsistent with his famous doctrine respecting the veracity of consciousness. It is the testimony of consciousness that when we look, say at the sun, we affirm the existence of the distant object itself, the object of which the term "sun" is the verbal symbol. We are further conscious that this affirmation is a *primary judgment*, and not conditioned upon any prior mental assertion. But according to Hamilton, the object immediately perceived has no existence beyond the organ of visual perception. If this is so, then by what process can we reach the existence of the represented and distant object at all? To this question he attempts no answer. In our view he here violates his own fundamental canon, viz., "*that we exhibit each fact of consciousness in its individual integrity neither distorted nor mutilated.*" But we cannot now pursue this topic further.

About the year 1820 the subject of phrenology began to attract attention in this country, especially in Edinburgh, where Mr. George Combe, the friend of Gall and Spurzheim, had come forward in defence of the new science. Sir William was naturally led through his interest in anatomy and psychology to examine thoroughly the new method of observing mental phenomena propounded by the phrenologists. He addressed himself to a very careful investigation of the general principles of the science—particularly those relating to the functions of the cerebellum, and the existence and extent of the frontal sinuses. The conclusions reached are utterly subversive of the allegations of the phrenologists on the points at issue. The results of his researches were given in two papers read before the Royal Society in 1826 and 1827. These papers constitute the most formidable and discomfiting attack ever made on phrenology—an attack, too, which has not been repelled. A distinguished living writer happened to be present at the reading of one of the papers, and thus graphically describes the effect:—

"One evening," says Mr. Thomas Carlyle, "I recollect listening to a paper on phrenology, read by him in the Royal Society; in deliberate examination and refutation of that self-styled science. The meeting was very much larger than usual; and sat in the deepest silence and attention, and, as it gradually appeared, approval and assent. My own private assent, I know, was complete; I only wished the subject had been more important or more dubious to me. The argument, grounded on cerebral anatomy (osteology), philosophy, and human

sense, I remember, went on in the true style of *vires acquirit*; and the crowning finish of it was this: 'Here are two skulls' (or rather, here *were*, for the experiment was but reported to us), 'two noteworthy skulls; let us carefully make trial and comparison of them. One is the skull of a Malay robber and cut-throat, who ended by murdering his mistress and getting hanged; skull sent me by so-and-so (some principal official at Penang); the other is George Buchanan's skull, preserved in the University here. One is presumably a very bad specimen of a nation reckoned morally and intellectually bad; the other a very good, of a nation which surely reckons itself good. One is probably among the best of mankind, the other among the worst. Let us take our callipers, and measure them bump after bump. Bump of benevolence is so-and-so, bump of ideality—and in result, adding all, and balancing all, your callipers declare the Malay to transcend in goodness the Buchanan by such and such a cipher of inches. A better man in intellect and heart, that Malay, if there be truth in arithmetic and these callipers of yours!' Which latter implement, it seemed to me, was finally closed and done for. I said to Sir William next time we met, 'Were I in your place, I would decline to say another word on that subject. Malay cut-throat *versus* Buchanan; explain me that; till then I say nothing.'"

The following extracts from Mr. Carlyle's reminiscences, referring to about the same period, possess great interest:—

"In the end of 1826 I came to live in Edinburgh under circumstances new and ever memorable to me; from then till the spring of 1828, and, still more, once again in 1832-33, when I had brought my little household to Edinburgh for the winter, must have been the chief times of personal intercourse between us. I recollect hearing much more of him in 1826 and onward than formerly; to what depths he had gone in study and philosophy; of his simple, independent, meditative habits, ruggedly athletic modes of exercise, fondness for his big dog, &c., &c.; everybody seemed to speak of him with favour; those of his immediate acquaintance uniformly with affectionate respect. I did not witness, much less share in, any of his swimming or other athletic prowesses. I have once or twice been on long walks with him in the Edinburgh environs, oftenest with some other companion, or perhaps even two, whom he had found vigorous and worthy; pleasant walks and abundantly enlivened with speech from Sir William. He was willing to talk of any humanly-interesting subject, and threw out sound observations upon any topic started; if left to his own choice, he circled and gravitated, naturally, into subjects that were his own, and were habitually occupying him; of which I can still remember animal magnetism and the German revival of it, not yet known of in England, was one that frequently turned up. Mesmer and his 'four Academicians' he assured us had *not* been the finale of that matter; that it was a matter tending into realities far deeper and more intricate than had been supposed; of which, for the rest, he did not seem to

augur much good, but rather folly and mischief. Craniology, too, he had been examining; but freely allowed us to reckon that an extremely ignorant story. On German bibliography and authors, especially of the learned kind, Erasmus, Ruhnken, Ulrich von Hutten, he could descant copiously, and liked to be inquired of. On Kant, Reid, and the metaphysicians, German and other, though there was such abundance to have said, he did not often speak; but politely abstained rather when not expressly called on.

"He was finely social and human in these walks or interviews. Honesty, frankness, friendly veracity, courageous trust in humanity and in you, were charmingly visible. His talk was forcible, copious, discursive, careless rather than otherwise; and, on abstruse topics, I observed, was apt to become embroiled and revelly, much less perspicuous and elucidative than with a little deliberation he could have made it. 'The fact is,' he would often say: and then plunging into new circuitous depths and distinctions, again on a new grand, 'The fact is,' and still again—till what the essential fact might be was not a little obscure to you. He evidently had not been engaged in *speaking* these things, but only in thinking them, for his own behoof, not yours. By *lucid* questioning you could get lucidity from him on any topic. Nowhere did he give you the least notion of his not understanding the thing himself; but it lay like an unwinnowed threshing-floor, the corn-grains, the natural chaff, and somewhat even of the straw, still unseparated there. This sometimes would befall, not only when the meaning itself was delicate or abstruse, but also if several were listening, and he doubted whether they could understand. On solid realistic points he was abundantly luminous; promptitude, solid sense, free-flowing intelligibility always the characteristics. The tones of his voice were themselves attractive, physiognomic of the man: a strong, carelessly-melodious, tenor voice, the sound of it betokening seriousness and cheerfulness; occasionally something of slightly remonstrative was in the undertones, indicating well in the background possibilities of virtuous wrath and fire; seldom anything of laughter, of levity never anything; thoroughly a serious, cheerful, sincere, and kindly voice, with looks corresponding. In dialogue, face to face, with one he trusted, his speech, both voice and words, was still more engaging; lucid, free, persuasive, with a bell-like harmony, and from time to time, in the bright eyes, a beaming smile, which was the crown and seal of all to you. . . . I think, though he stood so high in my esteem as a man of intellect and knowledge, I had yet read nothing by Sir William, nor, indeed, did I ever read anything considerable of what has sent his name over the world; having years before, for good reasons of my own, renounced all metaphysical study or inquiry, and ceased altogether (as a master phrases it) to 'think about thinking.'"

It is due to Hamilton to remark that he vindicated the "*thinking about thinking*," on the ground that it affords the

best possible gymnastic of the mind. It was with him a fundamental position that the comparative utility of a study is not to be *principally* estimated by the complement of truths which it may communicate; but by the degree in which it determines our higher capacities to action. Here he rested the pre-eminent utility of metaphysical speculations. "By no other intellectual application (and least of all by physical pursuits) is the soul thus reflected on itself, and its faculties concentrated in such independent, vigorous, unwonted, and continued energy; by none, therefore, are its best capacities so variously and intensely evolved. 'Where there is most life, there is most victory.'"^{*}

In January, 1827, Sir William's mother died. The blow was to him a most severe one. He had always been fondly attached to his mother, and she had shared his house in Edinburgh since 1815. It was long before he could rally from his grief, and the two years that followed his mother's death were doubtless the most unhappy period of his life. In 1829 he married his cousin, Miss Marshall, who had been an inmate of his mother's family for more than ten years. The influence of Sir William's marriage on the character of his subsequent life was of the happiest kind. In our judgment Mr. Veitch's narrative of Lady Hamilton's exemplary devotion to her husband's interests forms one of the most interesting features of the biography.

Previous to the year 1829 Sir William had given none of the results of his thinking to the world. Although under compulsion he could write with rapidity, yet he always took up his pen with great reluctance, and required a stimulus from without to engage him in composition. Such a stimulus was supplied by his marriage. He now found it necessary to do something to add to his limited income. About this time Lord Jeffrey retired from the editorship of the *Edinburgh Review*, and was succeeded by Professor Macvey Napier. Mr. Napier was a personal friend, who, knowing Sir William's powers and sympathising with his pursuits, was naturally anxious to secure him as a contributor. He accordingly requested Sir William to write a philosophical article for the first number of the *Review* under his editorship. The subject suggested was the introductory book of M. Cousin's *Cours de Philosophie*. Sir William tells us that personally he was averse to the task, but that Mr. Napier was resolute. The famous article on "The Philosophy of the Unconditioned"

^{*} *Discussions*. Article on the "Philosophy of Perception."

was thus written under pressure and also in haste. Still it is in some respects the most remarkable of his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*. It utterly subverted the very foundations of the rash speculations of Kant, Schelling, Hegel, and others, regarding the infinite and the absolute, and demonstrated how vain was the attempt of M. Cousin to harmonise them with the Scottish philosophy of common sense. By its keen analysis it at once attracted the attention of Continental philosophers as the work of no ordinary mind. "They saw that a critic had arisen, who by the might and majesty of his intellect, and the vastness of his erudition, gave dignity to the humble doctrine which he advocated and they had all along despised. They began to feel—

"A chiel's amang us takin notes,
And faith he'll prent it."*

In the October number of the *Review* for 1830, appeared the essay on the "Philosophy of Perception," having for its text the French edition of the works of Reid by M. Jouffroy. In this paper the fundamental principles of Hamilton's own doctrine of perception were first stated, while the characteristics of other systems, particularly the views of Dr. Brown, were subjected to a rigid criticism. Two years later he made his third important philosophical contribution to the *Review*. This was the article on logic which appeared in 1833, being an examination of the recent English treatises on that science. In this article the doctrines of Archbishop Whately are severely handled, while for the first time in this country logic is treated as a strictly formal science. "In his review of Whately," says Mr. Veitch, "Hamilton laid down a principle by which logic, as the science of the form of thought, may be distinguished alike from psychology and from the other sciences which assume and apply its rules." Hamilton's doctrine respecting the exact province of logic really rests on the validity of the Kantian distinction between the *matter* and the *form* of thought. It is here we begin to trace the influence of the metaphysics of Kant on Sir William's mind. But we beg to think that the distinction in question, notwithstanding the able attempts of Dean Mansel, has yet to be made out; and we regard it as most unfortunate that Hamilton's logical speculations should be mixed up with what, to say the least, is a very doubtful psychological hypothesis.

The three articles, on the Unconditioned, on Perception, and on Logic, though apparently disconnected, have yet ..

* *Princeton Review*.

philosophical unity. They contain a most condensed examination of the main problems in metaphysics, psychology, and logic, and each supplied a want in the philosophical literature of the time. Sir William's articles on education are very valuable. "The one great practical interest of his life," says his biographer, "lay in the higher education of the country; and this led him, in his usual comprehensive way of dealing with a subject, to penetrate on all sides to the utmost bounds of its literature. The result was a wonderful accumulation of knowledge regarding the university systems of Europe, and the opinions of the best writers on the higher education." The articles on Oxford especially excited great interest, and contributed not a little to the appointment of the Commission of 1850. We have not space to characterise Sir William's other articles. In all he contributed to the *Review*: six on philosophy, two on literature, and eight on education. In 1852 these were collected into a volume, which also comprised three valuable appendices respectively entitled, Philosophical, Logical, and Educational. Of the articles in the *Review* a distinguished American critic observes:—

"Bentley did not do more to enlarge the scope and enrich the learning of British literary criticism, when, by his dissertations on the Epistles of Phalaris, he raised it from the platitudes of the grammarian and rhetorician to the compass, the life, the interest, and the dignity, of philological and historical disquisition, than Sir William Hamilton has done to give profundity, subtilty, comprehensiveness, and erudition, to British philosophical criticism, by his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*."

The next important landmark in Sir William's life was his appointment to the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. This Chair became vacant in 1836 by the resignation of Dr. David Ritchie. By this time Hamilton was almost universally recognised as the most learned philosopher in Britain. His claims were so pre-eminent and so well understood that it might naturally be thought that the Chair would at once be offered to him, and that it would be quite unnecessary for him even to declare himself a candidate for the office. Not so, however. The appointment rested with the Town Council, a body composed of men mostly engaged in trade, and therefore incapable of judging for themselves respecting the qualifications requisite for a teacher of abstract philosophy. When Sir William was a candidate for the Chair of Moral Philosophy the political element was in the ascendant in the Council, but now the disturbing influence was mainly theological and religious. For a time it seemed

very doubtful whether he would be chosen. His principal rival candidate was Mr. Isaac Taylor, who had then achieved a high reputation by his writings. Strange to say, Mr. Isaac Taylor's claim to the Chair of Metaphysics was founded almost wholly on his religious opinions. There was at the time a panic on "German Neology," as it was called. Against Sir William it was alleged that he had written no religious works; yea more, that he was even profoundly versed in German philosophy—the perennial fount of all theological heresy! If this man were entrusted with the logical training of the youth of Scotland, what would become of the venerable Kirk! Then, too, with a body like the Town Council we may very naturally suppose that the chances would be in favour of the popular author rather than the abstract thinker. Some of the Council had the temerity to assert that Sir William's philosophical writings were very obscure, and his success as a teacher, therefore, hopeless! They had attempted, it seems, to read his articles, but with very indifferent success. "One can easily imagine," says Mr. Baynes, "their natural amazement on encountering at the outset such expressions as 'the unconditionally unlimited,' 'formal categories of thought,' 'cognizance of negations hypostatized as positive.'" Sir William engaged in the uncongenial task of dealing with this charge of obscurity.

"It is," he says, "truly humiliating to be compelled to meet such an allegation by any detailed explanation or defence. Yet, in the circumstances, it may be proper to mention that there are *two* of the philosophical essays which I have contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* of such a description as to be incomprehensible by ordinary readers. But is the inference, therefore, just, that my writings are generally obscure? or is the fact of the obscurity of these two disquisitions any fault of mine? There are, I may be allowed to say, two kinds of obscurity; one the fault of the writer—the other, of the reader. If the reader, from want of preparation, be not competent to a subject, that subject, though treated as lucidly as is possible, will to him be dark or unintelligible. . . . A journal like the *Edinburgh Review* is not the place for elementary expatiation. Its philosophical articles are addressed not to learners, but to adepts."

On the day of the election more than one of the Council dwelt upon the theological objection. This aroused the indignation of Mr. Adam Black, then City Treasurer, and he nobly came to the rescue. Sir William was elected, but only by a majority of four votes. It is evident that but for the overwhelming evidence of superior attainments and singular fitness for the office that came from men like Cousin, Brandis,

Napier, Lord Jeffrey, Professor Wilson, Sir David Brewster, and other distinguished men, he would not have secured the appointment.

Sir William, having now found his appropriate sphere, devoted himself to the preparation of his lectures to the class. According to the practice of the University, he was required to give a course of lectures extending over a period of five months, in which he had to combine elementary instruction in logic and metaphysics with, at least, a partial treatment of the higher questions of mental science. In his endeavour to carry out this requirement he met with no small difficulty, since he had hitherto dealt only with the most abstract of philosophical subjects. His class was made up mostly of comparatively young students, in the second year of their university studies. Consequently, he found it no easy matter to adapt his instructions to the supposed necessities of his pupils. Although there were more than three months between the time of his election and the commencement of the Session, Sir William did little during that interval in actual composition of his lectures. His inaugural lecture was delivered on the 21st November, 1836. "This lecture was very characteristic in tone and doctrine. After a short introductory notice of the recent history of speculative philosophy in Scotland, and its relations to the course of German and French thought—now so well known as to be matter of the merest common-place, but then an absolute novelty—he took up the subject of the uses of intellectual philosophy. Then were revealed the peculiarities of the thinker and the man: the play of the most orderly logical power and of the finest acumen, a style of rare lucidity, a deep, grave eloquence, abounding in wonderfully felicitous turns of expression. These qualities, along with the novelty and elevation of the thought, and the earnestness of the man—as he evidently spoke the familiar things of his mind—made a powerful impression on his audience. The reflective listener felt that a new power had arisen in the intellectual world, that the key-note of a higher strain of abstract inquiry than had been heard before in our Scottish universities was now struck. . . . Then it was refreshing, in an age of facts, and practical applications, and utilitarian aims, to find the cultivation of the mind declared to be a higher end than the stocking of it with information, and the apparent paradox of the superiority of the quest of truth to the attainment of it unhesitatingly proclaimed. It was shown that knowledge itself is principally valuable as a means of intellectual cultivation; and that an individual may

possess an ample magazine of knowledge and still be properly described as an 'intellectual barbarian.'" Hamilton held that Plato himself countenanced this doctrine in defining man as "the hunter of truth." "In this chase, as in others, the pursuit is all in all, the success comparatively nothing."*

Sir William gave three lectures a week, and each lecture was as a rule written on the night preceding its delivery. "All through the session Lady Hamilton sat up with her husband each night, until near the grey dawn of the winter morning. Sir William wrote the pages of the lecture on rough sheets, and his wife, sitting in an adjoining room, copied them as he got them ready. On some occasions the subject of the lecture would prove less easily managed than on others, and then Sir William would be found writing as late as nine o'clock of a morning, while his faithful but wearied amanuensis had fallen asleep on the sofa."

The lectures on Logic were composed during the following winter, and under similar circumstances. Both courses after their first composition were never substantially changed; they received only occasional verbal alterations. It would be unjust to Sir William to attempt to determine his rank as a psychologist merely by his lectures on metaphysics. These lectures were written hastily and for a special and temporary purpose, and were never designed by him as a final and thorough-going discussion of the great questions of philosophy. Viewed as a system of philosophy they are singularly incomplete. In the classification of mental phenomena he follows the threefold distribution of Kant—viz., phenomena of (1) Cognition, (2) Feeling, (3) Will and Desire. He dwells at great, and indeed undue, length on the intellectual faculties. He furnishes but a mere outline of the phenomena of Pleasure and Pain, and attempts no analysis of the characteristics of Volition. We regret that he did not perceive and expose the error of Kant in holding that Desire has more in common with the volitions than with the feelings. This mistake has been a source of sad confusion in philosophy, and has been the cause of errors in Sir William's own writings. The Desires belong, unquestionably, to the second great division of mental phenomena, constituting in fact a special class of the secondary emotions. We are anxious that our readers should not be misled by the unaccountable assertion of Mr. Mill, that Sir William's Lectures on Metaphysics are "the fullest and only consecutive exposition of his philosophy." But this

* *Discussions*, p. 39.

they certainly are not. It is not to the Lectures, but to the "Dissertations on Reid," and the "Discussions," especially the Appendices, that we are to refer for Sir William's mature judgments on the more difficult problems of philosophy. Justice requires that we admit that even in these our readers must not expect to find any "consecutive exposition of his philosophy." We have already stated that he never attempted to put together the various fragments of his system.

The mode in which Hamilton conducted his class had its peculiar features. On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday he gave lectures; Tuesday and Thursday were devoted to examination. This examination was of two kinds, compulsory and voluntary. To the compulsory examination, which occurred but seldom, all the members of the class were liable at some period during the session. The students who submitted to the other form of examination had to prepare the lecture or lectures previously delivered in such a way as to be able to give a consecutive account of any portion which the professor might select. The order in which the students were taken in this examination was determined by lot. The benches of the lecture-room were all lettered, and the members of the class were requested to sit in alphabetical order. On Sir William's table was a jar containing the letters of the alphabet—a child's alphabet in fact, printed on millboard with coloured pictures at the back of the letters. After due admixture the professor took the first that came to hand, say M, held it up, and inquired whether any gentleman in M was prepared to undertake the examination. Whereupon Mr. Mill or Mr. Mellor, or whatever the name might be, proceeded to give a recapitulation of any required part of the recently delivered lectures. Those who submitted to this examination found it a most difficult exercise. It was vain to try to remember the lectures without understanding them. Then, too, the student, who as the result of patient study had acquitted himself well to-day, dare not relax his efforts. The principle which regulated the examination being one of chance, he might be summoned within two days to the same trying position. Not all those who ventured upon this examination were greeted with the cheers of their fellow-students. We well remember a scene in Hamilton's class-room during the session of 1843-1844. A member of the class, evidently not a metaphysician born, promptly responded to the call of the professor, "any gentleman in * prepared to state what I said in my last lecture respecting the power of habit." He had uttered hardly half a dozen sentences, when he informed us that it was by

virtue of the power of habit that fish were enabled to live in water! The effect of this announcement upon his fellow-students may easily be imagined. Indeed, Sir William, who had a keen sense of the ludicrous, himself forgot for the time what was due to professional propriety, and joined heartily in the fit of laughter, which had become absolutely uncontrollable. We have good ground for saying that the unfortunate young man never again responded to the call from the chair. While only a comparatively small number attempted the voluntary examinations, a large majority of the members wrote essays on subjects connected with the lectures. Extracts from these essays were regularly read to the class—the professor generally criticising the more important exercises. All the prizes were awarded at the end of the session by the votes of the class.

Sir William's influence as a teacher is admirably described, not only by Mr. Veitch, but by two other distinguished pupils—Dr. John Cairns and Professor Baynes:—

"So rich a treasure of thought and learning," says Dr. Cairns, "brought to light in a succession of lectures at once profound and luminous, adventurous and sober-minded, full of exact distinctions and criticisms, yet pervaded by a grave academic earnestness and eloquence, could not but be hailed by all students of speculative tendencies with sympathy and admiration, while, in the more congenial spirits, these feelings were kindled into passion and enthusiasm. Many are now living who have experienced this shock in a high degree of intensity, and who connect with it a wide and definite enlargement of their intellectual horizon, which has remained, and cannot disappear, though the excitement has long passed away. . . . Willingly do I recall and linger upon these days, and months, extending even to years, in which common studies of this abstract nature bound us together. It was the romance—the poetry—of speculation and friendship. All the vexed questions of the schools were attempted by our united strength, after our higher guide had set the example. The thorny wilds of logic were pleasant as an enchanted ground; its driest technicalities treasured up as unspeakably rare and precious. We stumbled on, making discoveries at every step, and had all things common. Each lesson in mental philosophy opened up some mystery of our immortal nature, and seemed to bring us nearer the horizon of absolute truth, which again receded as we advanced, and left us, like children pursuing the rainbow, to resume the chase."

Sir William's personal appearance in the lecture-room was very striking, and well fitted to arrest attention and command respect. His dignified bearing served to indicate the possession of a truly kingly soul conscious of its power:—

"The moment that he entered," says Dr. Cairns, "he began, without sitting down, to read, often waving his hand to stay the applause with which he was greeted, and thus continued throughout the hour during which the lecture lasted, his standing attitude giving him the appearance of being taller than he really was—an impression which was confirmed by the flowing gown which he always wore, and the high desk behind which he stood, and above which, as if belonging to a more gigantic frame, rose his truly Olympic head, massive, but finely chiselled in forehead, nose, mouth, and chin, and with a dark eye looking out from beneath the shaggy eyebrows with a concentrated depth and penetration that could not be surpassed. His gesture had little variety, his appearance from first to last a look of solid and impregnable conviction; and this was also reflected in the clear and emphatic tones of his deep-set voice, which, however, could be quickened into true rhetorical grandeur, and deliver poetical quotations, or highly-wrought passages with a peculiar roll such as I have not heard in any other speaker."

Then in his dealings with his class he was so courteous, so ready to explain difficulties and answer inquiries, that it is no wonder that he was deeply and warmly loved by his students. During the session it was his custom to invite students to his own house. We felt it to be no small privilege to join in these pleasant gatherings. There was a gentleness and simplicity in his familiar discussions with his pupils which contrasted remarkably with his more impassioned qualities in controversy. Dr. Cairns refers to an evening spent in Great King-street, "when successive groups of querists assailed him, not with objections so much as with difficulties calling for explanation; and when, for hours, with his back leaning against the shelves of his library, he met all comers with the most perfect good nature, and with that unconsciousness of his own greatness, which was the charm of his friendly intercourse."

Our space will not permit us to dwell upon his controversies with De Morgan, Archdeacon Hare, and others. Sir William was a soldier in controversy, and always threw himself vigorously into the strife. With all his tenderness of nature, he was yet a man of most resolute will. "Left fairly to himself, he was gentle, calm, serene—a patient student and thinker; but there was another side of his character which the circumstance of opposition, especially in practical arrangements, would wake into the most resolute energy." This caused him occasionally to be too prodigal in the exercise of his powers. Professor Macdougall once wittily remarked, "Hamilton answered the Edinburgh Town Council as if he had been

refuting Porphyry." In July, 1844, Sir William was struck down by paralysis. He had taxed his strength to the utmost. Hard study and late hours had doubtless much to do in bringing on this illness. The seizure—hemiplegia, or paralysis of the right side—was most sudden and severe. Speech was rendered extremely difficult, and for three or four days the power of swallowing was completely lost; but his mental faculties were untouched. He ultimately so far rallied from the attack as to be able to resume not only the labours of the study but the work of his class. Still all bodily exertion became henceforth laborious and frequently painful. During the last years of his life especially it was evident that the unfailing mind, the resolute will, alone sustained the bodily effort. He would now, without doubt, have been glad to withdraw from the active duties of the Chair; but his private means were very limited, and the professorship was attended with no retiring pension. Sir William's friends felt that, considering his eminence in learning and philosophy, and his great services to the cause of education, his was a case in which the Government should bestow some pecuniary recognition. Unknown to Sir William they took means to bring the subject before the Ministry of the day. Application was made to Lord John Russell to place Sir William on the list of Sir Robert Peel's Fund, by which £1,200 is annually granted to persons eminent in science and literature. The narrative of the result of this and subsequent applications is a most painful one, and we cannot bring ourselves to dwell upon it. We merely remark that the same Minister who could offer, after great and repeated pressure, only £100 to Hamilton—always a consistent supporter of Liberal opinions, bestowed, unasked, on Professor Wilson—the most violent foe of the Whigs for nearly half a century—a pension of £300 a-year!

No account of Sir William would be complete without some tribute to Lady Hamilton. Few men have been more indebted to a wife's devotion and love than Hamilton. Without her he could never have accomplished what he did. For many years she was his sole amanuensis. We have seen how with her own hand she wrote, either from dictation or a copy in pencil, the whole of his lectures. Above all, when his bodily health was broken and his spirit burdened, her cheerful disposition and tender sympathy sustained him to the last.

"She had been much to him before; now that he was struck down by illness, she became well nigh all to him. She made it the business of her life to wait upon and tend him, and by every means in her power to promote his comfort and ease. Except to consult and

acquaint him with everything that went on, she never let him be troubled with matters that her sound sense and general faculty for business enabled her to manage instead of him. In all things he had in her a wise and reliable counsellor, and he knew it. Nor was it only what she did for him. She was so cheerful and buoyant of spirit, that her presence was a brightening, quickening influence. When he was depressed, or put out and annoyed, she often did him good with a little playfulness. She understood his nervous irritability, and never minded it. More and more, as years went on and his strength declined, and illness again attacked him, did he lean upon her and seek to have her constantly beside him, and with ever-increasing care and assiduity did she, to the last moment, fulfil her life's labour of love—to smoothe and cheer and remove all outward hindrances from the path of her husband; feeling, when she could no longer do this, that her occupation was gone. She had the only reward for which she cared, in the one life which she and her husband in their several spheres lived, in the perfect confidence which he reposed in her, in the depth of his affection and appreciation."

Although after 1844 Sir William's life was necessarily one of retirement, he still carried on those pursuits to which he had ever been devoted. His daughter has furnished a most interesting description of his every-day life after the time of his illness. But for this we must refer our readers to the *Memoir* itself. Mr. Veitch calls attention, in this portion of the biography, to certain features in his character. His sense of humour and perception of the grotesque were very striking, and were continually cropping out. "Strange to say, in the manuscripts of some of his most abstract writings, such as the articles on Cousin, Brown, and Whately, we find that every now and then the writer had apparently relieved the pressure of his thoughts, and indulged in an unsuspected side of his nature, by rapidly dashing off on the manifold corrected page a grotesque face, which had suddenly risen on his fancy." Sir William, too, entered into his children's amusements with great readiness and zest. "This was but the outcome of a part of his character, which was not so generally known and understood as the sterner side. There was, indeed, a loveliness and a depth of tenderness in Sir William's strong, hard-knit nature, which those who knew him only as the abstract thinker, or as the fierce polemic—keen, unsparing, and impatient of contradiction—did not dream of."

Sir William's letters to his eldest son, then in India, are marked by strong parental affection, while they breathe the most tender solicitude concerning his higher interests. We regret that our extracts must be brief:—

"MY DEAREST BOY,— . . . We are all looking forward to your next letter, which we trust will contain an account of your safe and happy arrival at Calcutta. God bless you, my dear Billy! and believe that there is no object on earth dearer to me than you are. I trust He will take you into His holy keeping, and that you may always fulfil all the duties which are now incumbent on you to perform. His blessing you may be sure will accompany you in this, and I need not remind you that the chief duty which a man has upon earth is his duty to God. Your ever affectionate father,
"W. HAMILTON."

"MY DEAREST BILL,—Your mother will have told you all that I can say in the shape of news and information. I only add a word to assure you of my kindest love and blessing, wishing you all health and happiness now and hereafter. . . . We are all happy in thinking that you have been sent to so pleasant a station, and one that, in every respect, seems so favourable. But in whatever place, in whatever relation you may be, I trust confidently that you will do your duty; and be certain that an anxiety on your part to perform all the duties which Providence may make incumbent on you, is the way to gain the favour of God and man. God bless you, my dear boy!"

In the autumn of 1853 Sir William had an alarming accident. In walking upstairs alone he fell and broke his arm. He recovered quickly from the accident, but it was afterwards supposed that in the shock to the brain by this fall lay the first cause of an illness which he had in the following winter, after which he never recovered his former vigour. The autumn of 1855—when he left home for the last time—was spent at Auchtertool, an inland and retired spot in Fifeshire. His health was now seriously declining. The following is an extract from a letter to ourselves:—

"Auchtertool, Fifeshire, 21st September, 1855.

" . . . It will give me great pleasure to see you in Edinburgh, whither I return in a fortnight, though my strength is altogether unequal to the discussion of a metaphysical problem. I am glad you propose, before long, to perfect and publish your paper on —, which, if able, I shall peruse with great interest when printed. . . ."

His last session commenced about the 6th of the November following. We were present at the first lecture. Such was his feebleness that he had to be lifted into the chair. When we thought of the Hamilton of former days and then looked at him as he now appeared, we were deeply moved. Although that noble frame had been so sorely stricken, we saw that the old indomitable spirit was still there. He bravely toiled on to the last. After the work of the session was over, he took leave as usual of the class with the simple but heartfelt and

impressive words—"God bless you all." "It was noticed," says Mr. Veitch, "that on no former occasion had he spoken the words with more emphasis."

The end was now rapidly approaching. On the 2nd of May he was attacked by congestion of the brain, and his physician found his case hopeless. On Monday, the 5th, he sank into a state of unconsciousness, yet with lucid intervals, in which he recognised and faintly spoke to those about him. In the one hour of consciousness that preceded the close he was heard to say, "Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." He died on the morning of the 6th of May, 1856.

The concluding chapter of the Memoir contains much that is interesting, and to students exceedingly valuable. We are sorry that we have no space for extracts. We are also compelled to defer a review of the very able "Notes" which constitute the appendix. A few general observations must close our present article.

Hamilton has rendered an inestimable service to the theologian as well as to the metaphysician, by demonstrating the impossibility of finding any other criterion of truth than the common-sense of mankind. He shows with great clearness that all acts of thought are resolvable into judgments—*mental assertions*. By virtue of our intellectual constitution some of these assertions are accompanied by a consciousness of necessity which excludes every inconsistent supposition. When this conviction of certainty is not conditioned upon some prior mental assertion, the judgment is a necessary, primary, and inexplicable truth. As inexplicable, we are bound to accept it without asking to know the *why*. We must do this, or maintain that our Maker is a deceiver, and the root of our nature a lie. He who pretends to reject a primary truth can assuredly present nothing better deserving of credence. The consciousness of certainty thus associated by our Maker with certain judgments cannot be accounted for by referring it to some higher principle or truth. On this ground it was that Hamilton felt justified in treating the primary deliverances of the human intellect as *beliefs*. They, in fact, constitute a natural revelation of truth from our great Creator. All truth is divinely revealed to man—whether naturally or supernaturally does not affect the question of the fact of the revelation itself. Had Hamilton published nothing beyond his *Dissertation on the Philosophy of Common Sense*, he would have done more for the cause of sound philosophy than any other writer during the present century. Few thinkers have had so clear a perception of the

precise limitations of human thought as he. It was hardly possible to demand of him the *why* of a primary truth without a rebuke. We once, during an evening's discussion with him in his own study, unwittingly asked to know the *why* of what, in the case, was really the *ultimate why*. Sir William instantly exclaimed, "*Stop! you have got to the end of your tether!*"

Looking to the great ends of probation on earth, it is an invaluable discipline to be made to understand that inexplicable truths there are, and that we must accept them on God's authority alone, or cease to think rationally.* The great value of Hamilton's fundamental doctrine will be yet more clearly seen if we contrast with it that of his critic, Mr. Mill. In his treatise on "*Liberty*," Mr. Mill tells us that we can never be certain that any opinion is false. Philosophers in dealing with the question relating to the test of truth agree to exclude all merely analytical judgments. The conviction of certainty which is involved in an analytical judgment is really determined by the logical law of non-contradiction. It, in fact, amounts to nothing more than the assertion that "*a thing is what it is.*" Even Mr. Mill would allow that if $4 = 2 + 2$, then $2 + 2 = 4$. But the question to be determined is—when by the laws of human intelligence we find ourselves compelled to think that $2 + 2 = 4$, *does the reality correspond with our thought?* According to Mr. Mill we have no means of answering this question, since it is quite conceivable that another order of intelligent beings may be obliged to judge that $2 + 2 = 5$. Mr. Mill furnishes no test of certitude for any class of synthetical judgments whatever. Hence if we accept his system there is nothing for us but blank scepticism; for if we speak strictly, the law of non-contradiction is merely a test of logical consistency—it is not a test of truth at all. But we cannot further illustrate.†

* *London Quarterly Review*, April 1868, p. 55.

† We are aware that the proposition $2 + 2 = 4$ is an analytical truth; but as Mr. Mill virtually treats it as a synthetical judgment, it suffices for the purpose of illustration. The distinction between analytical and synthetical judgments is one of great value, especially in discussions relating to the test of truth. The disregard of this distinction by British writers has been the source not merely of confusion but of serious error. The most remarkable illustration may be found in the controversies respecting Cause and Effect. It is a primary and necessary deliverance of the human intelligence, that *everything which begins to be must have been produced by the power of some agent or spiritual being*. But this fundamental truth is almost universally stated in the form of an analytical judgment. It is hardly possible to open a treatise on natural theology or on philosophy without meeting with such assertions as the following: "an effect implies a cause," "every effect must have a cause," &c. All

Candour requires that we call attention to the fact that Hamilton too frequently allowed himself to look at the great problems of philosophy with the eye of the logician rather than with that of the psychologist. His doctrine of the Conditioned affords the most striking illustration of this. As a logician he very properly maintains that, of contradictory attributions, we can only affirm one of a thing; and that if one be explicitly affirmed, the other is implicitly denied. By the laws of identity and contradiction we are warranted to conclude from the truth of one contradictory proposition to the falsehood of the other, and by the law of excluded middle we are warranted to conclude from the falsehood of one contradictory proposition to the truth of the other. But Sir William overlooked the important psychological fact that a negation adds to our notion of an object only when the attribute denied is congruent. Let us take his own illustration. "Space is either limited or it is not limited; we cannot think it is limited, therefore space is unlimited." Now this conclusion, which according to logical laws is perfectly legitimate, may be quite true; but it is a truth absolutely destitute of significance. It adds no element to our cognition of space, since the notion of limitation applies only to body in space, but never to space itself. It was this unaccountable oversight that led Hamilton to what he viewed as an important discovery:—namely, that all positive thought lies between two extremes; which, as mutually contradictory, cannot both be true; but of which, for the same reason, one must be true; while, at the same time, neither of these extremes is, itself, conceivable. It is well known that Sir William held that by means of this principle the great problems of causality, substance, liberty, and necessity may be solved. We are constrained to confess that in this he was mistaken. We have reason to know that he became dissatisfied with the application of the doctrine in question to the problem of causality. The present writer had conversations with him on this very point. Not long before he died, in reply to certain objections which we had urged, he wrote . . . "but I must confess there are some difficulties in the question in relation to which I do not find your reasonings satisfactory. The same, however, I

such statements are mere truisms, and are conditioned simply upon an analysis of our notion of an effect. To say that an effect implies a cause is nothing more than saying that an effect is an effect. The terms cause and effect are strictly relative, as much so as the terms husband and wife. Those writers who are continually insisting that "every effect implies a cause" would do well to add that "every husband implies a wife!"

would say in regard to all the arguments upon the subject with which I am acquainted. My special difficulties I do not, however, at present, feel competent to explain." While we allow that some of the great philosophical problems which occupied Sir William's attention have still to be explained, we yet believe that in his writings may be found a clear statement of the only conditions of their solution.

Hamilton always recognised the connection which exists between philosophy and theology. He did not, like Mr. Mill, suppose that it was possible to hold a given philosophical theory, and at the same time to treat the necessarily related theological doctrines as open questions. Mr. Mill, while professing to leave natural theology untouched, silently undermines its most essential principles. Thus, if we accept his hypothesis regarding the nature of causation, the argument from design can have no validity, and we are left without a single proof that God exists as first cause. Then, too, his theory of philosophical necessity sets aside every argument for the Divine existence based on man's moral nature. If we do not originate and decide our own moral activity—if motives so called are the *causes* of our volitions, and not simply the *conditions* of the will's action, it is absurd to talk of obligation and responsibility. It is true that Hamilton's doctrine of causality prevented his perceiving the *full significance* of the argument from design; hence the stress he laid on the reasoning founded upon the consciousness of moral agency and accountability. "An affirmation of absolute necessity is," says Sir William, "virtually the negation of a moral universe, consequently of the moral governor of a moral universe. But this is Atheism. Fatalism and Atheism are, indeed, convertible terms. The only valid arguments for the existence of a God, and for the immortality of the human soul, rest on the ground of man's moral nature; consequently, if that moral nature be annihilated, which in any scheme of thorough-going necessity it is, every conclusion, established on such a nature, is annihilated likewise." We cannot dwell here, but we venture to affirm that neither Mr. Mill nor Professor Bain can produce an argument for the existence of God as first cause or as moral ruler without virtually renouncing the fundamental principles of their own philosophical systems. It was not possible to be long in Sir William's society without perceiving that to him the unseen world was a grand reality. He had a strong faith in the existence of the supernatural. The intense cravings of his intellectual nature could not be satisfied with such objects as

were related to the soul merely through the organs of sense. Hence he could have had no sympathy with the wild theories respecting "matter and force" now so zealously promulgated by men of science. We often observed in him a tendency to account for certain phenomena of the mental and material universe by reference to the immediate agency of God. In our last interview with Sir William the conversation turned on instinct as distinguished from habit. "What is instinct," he asked, "but a *Divine impulse*? Can we find a better definition?" His aspirations were truly Christian. He longed for the conciliation of reason and faith, and felt impelled to do what he could to render philosophy available for the elucidation and defence of revealed truth. To what extent he succeeded we shall not now discuss. We close with the noble words of Dean Mansel:—

"In these presumptuous days, when human reason aspires to strip the veil from the hidden things of God, and to proclaim its own speculations as identical with the eternal movements of the Divine Mind determining itself in Creation, where shall we find a philosopher of such eminence and authority, to announce, as the surest ground of belief in the truth of a philosophical system, that its doctrines are in harmony with those of Revelation? . . . If ever the time shall come, when the Philosophy of the Conditioned shall occupy its fitting place as the handmaid and the auxiliary of Christian Truth, voyaging through the seas of thought with the laws of the human mind for its chart, and the Word of God for its polestar, among the fathers and teachers of that philosophy, most consulted and most revered, will stand the name of Sir William Hamilton."

ART. II.—*History of European Morals, from Augustus to Charlemagne.* By W. E. H. LECKY, M.A. In Two Volumes. London: Longman and Co. 1869.

WE can with the utmost confidence promise our readers a rich intellectual treat from the study of these volumes. They are characterised by great ability, and they embrace a wide range of religious and philosophic subjects. We consider that they will bear a very favourable comparison with the author's well-known work, *The History of Rationalism*. The subject is of the deepest interest. Judging from the title, the reader might imagine that the work is confined to questions of the past. He will be agreeably surprised to find that all the chief subjects discussed in this work have a most intimate bearing on the great philosophical and religious questions of the day. We feel ourselves justified in going further than merely praising its intellectual character. It is distinguished by impartiality, honesty, and a fearless carrying out of conclusions to their legitimate consequences. In a work of not less than nine hundred pages, traversing extensive fields of discussion in religion, morality, history, and philosophy, there will arise points of disagreement between the author and ourselves, to which it will be our duty to call the attention of our readers. Still we cannot doubt that the student of this work will be amply repaid by its perusal, and that will arise from it a more enlightened man.

As we have intimated, the title of the work hardly enables the reader to guess what is the real nature of its contents. We must, therefore, endeavour to supply the deficiency. The first chapter, containing one hundred and fifty pages of close reasoning, is a masterly examination and refutation of the Utilitarian and Positivist theories of morality. We are acquainted with no work in which they are stated with greater fairness, or where they have received a more crushing demolition. The second chapter opens with a discussion of the nature and character of the various philosophical systems which were influencing moral and religious thought at the period of the advent of Christianity and the early centuries of its growth, and which either retarded or facilitated the progress of the new Faith. It also contains a most interesting examination of the moral state of the Roman Empire during the same

period, and the influence exerted on it by the existing forms of religious thought. The discussion of these subjects occupies about two-thirds of the first volume. The third chapter is one of profound interest. It is entitled "The Conversion of Rome," and is an examination of the causes to which, in the judgment of the author, the substitution of Christianity for heathenism is due. It enters deeply into the general habits of Pagan and Christian thought during the second, third, and fourth centuries; the peculiar religious and moral power in Christianity which led to the conquests which it achieved; the degree in which various human causes prepared the way for its advance; and the feelings at work in the popular mind, as well as the motives which influenced the rulers of the Roman world, to kindle persecution against the Christian Church. It concludes with a careful *résumé* of the actual persecutions to which the Church was exposed, and endeavours to estimate their nature and intensity. While there is much in this chapter with which we cordially agree, there are several points in it from which we shall not hesitate to express our clear and distinct dissent. The fourth chapter occupies nearly three hundred pages, and the subjects discussed in it are of the most multifarious, and at the same time interesting, character. Our readers will appreciate their importance when we indicate that among them is the moral condition of the Byzantine and Western empires, and the influence which Christianity exercised on them; the working and effects of the principle of asceticism, which must be regarded as the dominant form of Christianity from the second century downwards; the character of the great metaphysical controversies, and their influence on religion and morality; the causes which led to the downfall of the empire, its action on the Church, and the effects of all these influences on morality and religion. The fifth and last chapter is devoted to a discussion of the influence exerted by women during this period.

We fully sympathise with the following passage in the author's preface. After a graceful tribute to the memory of the late Dean Milman, of whom he was the personal friend, Mr. Lecky says:—

"I cannot conceal from myself that this book, if it should have the fortune to find readers, may encounter much, and probably angry, contradiction from different quarters, and on different grounds. It is strongly opposed to a school of moral philosophy which is at present intensely influential in England, and in addition to the many faults which may be found in its execution, its very plan must make it displeasing to many."

We have already seen in some notices of this book, issuing from a certain school of thought, that Mr. Lecky's anticipations are likely to be realised. Our author has been considered by many to belong to the positive school of philosophy; and in some points the assertion is probably true. In this work, however, he has declared himself the most uncompromising adversary of the Positivist's views respecting morality and religion. He has also proclaimed war to the knife against the entire Utilitarian school of morals. Mr. Lecky regards these systems as subversive of the moral nature of man.

Man is reduced to a huge moral and intellectual machine, the sole use of which is to grind out the results of utilitarianism; the ideas of conscience, duty, and obligation, in a word, of all that in ordinary language we indicate by the term "ought," are made to be mere unmeaning and misleading words. Modifications of the Utilitarian theory are extensively prevalent among many eminent writers of the present day, and the tendencies of the age greatly favour the growth of Utilitarian ideas. Mankind, however, with universal voice have recognised the contrary principles as true. They are involved in the very structure of language, which is the repository of the moral experience of all past ages.

Nor are the principles of those Utilitarians who are not Positivists, but professed theists, and even believers in Christianity, when divested of the cloud of words in which they have been shrouded, less destructive of the principles of moral obligation. While the Positive philosophy reduces man's moral nature to a machine, and moral goodness cannot be more correctly predicated of him than it can of a steam-engine, the Utilitarian philosophy resolves all nature, all virtue, nay even benevolence itself, into selfishness, of which every other moral quality is a mere modification. Utilitarianism denies that there is any essential difference in actions except in the degree of their utility: and that standard must be ultimately measured by one that is purely subjective, viz., the benefit to self. Virtue and vice, according to this theory, are a simple calculation of consequences. The only thing in fault in the vicious man is his intellect, which is unable to penetrate to the remote consequences of actions, and which leads a man to prefer a smaller present enjoyment to a larger future one. The virtuous man, on the contrary, is the far-seeing man, who is not deceived by appearances, but is capable of penetrating into the realities of things. The virtuous and vicious man are the same in

principle. It is not surprising, when we consider the prevailing tendencies of thought, that the Utilitarian philosophy has exerted a most attractive influence over a large number of minds. The great end of physical philosophy is to reduce a multitude of phenomena to a single principle; and every fresh discovery brings to light the simplicity of those laws which regulate the material universe. Hence an intense desire has arisen to extend the same principle of philosophy into the world of mind, and to resolve the immense complexity of its action into the force of a single principle. It is impossible to deny to the Positivist and the Utilitarian systems the merit of simplicity. But their theory involve two assumptions, of which one is not proved, and the other is directly contradictory to fact. The first of these is that the spiritual and material worlds are constructed on the same principles; the second, that the theory in question is an explanation of the facts of man's moral nature. Until the true facts of human nature have been ascertained, all theorising is premature.

We apprehend that the mode in which both the Positivists and the Utilitarians treat the great questions both of mental and moral science is utterly subversive of the principles of the inductive philosophy. They apply to the study of mind the same principle of investigation which the ancients employed in the study of nature. Both began by theorising, and ended in attempts to distort the facts into conformity with their theories. The Positivist and Utilitarian assume that one simple principle is the foundation of the whole of the moral phenomena of man. They observe one powerful principle at work in human nature, the principle of self-love, or the desire to realise the happiness of the individual. If it were possible by the application of a subtle analysis to resolve our complicated moral phenomena into the action of such a principle, the desired simplicity of mental action would be attained. But the real question is, not what we can conceive of as possible by the application of a subtle analysis, but what are the primary facts of human nature. We have no right to assume a number of abstract principles, and pronounce that our reasonings on them have solved a true system of mental philosophy. Our business is to collect the facts of man's moral nature whatever they may be, and to use them as the basis and the ultimate test of all our reasonings. A moral philosophy which is not capable of enduring this test will be as worthless as the physical philosophy of the ancients.

The only firm foundation for reasoning on moral subjects

is an appeal to consciousness and the facts presented by it. The facts of consciousness hold the same place in the moral world which the phenomena of nature do in the material. All physical philosophy is an attempt to ascertain the laws of the one: all true moral philosophy must be founded on a diligent observation of the laws of the other. As our ultimate conceptions of the phenomena of the physical world form the basis of all correct reasoning respecting it, so the ultimate conceptions of our moral being, as presented by consciousness, are the true foundation—principles of moral philosophy. These afford as high an evidence of certitude as the axioms on which physical science rests. Man can have no greater certainty than the direct testimony of his self-consciousness. It is the highest form of truth attainable by the mind; the only thing respecting which it can directly say, "I know." The individual mind has the direct testimony of consciousness, whether in a particular action it is impelled by a selfish consideration, or by one of pure benevolence, or by a union of both. We have the clearest intuitive perception that an act prompted by the principle of self-love differs in its entire conception from one which owes its origin to the feeling of benevolence, and no amount of abstract reasonings founded on antecedent principles can convince us that the distinction is unreal. But besides the appeal to the personal consciousness of the individual thinker, a true moral philosophy must base itself on the universal consciousness of man, as registered in language:—the structure and terms of language form the storehouse of all the moral experience which has preceded us. On it certain primary conceptions of the human mind are indelibly impressed, such as the conception of our own distinctive personality, the conception of man as a free moral cause, the universal conception which men have formed of the idea of obligation, involved in the existence of such expressions as "I ought," "duty," and other kindred terms. The universal consciousness of man as recorded in language testifies that the race have perceived and recognised these distinctions.

Whether the actual course of things in this world will assign to a perfectly virtuous line of conduct the highest degree of personal enjoyment, we are not now called on to discuss. Its determination involves a power of the nicest calculation, and we are far from being prepared to answer the question in the affirmative. Even if it be so, it by no means follows that the desire to realise that happiness is the impelling cause to virtue, or constitutes its essence. The old story

of the ring which was able to make its wearer invisible is a recognition of the universal consciousness of man respecting the essential distinction between rectitude and interest. Rectitude impels a man to act independently of all considerations of self-interest. The power of the latter principle may overbear that of the former; but the distinction is no less real. The principle of rectitude or conscience would impel a man to a particular line of conduct, even if he were sure of impunity in taking the opposite. A philosophy which does not recognise the existence of these principles as ultimate facts in human nature, must be as unsound as that which once attempted to determine the laws of the motions of the heavens from considerations founded on properties supposed to be inherent in the circle, rather than by a diligent inquiry of what these laws actually were as a question of fact.

Nor does the principle of freedom, and consequently of our responsibility for our actions, the denial of which is one of the most dangerous dogmas of the Positive philosophy, rest on a less certain basis. It is directly given to us among the primary facts of consciousness. We are conscious that in a greater or less degree we exercise it in every act. We feel that we are able to perform an action, or leave it undone, at our pleasure. It is impossible to form a conception of a higher certainty than that which we have of this fact. Without the perception of freedom, it is impossible to experience a sense of sin, guilt, or remorse.

As we consider this utilitarian philosophy to be subversive of the principles on which Christianity is founded, we hail the appearance of Mr. Lecky's work. It is impossible to accuse him of not being an independent thinker, or to assert that he is trammelled by the superstitions of the past. Many of the prominent holders of the Positivist and Utilitarian systems of morality would hardly deign to notice a work written in opposition to them if it came from the pen of a professed theologian. But when a man of Mr. Lecky's principles denounces the whole system as unphilosophical, and repugnant to the great facts of human nature and the history of man, it is impossible that he should be refused a hearing. Mr. Lecky brings all the various theories of Utilitarianism to the test of the feelings and language of mankind as developed in consciousness:—

“If tested,” says he, “by this criterion, there never was a doctrine more emphatically condemned than Utilitarianism. In all its stages, and in all its assertions, it is in direct opposition to common language

and common sentiments. In all nations and in all ages the ideas of interest and utility on the one hand, and virtue on the other, have been regarded by the multitude as perfectly distinct, and all languages recognise the distinction. The terms honour, justice, rectitude, or virtue, and their equivalents in all languages, present to the mind ideas essentially and broadly differing from the terms prudence, sagacity, or interest. The two lines of conduct may coincide; but they are never confused, and we have not the slightest difficulty in imagining them antagonistic."—Vol. i. p. 34.

"Selfish moralists deny the possibility of that which all ages, all nations, all popular judgments pronounce to have been the characteristic of every noble act, which has ever been performed."—Vol. i. p. 36.

Mr. Lecky well observes that, if the excellence of virtue consists solely in its utility, a machine, a fertile field, or a navigable river would all possess in a high degree the elements of virtue. If, on the other hand, we assume the Positivist conception of morality, there is no essential difference between a good man and a good dog. Mankind have universally agreed to discriminate certain actions by praise and blame. These form measures of responsibility. But how can we be deserving of praise or blame for actions which are not in our power to do, or to leave undone? In what sense is either praise or blame applicable if one man differs from another only in the power of a clearer appreciation of consequences? Nothing is more certain than that mankind have universally discriminated between these qualities. Some portions of our intellectual and moral nature are very closely allied, and to discriminate the bounds of each is not always easy. Stupidity and carelessness are often intimately connected. The former of these is an intellectual, the latter a moral vice. When the stupidity is unalloyed, we are incapable of attaching to it either praise or blame. But the moment it becomes united with carelessness, it is the subject of moral reprobation. Carelessness is a state dependent on the will; stupidity is a natural imperfection of the understanding.

Mr. Lecky observes that it is assumed by the Utilitarians, but by no means proved as far as this world is concerned, that all virtuous actions are necessarily productive of happiness. But a very important class of them are certainly productive of more pain than pleasure. When the conquest of vicious propensities has been achieved, the practice of virtue will produce inward tranquillity and satisfaction. But that state of human nature which is successfully struggling with powerful vicious

inclinations is a pre-eminently noble one. Is it, however, a line of conduct which a man would choose who was guided by the principles of the Utilitarian philosophy? A far lower degree of goodness with nothing to struggle against would be a far happier state. In some men the violence of the struggle between virtuous and vicious principles has been terrific. What, again, can be more glorious than the act of the martyr voluntarily surrendering his life in obedience to conscience? Will it be pretended that a bare calculation of future happiness or misery is the only principle which supports him in that dreadful hour? The weakness of human nature requires the support of considerations derived from a future state; but of them the school of Utilitarians have little right to avail themselves, for most of its modern advocates pronounce its evidence doubtful. We fully admit the power of his faith in the next world in supporting the martyr, but we assert that his heroism is enforced and strengthened by other principles equally mighty, such as an absorbing sense of duty and of love. A soldier who leads a forlorn hope is certainly no minute calculator of the consequences of action. Butler has observed that if conscience had might as it has right, it could govern the world. But experience proves that it is deficient in coercive power. Certain states of the mind are acutely sensitive to its stings; but in the masses it is dormant, and in great sinners it is nearly extinguished. The deeper a man is sunk in vice, the less is the pain which his conscience inflicts; and, if the Utilitarian theory is correct, it is far better to be sunk to the lowest depths of vice, than to be imperfectly virtuous. If their tendency to produce happiness be our only criterion of the quality of actions, it will form an imperfect guide to virtue.

Mr. Lecky (p. 85) has proved with admirable force that the affections of our nature do not differ merely in the degree of pleasure with which their gratification is accompanied, but in kind; that some portions of our nature are higher and some lower ones; and that we are under an obligation to yield to the higher ones irrespective of all questions of the degree of enjoyment with which they are attended. We wish that our limits would allow us to quote the whole of this masterly piece of reasoning. We have proved that nothing would hinder us from yielding to the lower on the principles of the Utilitarian philosophy. The only effectual obstacle is the existence of moral principles in the heart wholly differing in character from self-love, either in its enlightened or its unenlightened form. Of the impossibility of estimating the quality

of actions by a mere quantitative sense of enjoyment, Mr. Lecky gives us a striking illustration worth a multitude of abstract arguments.

"We are all conscious," says he, "on a comparison of these pleasures, that there is an element distinct from any consideration of their intensity, duration, or consequences. We naturally attach a faint notion of shame to the one, while we as naturally glory in the other. . . . A man will hardly boast that he is very fond of eating; but he has no hesitation in acknowledging that he is very fond of music. The first taste lowers and the second elevates him in his own eyes and in those of his neighbours."—P. 86.

If the Utilitarian, as is the case with the school of Paley, takes refuge from the difficulties with which his theory is encumbered in the assertion that all moral distinctions originate in the will of God, and that a mere act of that will makes them virtuous or vicious, he deprives the Creator of every moral perfection. If the distinctions between right and wrong merely emanate from His will, it is plain that it is absurd to talk of contemplating the perfections of the Creator with feelings of adoration. We might have as easily reversed their character as have constituted them what they are. It follows, therefore, if the desire to promote His own happiness be the single moral attribute of Deity, that it is impossible that God can become the object of love, even if a wise calculation of results leads Him to bestow happiness on His creatures. We do not love wisdom, but goodness.

Mr. Lecky has observed most truly that while those of the Utilitarian school who are theists are most forward to assume the supreme goodness of the Creator, it is impossible to prove it on their principles. Nature contains unquestionable proofs of His goodness, and the evidence of it greatly preponderates. But she has other manifestations which in the present state of our knowledge it is impossible to refer to the action of goodness pure and simple. Viewing the matter in the light of Utilitarian principles, it is impossible to ignore the existence of these latter manifestations, which are neither few nor small, and the utmost we can infer is a mixed character, in which benevolence largely preponderates.

"Our persuasion of the absolute goodness of God," says Mr. Lecky, "springs from that instinctive or moral nature, which is as truly a part of our being as our reason, which teaches us what reason could never

teach, the supreme and transcendental excellence of moral good, which, rising dissatisfied above the world of sense, proves itself by the very intensity of its aspiration to be adapted for another sphere, and which constitutes at once the evidence of a Divine element within us, and an augury of the future which is before us," &c.

Nor is the author less successful in answering the objections which have been urged by Utilitarians against the system of intuitive morality. Nothing has been with them a more favourite objection than the alleged shifting of moral judgment in different ages, and the fact that some nations have pronounced an action to be right which others have pronounced to be wrong. Mr. Lecky has shown conclusively that this alleged shifting of our moral judgments does not proceed from moral causes, but from intellectual ones, from peculiar forms of religious dogma, and from the influence of external circumstances. No form of society can be shown to have existed in which our moral judgments have completely altered their character, or where the approbation assigned to virtue, or the disapprobation assigned to vice, has been reversed. Particular actions may have been esteemed cruel at one time which have not been branded as such at another. A similar observation is applicable to justice and the whole range of virtue. But although the objects of benevolence and justice may have been confined within a very narrow range, still they have never been esteemed as vice, or cruelty and injustice as virtue. The duty of kindness may have been restricted within the limits of a nation, a clan, or one's kindred, and the world beyond may have been treated as outcasts; but within those limits kindness has been esteemed a duty and cruelty a crime. We may take some very instructive instances of this from the conduct of theologians under the influence of peculiar dogmatic systems. The very persons who have not hesitated to ascribe to the Deity the damnation of infants, have held up the character of Nero to detestation. The opponents of intuitionist morality are fond of adducing many reported acts of savage life as a proof that man has no natural perception of moral distinctions, as for example to the killing of aged parents. But Mr. Lecky truly observes that the privations to which such a state of life is exposed entirely alter the conditions of the case, and that what to us may appear an act of cruelty, seems to them one of kindness, by liberating parents from a state of suffering which would be unendurable.

Mr. Lecky disposes of the sophism which is involved in the use which our opponents make of the word "natural." They

assume that the correct mode of ascertaining what is the natural condition of man is to contemplate him as a savage. But this is quietly to beg the whole question at issue. How can we know that the savage state is the one which most truly manifests the purposes of his nature? Would it be the best mode of ascertaining the true character of an animal to study him in the most degraded form in which we can find him? Not less absurd is the notion that the difference between a savage and a civilised man is simply a difference of acquisition and not at all a difference of development. Hence these writers are never weary of appealing to accounts of travellers who have visited the most degraded races of mankind, but who have very often been uncritical and unphilosophical, as affording conclusive evidence of the fallacy of intuitive morality.

"The French moralists of the last century," says Mr. Lecky, "were the dupes of one of the most curious delusions in the whole compass of literary history. Those unflinching sceptics, who claimed to be the true disciples of the apostle who believed nothing which he had not touched, and whose relentless criticism played with withering effect on all the holiest feelings of our nature, and on all the tenets of traditional creeds, had discovered a happy land where the ideal had ceased to be a dream. Voltaire forgot to gibe, and Helvetius kindled into enthusiasm, when China and the Chinese rose before their minds; and to this semi-barbarous nation they habitually ascribed maxims of conduct which neither Roman nor Christian virtue had ever realised."

We must now proceed to introduce other portions of Mr. Lecky's work to the notice of our readers. Chapter II. is entitled "*The Pagan Empire*," and is one of the greatest interest. It contains an account of its morals, its religious systems, and its philosophy. We wish to express our general assent to the contents of this chapter, subject to certain qualifications. That which forms the supreme interest of this and the following chapter is that our author here brings us into direct contact with Christianity, its early history, and the moral influences which it exerted. We will at once state our reasons for thinking that Mr. Lecky has not dealt with this subject in a manner which we consider entirely satisfactory. He does not treat of Christianity in its origin, but only as an historical fact beginning with the second century. From this time forward he analyses its moral power and historical developments, and compares them with the various systems of philosophy by which they were surrounded. But he does not give us any definition or description of what constituted

the Christianity of our Lord and His Apostles, or point out the foreign influences which were incorporated with its original teaching. We cannot understand how it is possible to take a philosophical view of the subsequent developments of a religious and moral power, without first ascertaining what is its essential character. He also carefully avoids all expression of opinion as to its miraculous origin, and tells us expressly, in more places than one, that a discussion of the rise of Christianity in Judæa does not fall within the range of his work. He, however, expresses a decided opinion of the utterly unhistorical character of the whole mass of ecclesiastical miracles, from the second century downwards, with which Church history abounds. At the same time he is very careful to tell us that he by no means pronounces miracles to be impossible. With him whether miracles have been performed or not is a simple question of evidence, and he pronounces his opinion that the evidence on which the ecclesiastical miracles rest is insufficient to establish their truth. He occasionally uses somewhat unguarded language on this subject, which, taken by itself, might produce a suspicion that he held that all miracles, including those of the Gospels, are incapable of proof. But such an inference would be incorrect. He nowhere expresses an opinion respecting those of our Lord and the Apostles, and expressly declares his intention not to discuss the origin of Christianity in Judæa.

We think this resolution a mistake, and the cause of all the subsequent defects of the work. It is impossible to discuss Christianity as a religion which, as Mr. Lecky confesses, has exerted the profoundest moral influence that has ever been brought to bear on mankind, without determining the reality of its supernatural pretensions. Is it a religion which embodies within it a superhuman power, or one purely human? What is the essential character of the power which it has exerted? Does it differ from all other powers which have ever influenced mankind? What is its original essence, and what are the foreign elements which have been assimilated with it? We contend that it is impossible to take a correct view of historical Christianity without having made up our minds on these most important questions.

We cannot allow that the scope of his work does not require him to discuss the origin of Christianity in Judæa. It was here that it gathered that strength which ultimately subdued the civilised world. In what did that strength consist? What generated that moral force which Mr. Lecky feels himself in the presence of? If the stoicism of the

times of Seneca and of previous periods required to be discussed in this work, certainly the Christianity of the first century ought to have found a place in it. Christianity, its developments and the influence which it has exerted on mankind, forms the most prominent subject of this work. As it is a history of morality from Augustus to Charlemagne, it cannot be pretended that its first origin does not come within its limits. Mr. Lecky admits that it constitutes the greatest moral power with which he has to deal. We submit, therefore, that it was an indisputable part of his duty, as an historian of morality during this period, not merely to have discussed the Christianity of the second and subsequent centuries, but the Christianity of the first, including that of our Lord and His Apostles. He has not hesitated to discuss the philosophies and religious systems of the period, and the influence exerted by them. He considers that the most powerful influence at work in the empire when Christianity entered it was the stoic philosophy. He has discussed in the clearest manner its principles, nature, and character, as well as its subsequent developments. We contend that Christianity as an entire system ought to have been investigated with no less distinctness.

We are not entirely satisfied with the comparison which Mr. Lecky has instituted between philosophy and Christianity. As we have intimated, the system of philosophy to which the greatest amount of attention is devoted in this work is the stoic, the principles and character of which the author has unfolded at great length. We are ready to concede that ample justice is done to Christianity as a moral power and a holy influence, above every other system which was at work in the Roman empire, or which has either preceded or followed it. But if we desire to institute a comparison between Christianity and a system of philosophy, we must compare the abstract principles of the philosophy with those of Christianity, *i.e.*, with the teaching of the New Testament; or the influence which its precepts have exerted on practice with that which has been exerted by Christianity. Mr. Lecky, however, has not compared Christianity as exhibited in history with the principles as well as the practice of the philosophers. His resolution not to discuss the Christianity of the New Testament rendered it necessary that he should do so; but we submit that it is a course highly favourable to philosophy. To have made the comparison a fair one, the principles of stoicism ought to have been contrasted with those of the New Testament, its subsequent developments with the Chris-

tianity of the Church, and the practice of its eminent followers with that of the great Christian saints. As it would be unjust to confound stoicism with the principles and practice of every stoic babbler we may meet with in history, it is equally so to identify Christianity with the practice or profession of writers into whose theology or morality elements had been imported widely differing from those of Christ and His Apostles.

The ancient religions were either devoid of all moral power, or, if influential at all, powerful only for evil. Their theology was immoral; they scarcely taught any doctrine of human responsibility, and their teaching of an immortality in the under-world of shadows was incapable of exerting any practical influence on human conduct. Whatever they had been in former times, a belief in them was rapidly dying out when Christianity appeared, and it had all but entirely disappeared among the educated classes. Mr. Lecky is of opinion that the only powerful moral influence of an elevated character which was in existence at this period was that of the philosophers, and that their various systems constituted a kind of religion. He no less clearly recognises the fact, that the first system of teaching which brought the force of the religious principle to bear on man's moral improvement was Christianity. We fully concur with him in his estimate of the degraded moral condition of the ancient world, especially at the period of the Advent, when the whole course of ancient thought had fallen into a state of complete disintegration. One sentence of his strikingly illustrates the difference between Christianity and the best form of Paganism. "Ancient Rome," says he, "produced many heroes, but no saints." Nothing can bring before our eyes more graphically the peculiar nature of religious influences in the Augustan age than some of the anecdotes mentioned by him. Augustus solemnly degraded the statue of Neptune, because his fleet had been wrecked. The people stoned the statues of the gods on account of the death of their favourite Germanicus, and applauded in the theatre the line of Ennius which asserted that the gods, though real beings, had no care for the affairs of men. Men were still profoundly superstitious; but, when such sentiments could be publicly applauded, religion must have become extinct as an influence for good.

Mr. Lecky's estimate of the character of stoicism is a high one. We are not insensible to the grandeur of many of its features; but these are counterbalanced by many

darker shades, and, on the whole, we cannot but think that his picture of it is overdrawn.

Stoicism was the deification of human nature; and although its harsher features were somewhat modified by its later professors, its general character was proud, stern, and overbearing. It placed virtue on a basis independent of all Utilitarian considerations; but in doing so, it overlooked the many-sidedness of human nature. It based all morality on intellect, and taught that the affections ought to be uprooted. We contend that every true philosophy of man must take account of the various parts of which human nature consists, and employ their moral forces in due subordination. But stoicism directed its eye to a single aspect of our nature, and ignored the rest. It was not only one-sided, but the exaggeration of one-sidedness.

As a system it could exert no moral influence on the masses; it was capable of being appreciated only by the most elevated orders of minds. It had no gospel to address to the morally corrupt, or even to men of imperfect virtue. What effect could the proclamation of its doctrine of self-sufficiency have had on those whose powers of moral resistance were weak and feeble? A lofty system of philosophy, which ignores the existence of a large portion of the moral nature of man, will be more likely to aggravate than to cure the spiritual diseases to which he is subject.

Mr. Lecky says:—"Of all the forms of human heroism, it is probably the most unselfish. The Spartan or the Roman died for his country because he loved it. The martyr's ecstasy of hope had no place in his dying hour. He gave up all he had, and he closed his eyes as he believed for ever, and he asked for no reward in this world or the next." Mr. Lecky here refers to the uncertainty of the stoic's belief in the immortality of the soul; and, as far as he believed it, his repudiation of the idea of reward, either in this world or in the world to come, as a motive to virtuous action.

We cannot agree with this statement. Whatever men may profess, their motives are invariably of a mixed character. The Spartan and the Roman were supported in an heroic death by the spirit of patriotism; but in the former, we have the most distinct testimony, that this was strengthened by a sense of the disgrace which would be incurred by turning the back in battle. Those of us who have read Herodotus cannot fail to remember that one who had escaped from Thermopylæ was greeted on his return home by the title of *ὁ τρέσας Ἀριστόδημος*, and other insults, which rendered life

intolerable. If the stoic was unsupported by the martyr's hopes, he was not really called to encounter his sufferings, and never in the defence of truth. We think that it would have been more correct to have said, that, of all the forms of human heroism, stoicism was the most *intensely self-conscious*. Although the stoic was unable to look forward to a reward, he was uniformly animated by a spirit of self-sufficiency, which must have been very difficult to separate from that of self-glorification. The wise man was in his view the equal and companion of the gods; nay, in one sense his virtue was superior to theirs, because they had not the same difficulties to overcome. If we wish to make a fair comparison between stoicism and Christianity, let us take the ideal of each, although that of the stoics never existed anywhere but in the imagination, whereas that of Christianity has been exhibited in a living person. How utterly does the stoical wise man fall before the living form of Jesus of Nazareth!

Mr. Lecky admits that while the school of stoicism has produced many of the greatest and best men that ever lived, it must be acknowledged that its records exhibit a rather unusual number of examples of high professions falsified in action, and of men who, displaying in some forms the most undoubted and transcendent virtue, fell in others below the average of mankind. Such a result was inevitable on the principles of the stoic philosophy. It was devoid of any adequate system of morality by which it could enforce its own principles. Notwithstanding all it could say about the duty of yielding obedience to reason, man's passions would rage; and, as it refused to enlist in the service of virtue some of the most powerful principles which the Creator has implanted in the human soul, it is no wonder that passion attained the mastery. But Christianity, while it appeals to the highest principles in man, disdains the use of nothing which the Creator has implanted in his bosom as an incentive to virtuous action. The most sublime abstract theories which are founded on one-sided views of our moral nature, are always in danger of becoming rant and extravagance. Such was the case with stoicism, when its professor lauded poverty, and indulged himself in the use of everything that wealth could supply.

We think that Mr. Lecky has somewhat over-estimated the influence of the professors of the stoic philosophy. His language would almost lead to the inference that the administration of the Roman empire was in a great degree in their hands. This influence is undoubtedly to be traced in Roman legislation. The Emperor Marcus Aurelius, himself a stoic,

was likely to have been the patron of those who held similar principles. But, whatever his system might have been, its utter collapse in the disastrous times which followed proves that the influence of stoicism was merely superficial, and that it was incapable of taking a seat in the mind of man.

Mr. Lecky also seems to us to have exaggerated the moral power of the few assertions of the universal brotherhood of mankind which are to be found in some of the earlier moralists. The real question is, What influence did they exert in practice? It must never be forgotten that speculation was at Rome an amusement rather than a matter of earnest conviction. We admit that the weight of the empire gradually crushed out the narrow spirit of ancient nationality; yet this went but a little way towards the establishment of a feeling of universal brotherhood. Some traces of the conception may be found in Cicero; but we ask, does the general spirit of either his speeches, his writings, or his political conduct, produce on us the impression that what he has written was anything more than a fine sentiment? did it ever produce the smallest practical result on his conduct? did he ever propose to extend the franchises of Rome to all the free subjects of the empire, or to adopt any measure for the enfranchisement or the amelioration of the condition of its innumerable slave-population? To our minds fine moral sentiments which are devoid of convictions powerful enough to influence the practice are little better than canting. His conduct as Proconsul of Cilicia will bear a very favourable comparison with that of most senatorian governors, and that of the stoic Brutus in particular; but that is not saying much for its elevation. He was also personally kind to his slaves and beloved by them. These are favourable points in his character, compared with that of his countrymen, but they afford slender grounds for attributing to him a real belief in the universal brotherhood of mankind. The Roman studied philosophy as an amusement. It was founded on the smallest possible degree of conviction. The opinions of the Roman philosopher and man of letters never elevated themselves to the dignity of faith, nor exerted the smallest influence on his practice. The multitude in the theatre who could applaud the poet's assertion that he looked on nothing human as alien to himself, could witness with pleasure the gladiatorial shows, and would have been horror-stricken at the idea of communicating their political privileges to the provinces.

Mr. Lecky has often in the course of these volumes exercised a searching criticism, and we wish that he had applied it to

the whole system of philosophic morality. There, however, he is far too ready to take philosophers at their word for their fine sayings, instead of testing them by the effects produced on their conduct. There is nothing like testing a man's faith by his works. Seneca is with him a special favourite, and certainly if we test him by what he wrote rather than by what he did, we shall be in danger of forming too high an estimate of the moral power of the stoic philosophy. Mr. Lecky admits that many of the stoics showed deplorable signs of weakness, among whom Seneca was conspicuous. Surely this ought to have greatly qualified his estimate of the entire system. Unless history has greatly belied him, Seneca composed the state paper which contained Nero's vindication of the murder of his mother. No doubt Agrippina was an abandoned woman, and had poisoned her husband to make Nero emperor. But her murder was a simple act of assassination. That this act of parricide should have been vindicated by the professor of superhuman virtue is to us unspeakably revolting. Another heavy charge brought against him is that he drove the Britons into revolt by the exorbitancy of the interest which he exacted from them. Whether this is true or false, it is a certain fact that the moraliser about the contempt of all worldly things amassed an enormous fortune, and dwelt in a marble palace, surrounded with every luxury. We think that Lord Macaulay's estimate of such a character is more correct than that of Mr. Lecky. If the life of Seneca was not disfigured by crimes, it was a succession of the most criminal weaknesses, which must have thrown contempt on his possession of the principal virtue. Nothing is in our view more contemptible than to prate about a system of virtue fit only for a god, and to indulge in a practice beneath that of ordinary mortals. He died bravely, but to do so was common to thousands of his countrymen, even to some who were sunk in the lowest depths of luxury. For a Roman to show himself a coward at the prospect of death was rare.

Mr. Lecky seems to be of opinion that Christianity, as it has come under his observation in history, has assigned too low a place to the heroic and patriotic virtues. He highly extols the spirit of self-sacrifice which was exhibited in certain forms of convent society. We think that a little misapprehension prevails on this subject. Christianity has produced a more elevated heroism than can be found in the pages of the historian and the philosopher. Ancient patriotism was far from being purely unselfish. Against that vulgar form of

selfishness which terminated in mere individual gratification, the self-sacrifice of ancient patriotism was an emphatic protest. But the ancient citizen identified his individual existence with that of the state to an extent of which we moderns can form little conception. The smallness of the ancient republics made them a sort of joint partnership, of the advantage of which each individual had a palpable share. This was the cause of the intensity of the identification between the individual and the state. Ancient patriotism may be described as a feeling of self as merged in the state, hence it destroyed all sense of obligation to those who were external to it. The merging of the individual in the corporation has been the parent of many of the worst crimes which have disgraced humanity.

In the form in which patriotism existed in the ancient world, it was the sworn foe of the doctrine of the universal brotherhood of mankind. Although it exerted a beneficial influence in destroying the sordidness of selfishness, it cannot be said to have involved an entire sacrifice of that principle. Considerations terminating in self are quite consistent with the self-devotion which it inspired. Far higher and nobler is the grand idea of Christianity, an ideal which has in many cases become the actual, the entire consecration of self to the Christian's Lord, even to the enduring of death in the most dreadful forms. What had the highest form of heroic self-sacrifice to compare with the Christian's sacrifice of himself, as a living offering to the person of his Master? Towards the huge colossus of the Roman empire a devoted patriotism was impossible. That empire ultimately destroyed the feeling of patriotism, and left a void which it was unable to satisfy.

It was impossible for Christianity to have sanctioned the patriotism of the ancient world. No modification could have accommodated that of either the Jew, the Greek, the Roman, or the barbarian to its central idea of a universal brotherhood, realised in a universal church, founded on a common relation to the person of its King. To him she has kindled an enthusiasm of devotion which no other conception which has ever entered the mind of man has been able to approach. While the philosopher amused himself in discussing philanthropy with his friends, the Christian, impelled by the spirit of his Master, has gone out into the highways and hedges, he has addressed the outcast and the degraded, and laboured to make them citizens of His kingdom; nay, the missionary with his life in his hand has gone to the barbarian and the savage, and established it among those whom the patriot and the philosopher esteemed

to be beyond the limits of human obligation. Where was the stoic who ever thought of becoming a missionary, and proclaiming a gospel of good news to the degraded myriads by whom he was surrounded? Where was the man among them who felt that he had a great truth to announce which would impart a moral power to those who were feebly struggling against the violence of passion, which could enable them to come off victorious in the struggle? He was conscious that this was not his vocation, and was silent. Stoicism perished within a century of the period of its greatest glory, and will never again exert a moral influence on mankind. But the Church of Jesus Christ is still vital after eighteen centuries, and has baptized every form of civilisation and universal literature with its inspiration.

If we carefully examine the question, we shall find that the truth is, Christianity in the course of her operation on the human mind has displayed the imperfection of many of the principles which were inherent in ancient patriotism, and in some degree succeeded in eradicating them. Her steps have been slow, but the advance has been real. Human thought has been gradually modified, and modern political ideas have been created under her influences. Even Mr. Lecky must admit that in modern Christian states a spirit of patriotism has been exhibited far more elevated than that which was produced by the ancient civilisations.

Our author opens his chapter on the conversion of the empire by observing:—

“That there is no fact more remarkable in the history of the human mind than the complete unconsciousness of the importance and the destinies of Christianity manifested by the pagan writers before the accession of Constantine; . . . that the greatest change in the religious history of the world should have taken place under the eyes of a brilliant galaxy of philosophers and historians, who were profoundly conscious of the decomposition around them; that all of these writers should have utterly failed to predict the issue of the movement they were observing; and that during the space of three centuries they should have treated as utterly contemptible an agency which all men must now admit to have been for good or for evil the most powerful moral lever which has ever been applied to the affairs of men, are facts well worthy of meditation in every period of religious transition.”

We fully agree with Mr. Lecky as to the contradictory character of this fact, but we cannot but think his explanation of it satisfactory. It can only be found in the correct appreciation of that Divine fact which our author has excluded from his

history. Its moral power was of so unique a character that all the previous religious and moral experience of mankind was inadequate for its correct appreciation.

Still this unconsciousness of the destinies of Christianity was very remarkable, and should have induced Mr. Lecky to qualify his admiration of the contemporary writers. After making every allowance for the Divine character of the great event to which we have referred, and of which they had no previous experience, we think that the mode in which pagan writers have dealt with the Christianity of the second and third centuries, and even of a still earlier period, detracts greatly from our opinion of the depth of their research, the profundity of their views, and the candour of their criticisms. A power gradually grew up in the midst of them of the might of which they had not the slightest idea until it actually overwhelmed them. This is without a parallel in history. Mighty coming events have at least thrown forward shadows which men have been capable of discerning. The movement of the Reformation was foreseen, and its energy and character speedily recognised. Thoughtful minds foresaw and almost predicted the course of the French Revolution several years before it broke out, and after it commenced it was obvious that it would shake society to its centre. But that the "brilliant galaxy of philosophers and historians," of whom Mr. Lecky speaks, should have been looking for two centuries on the gradual progress of Christianity, and should have either seen nothing, or have pronounced it a contemptible superstition, or a subject fit only for the jester, proves that they were very superficial critics, or philosophers wholly wanting in comprehensiveness of view, or politicians profoundly ignorant of human nature. That such a thing could occur in modern times is utterly impossible.

This circumstance ought to affect our estimate of both the ancient historians and philosophers. Tacitus is unquestionably the greatest and most critical of Roman historians, and there are few histories which we can peruse with deeper pleasure. After all the explanations which have been offered, the untruthfulness of his allusions both to Judaism and Christianity greatly astonishes us, and produces in our minds a doubt whether others of his historical portraitures may not have been coloured by his prejudices, where all the means have perished by which we can test their accuracy. Had not Judaism and Christianity survived to tell their own story, the Jew would have gone down to posterity branded by the great historian as the worshipper of the head of an ass,

strangely uniting with it the belief in an eternal mind ; and the Christian as a believer in a contemptible superstition. Whatever excuses may be urged to palliate his misrepresentations of Christianity, on the ground that it was a religion of recent growth, which after all can only mean that the ancient historians were altogether careless in inquiring into facts wherever their prejudices were concerned, at all events the historian's calumnies of Judaism are without excuse. He had within his reach ample materials for giving a correct report of the tenets of the Jew. Josephus had long lived in high favour at court, and had composed his History ; the Jewish war had recently been concluded ; and the indomitable resistance of that people rendered it his duty, both as an historian and a philosopher, to have inquired accurately into the history of the race. What should we say of a writer who, in a history of England composed less than thirty years hence, should deliberately assert that Theodore and his people worshipped a monkey, while he had a history which had been to a certain degree authenticated by Lord Napier within his reach, and with the author of which it was easy to have held communication ? A similar spirit with respect to Christianity pervades the whole of the historians and philosophers, including the Emperor Marcus Aurelius himself. Its existence greatly detracts from the high estimate which Mr. Lecky has formed of the value of their labours. A great phenomenon was staring them in the face, to the character of which they were stone blind.

We cannot agree with Mr. Lecky in his opinion that the philosophers were entirely uninfluenced by Christian teaching. This by no means follows, because they have either ignored it or treated it with contempt. Mr. Lecky is disposed to admit the probability of some Christian ideas having reached the philosopher Seneca. But surely if this is conceivable at so early a period, how much more likely is it that some of its precepts should have become widely diffused when the Church was rapidly spreading itself in every direction. We fully agree with him that the entire system of the stoic philosophy was in principle thoroughly antagonistic to Christianity. But this is no reason for asserting that it is impossible that any of the Christian principles or precepts could have been incorporated into its subsequent developments, or have produced a gradual softening of its harsher features. As a fact, we know that adverse systems have incorporated elements from each other. A powerful religious system which is rapidly extending itself is certain to make its influences felt

far beyond the circle of its professed votaries. Christianity gradually penetrated from the lower to the higher walks of life. It speedily gained on the middle classes. It was not unknown in the imperial household. The number of Christians was large. It is hardly possible that the tone of thought in society should not have been gradually affected by its influences far beyond the boundaries of the Church.

We now come to the very important part of this work which treats of the subject of miracles. Before entering on its consideration, we will express our own opinion distinctly of its general principles.

We concur with much which Mr. Lecky has said on this subject, but consider that he has frequently used very unguarded language, which will lead many to think that he denies the truth of the miracles recorded in the New Testament. This suspicion will be much increased by the mode in which he has evaded a definite expression of opinion on the subject, by excluding the origin of Christianity from his historical view. We must observe, however, that he is careful to tell us that he does not consider miracles as abstractly impossible, or even the existence of orders of beings different from men, whose interferences with the affairs of the world might bear the appearance of being miraculous. With him the question is simply one of evidence.

Our author expresses his entire disbelief in the pagan oracles, and the whole mass of miraculous stories which are reported by heathen writers, and the still more numerous class of miracles recorded by the ecclesiastical writers from the second century downwards, as well as the portents and miraculous stories of more recent times. We think that the conclusions to which Mr. Lecky has arrived on this subject are for the most part sound.

The amount of miraculous story which in different ages has obtained credence is prodigious. Not even the most eminent and critical ancient historians are entirely destitute of miracle. The patristic miracles begin with the second century, and the farther they are removed from the ages of Christianity the more they increase in number and the more grotesque and *bizarre* they become, almost down to the period of the Reformation. Our opinions as to their truth or falsehood must modify our views of the moral aspect of those times. Numbers of them are reported as true by the greatest names in ecclesiastical history, *e.g.*, Ambrose, Augustine, Jerome, Eusebius, Gregory the Great and St. Bernard. But what is still more important is, that some of these have not only stated their

general belief that miracles had been performed by others, but have asserted that they themselves were present at, or actually assisted at, their performance. The greater portion of these miracles are of such a nature that no intelligent person of the present day would think it worth while to inquire into their credibility; and even the Church of Rome, which is unable to abandon its pretension to wonder-working power without compromising its principles, thinks it advisable to keep them in the background. According to modern views nothing is more impious than the deliberate attempt to work a false miracle. It is an attempt to forge the great seal of the Almighty. If such a scene is enacted, it must be the subject of a previous rehearsal to make it go off well. If any of the great names in ecclesiastical history have been engaged in acts of this kind, it ought to form an important item in an estimate of their general principles of morality. Many circumstances might have prevented the attempt from appearing equally impious to them as it does to us; but this, while it may palliate the act, cannot excuse it. Many such acts cannot have originated in mere credulity; but, even in the most uncritical times, when the belief in false miracles abounds, there must always have existed a class of men as shrewd as they were false, who secretly held the strings.

As intelligence increases, the belief in miraculous stories subsides. Still it has been only completely extinguished in comparatively recent times. Two centuries have not elapsed since women were condemned to death in England on the charge of riding on a broom-stick to take part in the honours of the witches' sabbath. The extent of the atrocities which the belief in witchcraft has occasioned, is known only to God. They have been depicted in the most lively colours in our author's *History of Rationalism*. Even as late as the reign of Anne the belief in the power of the sovereign to cure scrofula by a miraculous touch was encouraged, if not believed in, by divines and statesmen. The act was a public one, and sanctioned by a religious service. The greatest strength of mind, the coolest powers of calculation, even the most entire disbelief in the being of a God or a future state, have not been able to free the mind from superstition. Of this Julius Cæsar is a most impressive instance, when on the great day of his triumph he crept on his hands and knees up the steps of the Capitol to avert an avenging Nemesis. The belief of Napoleon in his star is well known, and accelerated his ruin. But the events in the midst of which we live show the depth of the absurdities into which intelligent men can fall despite

the scepticism by which they are surrounded. We need hardly say that we allude to the wide-spread belief, even in practical England and America, of the monstrous miracles of spiritualism, which we doubt whether the recent proceedings of Mr. Home will be adequate to cure. Not only the ignorant multitude, but refined minds, even those who have been braced by mathematical studies, have swallowed these delusions. The writer of this article is acquainted with a case where several Cambridge men who had taken distinguished honours, not only believed that a piano played exquisite music under the influence of spiritual powers, but that they succeeded in getting the spirit of Lord Bacon into a table, who rapped out masses of unintelligible Platonistic philosophy, and translated some of it into bad Greek. Others of the great departed dead also favoured them with their presence. It seems therefore that, apart from states of intellectual darkness, absence of the critical faculty, and ignorance of physical philosophy, there are principles in the mind such as wonder, awe, and a vivid imagination, which, unless kept in due subordination, are certain to produce a belief in the miraculous, and that credulity of this kind is not the exclusive possession of any age or nation.

But in estimating the value of the testimony on which the belief in a miraculous event rests, we must not only scrutinise the testimony, but also the moral aspect borne by the miracle itself. We think, therefore, that Mr. Lecky ought to have pointed out the wide gulf which separates the Evangelical from the ecclesiastical miracles. We fear that his readers will be in danger of applying some of his remarks about the latter to the former. Our own proposition is this. The Gospel miracles are unique in their character. They possess scarcely a feature in common with the mass of miraculous stories which preceded or followed them. Not one of them can be characterised as a grotesque miracle. They possess a moral aspect, and subserve a moral purpose, quite independently of the authority which they give to a Divine commission. We may read the wide range of fiction, and fail to find any myths, legends, or miraculous stories, deliberately imposed on the credulity of mankind similar to those recorded by the Evangelists. The miraculous stories of the ages which preceded the Evangelists, and of those which followed them, are of a character entirely diverse from those which they have attributed to Christ, with the single exception of the cure of demoniacal possession; but the modes of proceeding adopted by Jewish and Christian exorcists stand in marked

contrast with those which have been attributed to the author of Christianity, as Mr. Lecky's own accounts witness. It follows therefore that there is the strongest moral improbability that any originator of mythic or legendary miraculous stories who lived in the first century could have invented the miracles of the Evangelists, still less that they would have suited the legendary appetites of vast multitudes of people. The more greedy people were in those days for miracles and legends, the less likely is it that they could have invented those which have been attributed to the Christ of the Gospels.

Whatever human causes may have contributed to promote the spread of Christianity during the early ages of its existence, some power must have existed which was adequate for its creation. We have often been much struck with an observation of Mr. Carlyle in reference to the oft-repeated assertion that Mahomedanism owes its existence exclusively to the power of the sword. "First," says he, "make your sword." The sword has been the chief instrument in the propagation of that religion; but something else created the mighty hand which grasped it with such tremendous energy. That power is not difficult to discover. It consisted in the combination of several ordinary human agencies with a high-wrought state of fanaticism, self-delusion, and imposture—states which unquestionably co-exist in certain phases of the human mind, however difficult it may be to give a rational account of the mode of their union. Mr. Carlyle's remark is pre-eminently applicable to Christianity. Mr. Lecky traces the human causes which have contributed to its progress, and we are far from wishing to deny the important influence exerted by many of them. But we say, slightly altering the language of Mr. Carlyle, *first make your Christianity*. However greatly the influences mentioned by Mr. Lecky may have contributed to its spread, they were utterly inadequate to have created the conception of the Jesus of the Evangelists, His Divine teaching and working, and the original institution of the Christian Church.

After these remarks, we shall not be in danger of being misunderstood when we express a qualified assent to some of Mr. Lecky's propositions on the subject of miracles. The idea of miraculous intervention was easily admitted by the ancient mind from its imperfect knowledge of an order in nature. We cannot indeed admit that the old world was so unconscious of natural law and order as Mr. Lecky supposes. It is impossible for man to live in even a low state of civilisation, and not to perceive that nature has an order of some

sort. Nor can we think that the Jewish race, whatever the heathen may have said of them, were pre-eminently credulous. For aught we can discern, the Jew was not more deeply sunk in credulity than the Greek or Roman, or than the believer in modern spiritualism.

The general tone of severity with which Mr. Lecky treats the credulity of the ancient world is certainly not without reason. But it should be observed that the great masses of mankind in all ages hold an immense body of opinions, the truth and falsehood of which they never trouble themselves to sift. The chief distinction between the two lines of thought will be found in the fact, that the greatest men of the ancient world have given currency to statements of such a nature, that, with our habits of thought, it is difficult to conceive how they could have credited them.

Mr. Lecky assigns three causes why we have ceased to believe things which, in ancient times, were esteemed to be matters of every-day possibility. The first of these is the greater accuracy of observation which all education tends more or less to produce. This may account for the decrease of credulity in the masses; but it is certainly not the cause which has made educated men less credulous in modern than in ancient times. The second is, the increased power of abstraction as a result of general education. This seems to us equally inadequate to account for the phenomenon. The third is, the progress of physical science. Here we are indubitably resting on solid ground. The whole history of physical science is one continued revelation of the reign of law, and in the immense course of its investigations one single instance of a breach in the order of nature has not yet been detected. Great influence has also been exerted by the evolution of a more correct philosophy of the mind, and a careful investigation of the limits of possible knowledge. Nothing tends more to promote credulity than the spirit of speculation, and a belief in the power of evolving truth from a few abstract principles which have been assumed, but have failed to stand the test of the application of a rigid analysis. A large portion of minds in ancient times, and in the patristic and middle ages, expended their energies in those pursuits. There is also another point to which we think that Mr. Lecky has not given sufficient attention, a want of an earnest thirst after truth, and of faith in the possibility of attaining it. With too many of the ancients philosophy was an amusement rather than an earnest work of life, and the opinions held were founded on no real depth of conviction. A large

portion of the Platonic Dialogues arrive at no result, and it is evident that the belief of their author was weak in the results of his own reasonings. The absence of depth of conviction is most painfully brought before us in the philosophic writings of Cicero. The success of modern physical science has greatly tended to promote our belief that certainty is attainable by man; but we must claim for Christianity the greatest influence in producing that increase of earnestness of conviction which so greatly distinguishes modern from ancient thought.

If Mr. Lecky had given due weight to this consideration, it would have saved him from several errors into which he has fallen in the course of his work. He seems to us to form a very correct appreciation of Christian earnestness of belief and Pagan indifference. Mr. Lecky not unfrequently represents the one as involving the spirit of intolerance, and the other of liberality. He has therefore fallen heavily on some phases of Christian development, as though they compare most unfavourably with the mild toleration of philosophy. The simple account of this matter is that all earnestness of conviction in the ancient world is the creation of Christianity. The philosopher was liberal because there was no spiritual life in his convictions. Whatever amount of intolerance may be charged on Christians, and we shall not deny that it has been lamentably great, we must remember that it is due to Christianity that we have any earnest faith in things unseen.

Notwithstanding the care which has been given to the subject of the ecclesiastical miracles, we believe that it is one which would well repay the most careful investigation, and lay open some of the most singular phenomena of the mind. A true estimate of them must greatly affect our view of past history. Would not an analysis of this subject throw light on that most singular phenomenon of human nature, the union of fanaticism and imposture? What deductions must we make from our estimate of those men who have reported their belief in miracles which are utterly incredible? What must we think of some who not only have asserted their belief in them, but must have assisted at their performance?

A numerous class of alleged miracles are dependent on phenomena connected with the mind. Within this region there is abundant room for self-deception. Our philosophy is still entirely at fault as to the nature of those influences which the mind can exert over the body. We have attained

to much more correct views of the nature of insanity than the ancients, and have ascertained that many mental phenomena which they attributed to demoniacal possession were probably due to insanity. But it is no less clearly established that many cases of insanity must be treated through mental rather than bodily agency. On the other hand, we have made some progress towards ascertaining the fact that a long course of moral wickedness utterly enfeebles our power of voluntary free agency, destroys that of self-control, and is the state which would be exactly suitable to enable an external agency to usurp the powers of the individual mind, and render it powerless against its assaults.

But when great men have deliberately affirmed the performance of miracles, such as the cure of blindness, the restoration of lost or distorted limbs, the rising of the dead, and other things for which no mental solution can be given, the matter assumes a more serious aspect. Among numerous cases of this kind we will select three, where great, and we hope good, men have asserted the performance of miracles strictly so called, in which they were more or less connected as agents, and which no one in these modern days will believe true; those related by Ambrose, Gregory the Great, and Bernard. These miracles are alleged to have been performed in support of doctrines and practices which no amount of evidence will induce us to believe to have received the attestation of Heaven; those asserted to have been performed by the two former having been wrought in support of the belief of the wonder-working power of relics, and by the latter, to attest that the second Crusade was the will of God.

The story of the miracle connected with the discovery of the relics of St. Gervasius and St. Protasius is well known. It is told by both Ambrose and Augustine. The latter may have been the dupe in the case of this and other miracles which actually are reported by him, but which he does not attest as having witnessed. The former bore a part in its performance. The Arian controversy was at its height, and Ambrose in direct antagonism with the Court on this subject, in which he acted the part of an incipient pope. He was desirous of providing a new church with relics. A vision gives him the necessary information where to find them. Not to dwell on minor particulars, the ground is opened at the place indicated; two skeletons larger than the ordinary size of men are discovered closely connected with a large quantity of fresh blood. They are identified with the remains of St. Gervasius

and St. Protasius, and to attest the truth of the discovery a blind man is restored to sight by touching the relics. The Arians, however, treated Ambrose and his miracle with contempt.

One circumstance connected with this miracle renders it worthy of particular attention, viz., the alleged discovery of fresh blood. No one can doubt that it must have been placed there beforehand by the enactors of the scene. Those who professed to perform the miracle must have been accessaries to this gross fraud. The facts are related in a letter of Ambrose, the only ground for questioning the authenticity of which is a desire to save the character of the saint.

Letters written by Bernard no less distinctly assert the performance of miracles wrought by himself. There is no reason for doubting their really miraculous character if true; and they were wrought, as we have said, in attestation of the second Crusade. It does not avail to say that the mental atmosphere in those days was full of the miraculous. They must have been real miracles or deliberate frauds, and we are unable to see how the great man who reports them could have been a mere dupe on the occasion.

A letter of Gregory the Great to the Eastern emperor no less distinctly asserts the miraculous power possessed by relics and chains of St. Peter, and the death of workmen who had presumed to look on the former. The emperor was desirous of removing them to Constantinople, a purpose which not unnaturally alarmed the worthy pope. He declares that the most terrible consequences would be the result of any attempt to meddle with them, and fortifies his arguments by asserting the reality of the deaths in question. He tells the emperor that a few filings from the chains which he thought that he might be able to send him, possessed equally miraculous powers as the chains themselves. As we believe that neither possessed such powers, the assertion is literally true. But if such was the meaning of the writer, he condescended to the worst form of equivocation.

However difficult it is to comprehend the moral state of mind which rendered it possible, we feel ourselves unable to dispute the fact that not only was the practice of forging books and attributing them to great names very prevalent, but that several great names in ecclesiastical history have acted a part in the working of lying miracles. Of the former practice we adduce the Book of Enoch, at whatever period it was written, as a remarkable example. Such a moral

obliquity could not have existed without impressing its stamp on the entire character.

Mr. Lecky has dwelt with great force on the readiness of mankind to interpret unusual natural events as signs of the Divine judgments. While we agree with much which he has said, and deeply lament the existence of this tendency in religious men, we think that his statements are over-coloured. We concede that the ancient world was pre-eminently addicted to this. We cannot call to mind a great writer who is wholly free from it. But it must not be forgotten that despite of science and every enlightening influence, and even the teaching of the New Testament, the practice is not unfrequent even in modern times. In the words of Lord Bacon, "Men register the hits, and not the misses." We ourselves know of a clergyman who informed a London congregation of the upper middle classes that the cattle-plague was a judgment which we had incurred by cruelty to animals, and by robbing the Church. We well remember that the great accident on the Brighton Railway was pronounced in many pulpits to be a Divine judgment for Sabbath-breaking; and it greatly increased our respect for Mr. Spurgeon when he denounced the presumption of such attempts to direct the thunders of Omnipotence. A remarkable example of the tendency to accept the miraculous without investigation may be seen in the writings of Mr. Müller of the Orphan Home at Bristol. We wish to speak of that gentleman with most profound respect, but in the interests of truth we must protest against the sobriety of his judgment. If his views of events and their interpretation are correct, all we can say is that he is not only a good man, but he has a miraculous attestation at his command dangerously interfering with that on which Christianity is founded. No person can believe that Mr. Müller has rightly interpreted some of the events which he records. They are equivalent to positive miracles; and even if we could believe in their performance in these modern days and under such circumstances, which we cannot, no possible reason can be given why, out of the mass of good institutions which exist, the orphan asylum, and other things supported by men of kindred sentiments, should alone enjoy the benefit of miraculous attestation. When men throw themselves heart and soul into a particular theory, their credulity is great.

Some expressions of Mr. Lecky in this portion of his work are exceedingly unguarded, and we feel it our duty to notice two. "Christianity," says he, "floated into the Roman

empire on the wave of credulity, which brought with it this long train of Oriental superstitions and legends." On a careful examination of the context, we find that the author is speaking of the second and third centuries, but the looseness of his expressions is open to misconstruction. Against the following passage we must strongly protest, as an incorrect statement of fact. "To a world thirsting for prodigy it afforded a history more replete with wonders than those of Apollonius; while the Jew and the Chaldean could scarcely rival its converts, and the legends of continual miracles circulated among its followers."*

Whatever were the ideas before Mr. Lecky's mind when he wrote this passage, the greater part of his readers will certainly identify the "history more replete with wonders than those of Apollonius," with the four Gospels. Our previous remarks have disposed of this question, and Mr. Lecky must know that it is absurd to institute a comparison between the miracles ascribed to Apollonius, which were most probably trumped up for the purpose of throwing discredit on Christianity, and those of Jesus Christ. We attribute the defects of this portion of the work to the unwarrantable omission of that which so strictly falls within its limits, the discussion of the origin of Christianity in Judæa. Mr. Lecky is of opinion that the miraculous pretensions of Christianity fell in with the general ideas of the times, and thereby facilitated its progress. But as Christianity claimed not to be one religion out of many which were entitled to demand the allegiance of mankind, but the one exclusive religion, which had a right to subvert all others, it is impossible that she could have rested her pretensions on grounds which she held in common with those which she was seeking to overthrow. We readily concede that the miracles of a later period bore a very close resemblance to their pagan prototypes.

We shall not dispute with Mr. Lecky that the great bulk of the primitive converts would have been little able to appreciate what, in modern times, we call the evidences of Christianity, such, for instance, as we read of in Paley; or that they could have formed such an idea of a miracle as modern science has enabled us to elaborate. It is the special glory of Christianity that it is the only religion which is able to adapt itself to every order of mind. Even at the present day questions about evidences and miracles are beyond the grasp of the great body of society, and require special study. Primi-

* Vol. i. p. 412.

tive Christianity came as an overwhelming moral power on the ancient world. Mr. Lecky tells us that the earlier apologists dwelt little on the subject of miracles, and it is a fact that the miraculous pretensions of the Church increased in an exact proportion to the distance from apostolic times. It is an utter mistake to imagine that apostles and missionaries began their addresses to the heathen with a system of Christian evidences, such as has been elaborated in reply to the attacks of modern unbelief. They testified what they had seen and heard, and brought the whole moral force of Christianity to bear on the conscience. The primitive missionaries were animated with a living power, such as the opposite superstitions were wholly unable to resist. It is the conscience which is the never-dying witness for God in the heart of man.

We think that Mr. Lecky has overlooked the real nature of the problem before him. Whence came the power with which Christianity was animated, as we see it depicted in the life of such a man as St. Paul? Whence came the portraiture of the Divine Man which formed its centre? Although we fully agree with him that all the causes which he enumerates greatly facilitated the growth of Christianity, they cannot account for its origin, or for the new vital force which it infused into mankind. They formed an essential portion of that Divine plan by which it was ushered into being "in the fulness of the time," after a long course of providential preparation. The more we contemplate this preparation, and the number of independent lines which converged to a common focus for its accomplishment, the more complete it appears, and enforces on us the belief that there was a superintending Mind which directed all to the furtherance of a common end. But while these were necessary conditions of its growth, we must warn our readers and Mr. Lecky against the bad philosophy of mistaking the condition for the vital power. One philosopher had suffered death, and a few had encountered persecution, in the ancient world for their opinions, but the spectacle of the slave, the labourer, the mechanic, the shopkeeper, and above all the weak female, yielding up their lives by a torturing death in obedience to a religious dictate was entirely new.

We think that Mr. Lecky's analysis of the causes of the persecutions to which the Christians were exposed is able, and that his general conclusions are with a few qualifications sound. We would express a similar opinion of his account of the persecutions themselves; but he hardly made sufficient allow-

ance for the prevalence or the extent of local outrages. The length and minuteness of this portion of the work render it impossible that we should do more than glance at it. While we are far from wishing to reduce the number of martyrs as near as may be to zero, we think that there is no portion of history where the spirit of mendacity has been more active. We are satisfied that an impartial historical criticism establishes the fact beyond all reasonable question, that where pagan Rome has slain her thousands, the Church which has erected herself on her ruins has slain her tens of thousands, despite the teaching, the example, and the commands of her Lord.

It will be impossible to enter on even a cursory discussion of the many very important subjects brought before us in the second volume of this work. We are unable to express our acquiescence in many of his conclusions, but in a majority of the points we are at entire agreement with the author. The grounds on which we should except to some of his positions we have already pointed out; and we have much less to dissent from in this volume than in the preceding. The difference between the moral teaching of a philosophy and a religion is most ably pointed out. Mr. Lecky has also fully shown the moral efficacy of a Christian sense of sin in its operation on the renovation of the character compared with anything which can be found in the teaching of the philosophers; though even here we think that he ought to have discriminated between the teaching of the New Testament and that of the Fathers of the second and third centuries. He well contrasts the superiority of its system of disinterested benevolence, founded on devotedness of self-surrender to a living Person, with philosophic theories based on abstractions derived from considerations relative to the beauty of virtue. He also traces with accuracy the working of Christianity on the moral condition of society, as shown in the suppression of suicide, infanticide, slavery, and in its promotion of universal charity. We cordially recommend Mr. Lecky's account of the horrors of paganism as manifested in the gladiatorial shows, and their final suppression under Christian influences. He also fully realises the importance of the change which Christianity has effected in elevating the humbler and milder virtues at the expense of the heroic and political ones; but he seems to us to have but an imperfect perception that the ideal of the Christian system recognises the union of both in their proper place and due subordination. The latter had attained an undue importance in every former system of

morality, and therefore required to be held in the background. The very constitution of political society was sufficient to assure them a due prominence, whereas the former scarcely obtained a recognition in ancient morals. We dislike the designation which he occasionally gives them of "the servile virtues"—as likely to lead to mistaken views of their true character. As taught by Christianity, they proceed directly from our relation to God, and it is utterly incorrect to borrow their idea from that of a slave to his master; although we quite agree with Mr. Lecky that their high position in the Christian system tended to the immense elevation of those classes which the tyranny of the ancient social systems had trampled in the dust. We could wish also that our author had more distinctly pointed out the imperfection of the heroic type of character when divested of those virtues which it has been the great glory of Christianity to restore to their proper place in the nature of man. We think, too, that he is deficient in his recognition of the manner in which Christianity unites self-respect with humility.

We consider that Mr. Lecky has under-estimated the degree in which charity has been stimulated by Christianity. The following observation is very unsound: "The difference between pagan and Christian societies in this matter is very profound, and a great part of it must be ascribed to causes other than religious opinions." On the contrary, we assert that the whole difference is pre-eminently a religious one. Neither philosophic nor popular paganism had any principle which could convert universal benevolence into a vital principle. The charity of the ancient world, small as it was, was limited within the narrowest class distinctions. Where one charitable institution existed in the Roman Empire, at least five hundred do in Europe. Christianity, by proclaiming a universal brotherhood among mankind, founded on the relation of all men to a common Creator, and to the great Head of the Church, has bounded the duty by no other limits than those of the human family. She alone has first assigned to the barbarian and the alien a place within human sympathies. Mr. Lecky thinks that the institutions of slavery and clientship in the ancient world in some degree checked the flow of charity by providing for slaves and clients. But he has forgotten that one of the most eminent characters of the ancient world, who was received by his countrymen as a model of virtue, ruthlessly cast out his worn-out slaves to perish; and that he was not destitute of imitators. To us it is a strange idea that any genuine flow

of charity could be checked by the existence of slavery, with the horrors of which Mr. Lecky has shown himself well acquainted. He also refers to the enormous gratuitous distributions of corn made by the Imperial Government. But this was simply a matter of political policy, and founded on the purest selfishness. The provinces were exhausted to keep in good humour the idle populace of Rome, and, at a subsequent period, a few other great cities, which would have been otherwise troublesome to the Government. The tax was iniquitous, and the result intensely demoralising. At last the only thought of the populace was shown in the cry for bread and games; and, while they had a supply of these, they cared neither for the tyranny of the Government nor the calamities of the times. While we have failed to discover any general principle of charity at work in the ancient world, we discern it in modern society under the most multifarious aspects. It not only manifests itself in the various efforts of philanthropy to relieve distress, but in the still more remarkable movement of modern times, the effort to exterminate its causes. This, in the absence of all proof to the contrary, we must claim as the result of the action of Christianity, even among those who dispute its claims to be a supernatural revelation.

Among the portions of this work to which we can draw the attention of our readers with the most entire satisfaction, is the treatment of the principle, growth, and effects of asceticism. We entirely agree with his views of the working of the principle of monasticism, and its effects on the moral and intellectual progress of mankind. Even here, however, we cannot help noticing that the original defect to which we have had such frequent occasion to draw attention, has inflicted an injury on the best portions of this work. From a full and just discussion, it would have been plain that asceticism, instead of being a question of Christianity, is a philosophical and pagan importation into it quite foreign to its teaching. Monasticism has been modified by Christianity; but it is a system, whether we view it as good or bad, which has been introduced into it from sources entirely external to it. The principles on which it is founded are pantheistic, and have originated in those of the Oriental religions, which assert the essential evils of matter, and that freedom from its trammels is the highest state of human elevation.

The concluding chapter of this work is occupied with the history of women during the entire period. Our readers will find themselves instructed by its perusal.

We must now bring our remarks to an end, as it is impossible in any single review to do justice to the vast mass of matter which is contained in these volumes. We commend the work to the careful study of our readers. It will require the exercise of a careful discrimination with respect to many of its statements; and many of those to which we are prepared to give general concurrence, must be received with qualifications. We are mistaken, however, if they will not arise from it with enlarged views of the results of Christianity in history, with an increased sense of its moral grandeur, and with a more hearty desire to see it freed from its corruptions and the extraneous principles which have been engrafted upon the teaching of Christ and His Apostles.

- ART. III.—1. *A Narrative of Travels on the Amázon and Rio Negro; with an Account of the Native Tribes, and Observations on the Climate, Geology, and Natural History of the Amazon Valley.* By ALFRED A. WALLACE. Reeve & Co. 1853.
2. *The Naturalist on the River Amazon. A Record of Adventures, Habits of Animals, Sketches of Brazilian and Indian Life, and Aspects of Nature under the Equator during Eleven Years of Travel.* By HENRY WALTER BATES. John Murray. 1863.
3. *Journey in Brazil.* By PROFESSOR and MRS. LOUIS AGASSIZ. New York: Trübner & Co. 1868.

SOUTH AMERICA has long been the El Dorado of young zoologists. When Columbus presented his parrots and feather-clad Indians to Ferdinand and Isabella, he revealed a new world to the naturalist as well as to the politician. The excitement which the great Genoese created by the presentation of his feathered trophies, was renewed when Pizarro laid at the feet of Charles the armadillos, llamas, and opossums of Peru. But the age was unfavourable to the permanent contemplation of such things: bloody conquests and the passion for gold blotted out the remembrance of them for many long years.

In the seventeenth century the attention of the lovers of nature was recalled to the neglected riches of South America by Madame Merian, whose works on the insects and reptiles of Surinam have for ever identified her name with the natural history of the New World. Still later Spix described the birds, reptiles, and fishes which he and his companion Martius collected during their travels in Brazil in the years 1817—1820. But these richly illustrated publications were inaccessible to the world of students. Their costliness limited their circulation to public libraries and to the drawing-rooms of the rich. Hence though valued by the learned their popular influence was small. The publication of the travels of Humboldt and Bonpland produced a very different result. In them the exciting details of Western travel were combined with the special learning of the naturalist and the philosopher. But the interest aroused by these marvellous volumes was diminished by the incessant recurrence of scientific

discussions, which, though they made the work encyclopædic in its learning, seriously interrupted the current of the more readable narrative. The case was altered when Charles Waterton returned from his celebrated "Wanderings," and, in 1825, published the results of his studies in Demerara, in one fascinating volume, the forerunner of the similar works of Darwin, Wallace, and Bates, now so deservedly popular. Waterton's "Wanderings" revealed to the mass of readers the natural riches hidden in the forests of Guiana, and more than any other book created in youthful breasts a desire to tread in the steps of its author. But it did more. It aroused the public mind to a knowledge of the absurd custom-house regulations which prevented the natural productions of foreign climes from flowing hitherward. Waterton had to pay heavy import duties upon the birds and animals whose skins he had collected at the risk of his life, and was only allowed to escape the miserable impost in the case of such specimens as he was prepared to present to the public museums of the country. But that exception was fatal to the narrow policy which had hitherto disgraced our rulers. The law was speedily altered, and, relieved from the incubus of prohibitory duties, a stream of natural objects began to flow into this country which has made, and still is making, our museums some of the richest in the world.

Whilst many parts of South America abound in these natural objects, Brazil is the favourite region towards which the eyes of young enthusiasts are turned. The beauty of its tropical forests, the brilliancy of its birds, the wondrous variety of its insects, the strangeness of its reptiles and mammals, combine to give it a charm possessed by no other country. Hence we cannot wonder that such men as Wallace, Bates, and Agassiz still turn to its shores with all the freshness of a young love. The fact is, its natural treasures are almost inexhaustible, and the very circumstances which detract from the value of the country as a refuge for agricultural emigrants, give it additional interest to the zoologist. The ants may destroy flourishing plantations in a night, and rob the agriculturist of the fruit of his labours; but what matter! It is the land of the trogon and the toucan, of the jacana, the flamingo and the rosy-tinted spoonbill—of the palm, the bamboo, and the Victoria lily. Crocodiles, manatees, and porpoises roll in its rivers: humming-birds sport amongst its flowers by day and fireflies illuminate its bushes by night. Swarming turtles repose upon its sandbanks. Azure-coloured macaws and brilliant parroquets scream overhead; gaudy

tanagers fly in flocks from tree to tree; and if the traveller is somewhat annoyed at mosquitoes, finds huge centipedes under his pillow, or sees giant serpents glaring down upon him from some overhanging branch, these are but incidents reminding him that he has attained the object of his youthful dreams and is revelling amid the marvels of a tropical forest. The physical geography of South America is unlike that of every other country. It constitutes one vast plain, extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the Straits of Magellan, and from the shores of the Pacific to the eastern foot of the Andes. But three elevated groups of mountains, crossing the country from east to west, subdivide this area into three distinct regions, viz.: that of the Lower Oroonoko and Caraccas, that of the Amazon, and that of Buenos Ayres and La Plata. The first and last of these areas are vast savannahs or pasturage-grounds, generally devoid of trees. But the central one, owing to the circumstance that it receives more or less of the equatorial rains throughout a great part of the year, is, especially in its western portion, one vast forest. The luxuriant vegetation not only extends from the Cordillera of Chiquitos, separating the Amazonian regions from those of La Plata, to the granitic Cordillera of Parime, forming its northern boundary, but crowns the heights of these mountain ranges—the whole constituting a forest region of 120,000 square leagues in extent—or sixteen times larger than France.

Situated under a tropical sun, and presenting innumerable local peculiarities of climate and soil, it may well be imagined that such a vast forest is rich in natural objects. The neighbourhood of Rio Janeiro has been lauded in almost transcendental language as possessing every attraction that can adorn the tropics, and there is no doubt that it merits much of the praise that it has received. The region of the Organ mountains, as seen from Boa Vista, has probably few rivals on this earth. But notwithstanding the physical beauty and natural riches of Southern Brazil, the Amazon has for some years past chiefly attracted the attention of such men as Wallace, Bates, and Agassiz to its banks, because of the still greater variety of the objects of their studies which that region supplies.

Writers constantly speak of the *valley* of the Amazon; but there is no such thing. Indeed, as we have already indicated, the whole of Eastern America is an oblong plain, divided by a few elevated transverse ridges. Humboldt long ago pointed out that a rise of the sea or a depression of the land to the extent of 1,200 feet would carry the waters of the Atlantic to the foot of the Andes, and cause the entire region to be again,

what it was in times geologically recent, the bed of a shallow sea. Humboldt, Darwin, and Agassiz have each directed attention to the curious horizontal deposits of very similar materials which cover the entire area. The first of these observers believed them to be of Devonian age—Martius regarded them as Triassic—Darwin and more recent travellers have referred them to the Tertiary period—whilst Agassiz, whose predilections for glacial agencies are well known, boldly covers the entire continent, during the glacial period, with a mass of snow and ice from ten to fifteen thousand feet in thickness, and believes that the strata in question are merely a vast moraine, formed by the melting of the snows of ages! With this sweeping generalisation we cannot agree, but are much more disposed to acquiesce in the conclusions of Darwin and most British geologists, who regard the deposits in question as Tertiary ones.

How flat an area the great plain drained by the Amazon is, may be judged from the fact that whilst it is so large that the whole of Western Europe might be placed in it without touching its boundaries, steamers of considerable tonnage can sail up its rivers almost to its western extremities. Humboldt long ago pointed out that the mean height of the river above the sea was not more than 1,164 feet (194 toises). The stream, according to Agassiz, only falls one foot in ten miles. The first interruption to the navigation of the Upper Marañon, long regarded as the main river, is caused by the falls, which are 980 nautical leagues from the sea, or at the upper sixth of its course, differing in this respect from its neighbour, the Oroonoko, on which falls occur little beyond half its length from the coast. Mr. Nesbet took a steamer 110 feet in length (the *Tirado*) up the tributary Rio Huallaga, nearly to Chasuta, a point little less than 3,200 miles from the sea. The Peruvian Commissioners engaged in surveying the head waters of the Amazon, have more recently taken a small steamer 772 miles up the Ucayali, which is yet more remote than the Upper Marañon, and which the Commission regards as the true source of the great river. All the other large tributaries exhibit corresponding facilities for navigation, facilities which would soon be made use of were the country in the hands of an Anglo-Saxon instead of an Iberian race. But rightly to appreciate the grandeur of this river, we must remember that the tributaries above the various falls which arrest continuous navigation are themselves vast rivers, compared with which the boasted ones of Western Europe sink into insignificance. Draining so wide an area, and extending

from the snowy summits of the Andes to the tropical, palm-clad savannahs of the Marajo, we may readily conceive how rich and varied must be the fertility of the Amazon in the natural objects that flourish on its banks.

The traveller from Europe no sooner arrives at the entrance to the Para river, through which the Amazon is usually reached, than his eye rests on the frontier of the forest, which continues in one unbroken sweep to the foot of the Andes, two thousand miles away.

Every writer who has tried to describe that forest scene and render it intelligible to minds familiar only with European vegetation, has been conscious of the imperfect success of his attempt. Epithets piled upon epithets only reveal the poverty of human language when contrasted with the varied prodigality of nature. Wherever the traveller turns he encounters the boundless forest, through which the only highways are the flowing rivers. On the rivers' bank the tide-washed roots of the mangrove-trees afford a home for myriads of crabs that sport amongst their foul recesses. Standing out of the mud like huge tripods, they sustain dense bushes, fringing the shore but growing out of the waters. In other places the loftier forest-trees appear to rise directly from the stream. They tower at once high into the air, and yet their tall stems are scarcely visible from the river, their leafy crowns alone indicating how varied are their forms. Feathery bamboos wave above the arums that grow along the shallow margin of the stream. Here and there the spreading leaves of the banana, velvety in texture and brilliant in hue, stand out in commanding relief. Yet higher, festoons of passion-flowers drape the river-front, hanging from the loftier growths of the sapucaya and the brazil-nut tree. These in turn guide the vision to a still higher region, where they mingle their foliage with the fronds of a thousand palms, in a profusion which, were there no other reminder, tells the traveller that he stands beneath a vertical sun. This self-sustained vegetation has to uphold myriads of dependent plants, which climb up its stems and cluster on its branches, seeking the remote light towards which all are struggling. Vegetable cables are flung from tree to tree, and thence to the ground, binding the forest into a tangled mass through which it would seem impossible for any aspiring young plant to force its way. Nevertheless one generation succeeds and mingles with another. The sylvan conflict for life and light goes on age after age, and the tropical forest remains at once primeval yet ever young.

At length the traveller finds some opening on the river's

bank, through which he penetrates the forest wall. He now enters a gloomy solitude filled with bare vegetable columns. Leafless stems, bound together by equally leafless creepers, are seen on every hand. The ground under foot is carpeted here and there by lycopods of the loveliest green, but the true foliage of the forest belongs to another region far above the wanderer's head. There the branches intertwine like the richest groinings of some Gothic roof, whilst their leaves blend in a dense canopy through which sun and sky are rarely seen. The foliage seems to belong to the upper air rather than to earth. The flowers expand and the fruits ripen above this umbrageous canopy, far away from mortal vision. Could the traveller float in a balloon over that aerial verdure, how glorious would be the sight! but otherwise it is beyond his reach. The lower region through which alone he can wend his way is unearthly from its monotony and fearful stillness. Only at distant intervals may he be startled by a crashing sound which tells him that some forest monarch has ended a career of centuries, bringing down a thousand dependants in its fall, or a yet more startling scream proclaims the terror of some unseen victim to a beast of prey. But the interruption is but momentary, the sound ceases, and the forest resumes its wonted silence.

If, instead of entering from the river, the traveller approaches the Amazonian forest by the more beaten paths from the city of Para, the scene is changed. He has reached the tropics anticipating brilliant masses of tropical flowers, swarming with countless humming-birds. He expects to hear the screams of parrots and monkeys in every glade; but for a time all these things fail to be realised. At the first glance many of the trees have a European look, whilst the more striking tropical animals are out of sight. But as the traveller proceeds between suburban gardens he sees enough to remind him that he is far from home. The broad leaves of the banana, drooping over every wall, shade him from the sun. The slim assai palm rears its feathery head high in the air. Luxurious passion-flowers and other tropical creepers cover every roof and paling; lizards of the liveliest kind dart to and fro amongst the stones, whilst tropical ants, often of giant size, sometimes solitary, sometimes moving in vast columns, swarm on every hand. On emerging from these suburbs, the traveller journeys through fields of sugar-cane, where the roads are planted on either hand with bananas and pine-apples. Passion-flowers and convolvuli still climb over the fences, and the delicate sensitive-plants constitute the way-side weeds.

At length the forest is again reached. But if instead of entering it the naturalist wanders through the half-cultivated region on its borders, he will gradually discover signs of the tropical creatures which he at first failed to find. Here a swarm of black and yellow starling-like orioles have built their colony of pendent nests on a lofty cecropia tree; whilst loud screams, proceeding from another and neighbouring one, reveal a flock of parroquets, making use of it as a temporary resting-place. Yelping noises, equally loud and shrill, coming from some one of the numerous wild-fruit trees, proclaim the presence of a group of toucans. In addition to these, tanagers and yellow-breasted fly-catchers flit about on every hand. The bush-shrikes send forth from the neighbouring forest their curious note, which Mr. Wallace compares to "the successive reboundings of a hammer from an anvil," whilst at rare intervals, a clear note, like that of a tolling bell, comes from the campanero, or white bell-bird, Waterton's description of which long ago made the creature familiar to us, whilst it gave rise to one of the most racy witticisms of his reviewer, Sydney Smith.

But these tropical birds are almost less significant than the gay butterflies with which the Lower Amazon abounds. Black and long-winged *heliconii*, varied with bright spots of blue, red, and yellow, sail horizontally through the air; swallow-tails, like our English machaon, flit amongst the flowers. In the long pathways, especially within the shades of the forest, the giant morphos, the monarchs of the butterfly race, move their large and glossy blue-black wings, flying high overhead with a lazy undulating and yet rapid flight, whilst on every side dragon-flies of a hundred kinds pursue their insect prey.

But as the sun declines the scene changes, and whilst an unwonted uproar of new sounds meets the ear, new forms of life make their appearance: Goat-suckers, with their singular cries of "whip poor Will," and "who are you?" chase their insect food with noiseless wings. Bats and vampires leave the retreats where they have found shelter from the glare of day. The hootings of the tree-frogs combine with the louder and hoarser croaking of their huge brethren in the marshes, whilst as the darkness rapidly advances, the air, from the forest and field to the streets of the city, becomes luminous with the sparkling of the firefly.

But we have yet to visit the broad waters of the Amazon itself, and we cannot do so in better company than that of Mr. Wallace:—

"The most striking features of the Amazon are—its vast expanse of smooth water, generally from three to six miles wide, its pale yellowish olive colour;—the great beds of aquatic grass which line its shores, large masses of which are often detached, and form floating islands; the quantity of fruit and leaves and great trunks of trees which it carries down, and its level banks clad with lofty unbroken forest. In places the white stems of the cecropias give a peculiar aspect, and in others the straight dark trunks of lofty forest-trees form a living wall along the water's edge. There is much animation, too, on this giant stream. Numerous flocks of parrots, and the great red and yellow macaws, fly across every morning and evening uttering their hoarse cries. Many kinds of herons and rails frequent the marshes on its banks, and the large handsome duck (*chevalobox jubata*) is often seen swimming about the bays and inlets. But perhaps the most characteristic birds of the Amazon are the gulls and terns, which are in great abundance; all night long their cries are heard over the sandbanks, while they deposit their eggs, and during the day they constantly attracted our attention by their habit of sitting in a row on a floating log, sometimes a dozen or twenty side by side, and going for miles down the stream, as grave and motionless as if they were on some very important business. These birds deposit their eggs in little hollows in the sand, and the Indians say that during the heat of the day they carry water in their beaks to moisten them and prevent them being roasted by the glowing rays of the sun. Besides these there are divers and darters in abundance, porpoises are seen blowing in every direction, and alligators are often seen slowly swimming across the river."—*Travels on the Amazon*, p. 138.

Monkeys are not so common on the Lower Amazon, near Para, as they are higher up the river—the most abundant is the exquisite little marmoset, which is found in companies of three or four, ranging the forests in the immediate vicinity of the town. The humming-birds, those excellent emblems of the tropics, are numerous at times, but not to be found everywhere. When certain trees are in flower, especially the oranges, they flit about the blossoms in myriads, and whilst gazing at their lovely forms and movements, the traveller is in danger of forgetting that he is in a land of contrasts—that whilst there is beauty and attractiveness in the air, repulsiveness lurks in the tangled vegetation at his feet. Serpents abound everywhere. They cross his path in field and forest; they hang from the boughs over his head; they lurk in the thatch and amidst the rafters of his roof, and they are not unfrequently found coiled up amongst his garments and under his bed—a pleasant condition of life, varied by the exchange of these scaly visitors for the almost equally disagreeable centipedes and scorpions. But notwithstanding their numbers, accidents from these creatures are rare.

One of the most striking of the physical features of the Amazon is the *igaripe*. The rise and fall of the tide, and still more the flooding of the river in the rainy seasons, when it rises some forty feet, convert vast forest areas into swamps and lakes, so that canoes can be navigated for miles amidst trees standing out of the water, and over ground that at other seasons is perfectly dry. But besides these conditions there are other and more permanent ones. Channels frequently branch off from the Amazon, make a *détour* through the forest of varying length, and either return to the main stream or join one of its tributary rivers. Every traveller is struck with the remarkable features of these "*igaripes*," as they are called. They are regions of gloom and desolation. Fallen trees and bushes frequently cross the water, and in the narrower parts impede the progress of the canoe.

Mrs. Agassiz thus describes one of these gloomy river defiles :—

"A ragged drapery of long faded grass hung from the lower branches of the trees, marking the height of the last rise of the river to some eighteen or twenty feet above its present level. Here and there a white heron stood on the shore, his snowy plumage glittering in the sunlight, and numbers of *cicognas*, the pheasants of the Amazon, clustered in the bushes. Once a pair of large king-vultures rested for a moment within gunshot, but flew out of sight as our canoe approached, and now an alligator showed his head above water."—*Ibid.* p. 254.

In various localities these river passages open out into wider lake-like areas, where new pictures are unveiled to the eye of the naturalist. These forest pools are frequently surrounded by sloping banks covered with soft green grass, the upper margin of which defines the extent to which the waters rise in the season of flood. Such retreats, especially if some of the surrounding trees have been felled by the hand of man, display the natural riches of the country more than any other, since in such places flowers are more abundant, as well as more within reach than in the loftier and denser forests; these attract gay butterflies, whilst white egrets, herons, and storks stand solemn and thoughtful around the margin of the lake. Parrots and macaws abound amongst the loftier trees. Golden-green jacamars and trogons sit immovable on the lower branches, two or three together, until some passing insect tempts one to leave its perch, to which, however, it quickly returns after it has secured its prey. In the bushes yet nearer to the ground, numbers of small finches and fly-catchers sport through the days of their perennial summer,

whilst on dead branches, high in air, sit some of the hawks and eagles so abundant on the Amazon, watching their opportunity to make a raid upon the feathered swarms that surround the pool. It is in such situations that the *Victoria Regina* spreads its broad leaves upon the waters—the noblest but not the most lovely of aquatic flowers—since we agree with Mr. Wallace that, beautiful as it is, it will not bear comparison with the pure holiness of our own white water-lily. It is here too that we find a wading bird, well known to every naturalist—the spur-winged jacana—whose immensely long toes and claws enable it to course lightly over the treacherous surface of floating leaves, where a bird less fitted by nature for the task would surely sink.

The sketches which we have attempted picture some of the scenes common on the Lower Amazon, but not all. Whilst a large portion of the Amazonian plain is covered with wood and water, there are extensive “campos” or dry grassy districts where the vegetation and the fauna are alike different from those of the forest. This is especially the case on the northern bank of the lower river. The forest may be regarded as commencing in the western half of the island of Marajo, crossing the southern arm of the river to include the Para district, whence it continues almost unbroken nearly to the summit of the Peruvian Andes. But on the north side extensive grassy plains range for some five hundred miles westward from Caviano Island, at the mouth of the river; the virgin woods first presenting their unbroken front opposite to Santarem and the mouth of the river Tapajos. These “campos” are, as we have observed, arid grassy plains, dotted here and there with clusters of myrtles, cashews, and other trees. Large clumps of wild pine-apples are frequent in the thickets. Immense masses of gigantic cacti, compared by every traveller to huge branching candelabra, tower thirty feet into the air, whilst passion-flowers, convolvuli and bignonias contribute their share to the floral carpet. But we must not identify these grassy “campos” with the meadows and pastures of our own land. Humboldt long ago pointed out the difference. Their vegetation is usually coarse and rank, and though flowers are far from rare, their taller and more irregular growth produces an effect altogether different from, and far inferior to, that of our own field flowers. Whilst referring to this subject, we may point out how inferior the tropics are in floral displays, both in the eastern and western hemispheres, to temperate regions. This is not only told us by reliable travellers from the West;

but Mr. Wallace confirms his previous statements, derived from his Amazonian experiences, by what he found amongst the Malaccas and other islands of the Malay archipelago during his recent visit to the East. The vegetation of the tropics is beyond all description gorgeous, and suggestive of irrepressible fertility. But it is a wealth of *forms* and of varying shades of green, and not of brighter hues. Here and there clusters of the lovely plants with which we store our conservatories, are met with; plants far surpassing the finest of our northern ferns; but these, being isolated and their flowers often fugitive, make little or no impression upon the general physiognomy of the scene. Mr. Wallace declares most emphatically that he has nowhere found in the tropics anything equalling in beauty our heather-clad moors, our downs with their glowing raiment of broom and gorse, our meadows with their daisies and buttercups, or our hedgerows, with their hawthorns and crab-apples, their wood-bines and wild roses. This is cheering intelligence for such of us as may have felt occasional cravings after tropical life; making us thankful that we are permitted to enjoy a beauty without monotony, which the tropics cannot rival, and yet free from all the irritating drawbacks that so often render tropical life one of physical misery.

As a rule these undulating "campos" are much less productive of animal life than the open glades of the forest, especially in the dry season. Mr. Bates never saw a mammal on the "campos" of Santarem, though tracks of the jaguar, the tiger-cat, a deer, and an opossum were occasionally met with. Flocks of ground-doves run over the stony hillocks. Swarms of finches frequent the dry grass; humming-birds and paroquets are not unfrequent in the scattered trees and bushes, whilst the black anus (*crotophaga*) also congregate in large numbers. The insects, especially the butterflies, are, as might be expected, often peculiar. The conical hillocks of the termites, or white ants, cover the plain. As evening approaches, when the small lizards so abundant throughout Amazonia retire to their holes, large mygales, or "bird-catching" spiders, come forth. Toads of immense bulk appear on the pathways, whilst swarms of goat-suckers chase the night-flying insects through the air. Here, too, Mr. Wallace found to his sorrow that the mosquitoes were in all *their* glory; but the reader shall see the traveller's own sketch, one which somewhat chills our yearnings after tropical life.

"We were warned that the mosquitoes were here very annoying, and we soon found them so, for immediately after sunset they poured

in upon us in swarms, so that we found them unbearable, and were obliged to rush into our sleeping-rooms, which we had kept carefully closed. Here we had some respite for a time, but they soon found them more tormenting than ever, rendering it quite impossible for us to sit down to read or write after sunset. The people here all use cow dung burnt at their doors to keep away the 'praga,' or plague, as they very truly call them, being the only thing that has any effect. Having just now got an Indian to cook for us, we every afternoon sent him to gather a basket of this necessary article, and just before sunset we lighted an old earthen pan full of it at our bedroom door, in the verandah, so as to get as much smoke as possible, by means of which we could by walking about pass an hour pretty comfortably."—*Ibid.* p. 145.

Stinging insects are the great torment of the traveller on most of these plains near the river level. Humboldt experienced their full power on some parts of the Oroonoko, where they are even worse than on the Amazon, since successive parts of the day bring the attacks of three distinct classes of bloodthirsty swarms, each one having its time of appearance and departure. Then in addition there is the chegoe flea, which penetrates beneath the skin of the feet, where it creates an irritating, and, if the insect is not soon picked out with a needle, a serious wound. At Villa Nuova, Mr. Bates had an hour's occupation, after each diurnal ramble, in picking off from his skin and clothes the "carapatos," a species of tick, which mount the blades of grass, and, like the celebrated leeches of Ceylon, attach themselves to the passer, bleeding him at their leisure by means of a long proboscis, which if not cautiously removed, remains in the wound and causes an irritable sore. On the Upper Amazon a minute two-winged fly forms an addition to this list of small irritants. Taking the place of the mosquitoes at sunrise, it is described by Mr. Bates as accompanying canoes in such dense swarms as to resemble thin clouds of smoke. It appears probable that this is identical with the "mosquito," which Humboldt speaks of as relieving the Zancudo at sunrise, after the latter had amused itself with depleting the traveller on the Upper Oroonoko through the dark hours of the night.

The upper part of the Amazon, above the point at which it receives the brown waters of the Rio Negro, is known by the name of the Solimoens, and is regarded by many as a distinct river. The mere name given to it is of little importance. But on passing the Rio Negro the traveller enters upon a new region. The seasons are different from those which succeed each other lower down. The vast "campos" have disappeared,

cultivated land scarcely exists. One rolling mass of low unbroken forest stretches away towards the Andes. The vegetation luxuriates in a close stagnant atmosphere, reeking with heat and moisture. Notwithstanding this Mr. Bates declares that the climate is healthy, whilst the country is even richer than the lower regions both in its fauna and its flora. Of course a large number of creatures are common to both. This is especially the case with such animals as the jaguar, the puma, the sloth, tapir, ant-eater, opossum, capybara, and the alligator, which belong to the entire continent. On the other hand there are many objects of interest and beauty only found in the upper region, such for example as the lovely scarlet and black tanager and pompadour chatterer, birds well known to every collector, and seen preserved in many an English drawing-room. As on the Oroonoko, the seasons and also the prevailing forms of animal life are identified with the rise and fall of the river, corresponding to the wet and dry periods, of each of which there are two in the year, but neither the one nor the other appears to be so unbroken as in the eastern territories. During the wet periods the swollen river overflows its banks, converting the forests into vast lakes; through these the fishes and turtles of the main stream, upon which the inhabitants of the land so largely depend for food, diffuse themselves, rendering their capture difficult. As the waters recede these creatures return to the main stream, accompanied by innumerable flocks of gulls and sandpipers, all of which deposit their eggs on the re-appearing sand banks. The period when the waters are at the lowest, and the river pools crowded with animal life, is the festive season of the Indian—his summer time, when he can bask in the sunshine and enjoy abundance without exertion, a privilege which he does not fail to use.

One of the most striking features of the fauna of these regions is furnished by the turtles, which, like the herrings of our own seas, continue to abound notwithstanding a destruction almost unparalleled in the history of any other animal. When the fall of the river lays bare the sand-banks the turtles retire to certain well-known "praias" or sand islands, of which there are four celebrated ones near Ega; corresponding with three similar stations described by Humboldt as existing on the Oroonoko, between the river Apure and the Cataracts. In September the fresh-water turtles leave the river by night, in vast swarms, ascending to the highest part of these sand islands, where with their fin-like paddles they scrape a hole some three feet deep, in which

they deposit their eggs, about 120 in number, covering them with a layer of sand. The next night fresh animals deposit additional layers on the same spots, until the holes are filled up to their original level. In this manner the surface of each island is converted into a vast stratum of eggs, which are speedily exhumed by the natives, who make the gathering of them the occasion of a villagiatura, or seaside excursion. They extract from the eggs a rich oil, which they use in their daily life. Myriads of eggs are not found by the Indians, and these, under the fostering influences of the heated sand, are hatched, but even of this remnant very few survive to maturity. Their appearance on emerging from the egg is the signal for attack to a host of enemies both on land and in the water—alligators, jaguars—birds and fishes alike eat them up. Nevertheless, owing to their marvellous fertility, they continue to abound in every lake and river throughout the district.

In the vicinity of Ega, Mr. Bates found amongst birds not usually gregarious a singular tendency to appear in vast flocks:—

“Whilst hunting along the narrow pathways that are made through the forest in the neighbourhood of houses and villages, one may pass several days without seeing many birds;—but now and then the surrounding bushes and trees appear to swarm with them. There are scores, probably hundreds, of birds, all moving about with the greatest activity, woodpeckers and dendrocolaptæ (from species no larger than a sparrow to others the size of a crow), running up the tree-trunks; tanagers, ant-thrushes, humming-birds, fly-catchers, and barbets, flitting about the leaves and lower branches. The bustling crowd loses no time, and although moving in concert, each bird is occupied, on its own account, in searching bark or leaf or twig; the barbets visiting every clayey nest of termites on the trees which lies in the line of march. In a few minutes the host is gone, and the forest path remains deserted and silent as before. There appeared to be only one of these flocks in each small district; and as it traversed chiefly a limited track of woods of second growth, I used to try different paths until I came up with it.”—*The Naturalist on the Amazon*, vol. ii. p. 334

We have already referred to the toucans as constituting one of the most remarkable of the Amazonian birds. They are met with along the entire course of the river; but some of the species found at Para disappear in the upper region, to be replaced by other species. The purpose and mode of using their huge beak has been a debated topic ever since naturalists became acquainted with this singular type of bird. Some have supposed it adapted for catching fish; others for

dragging young birds out of their nests in the holes and crevices of trees. But there appears to be no doubt that these birds are vegetable feeders, living upon the ripe fruits of the forest. Mr. Bates thinks he has found a reason for the size and shape of the bill in the mode in which these birds collect their food; but the explanation is unsatisfactory, inasmuch as other birds feed on the same fruits without being furnished with this peculiar beak. It appears to us that the members of the Darwinian school, to which Messrs. Bates and Wallace equally belong, err in their endeavours to demonstrate the exact teleological reason for everything they see. They overlook what has apparently been a primary design in creation, viz. the production of an almost boundless diversity. It seems as if the Creator, having determined (applying imperfect human phraseology to such a theme) upon the creation of some special type of organisation, sought to throw it into every variety of form of which the type was capable, for no other reason, apparently, than that of giving to nature that diversity which constitutes one of her richest charms, as well as to reveal that boundless prodigality of resource and creative power which characterises the Divine Being. Of course so long as men believe, with Lamarck, that these diversities have resulted from blind instincts and cravings, from which have sprung new wants to be supplied by the development of new forms of organs, they are laid under the necessity of pointing out what those wants were and how they have been met. But such explanations are in the highest degree arbitrary. Yet they abound in the writings both of Mr. Wallace and Mr. Bates, constituting almost the only blemishes in some of the most charming volumes that have appeared since the publication of Darwin's celebrated *Journal*.

In reference to this subject we would particularly refer to the supposed "mimetic" production of insects, where species of very different genera imitate each other so closely that Mr. Bates "cannot help concluding these imitations to be intentional, and that nature has some motive in their production." So long as this merely means that "nature" has produced nothing in vain, we agree with it. But in the Darwinian philosophy it signifies something more. Mr. Bates gives the clue to this when he says, "When an insect, instead of a dead or inorganic substance, mimics another species of its own order, and does not prey, or is not parasitic, may it not be inferred that the mimicker is subject to a persecution by insectivorous animals from which its model is free?"

It is this baseless inference to which we object, as being unscientific and contrary to philosophical induction. It is an arbitrary deduction made for the purpose of propping up an hypothesis. Taken in connection with the Darwinian philosophy, it means that the mimicking insect A has been produced subsequently to the one mimicked, B; that the former has been originally one of a variable brood, preserved from destruction by its resemblance to the latter, and that the same resemblance has continued to favour all individuals like it, all unlike ones gradually perishing, until the type A alone remained. Now we have here an elaborate life history built upon a foundation of the vaguest kind, viz., the fact of a casual though curious resemblance. But we have other such resemblances where the "mimetic" explanation is impossible. Agassiz has pointed out the case of Amazonian freshwater shells (*unios*) mimicking sea-shells,* and yet we think even Mr. Bates would scarcely contend for the application of his favourite hypothesis to this instance; the vegetable world, especially the orchidean section of it, exhibits a parallel to this "mimicking" of insects in a marvellous manner. Pinnated fern-leaves "mimic" those of the robinia, and these again copy the types common amongst the acacias and the vetches. But who believes in the mimicry in these instances? It is the accidental juxta-position, the dwelling in friendly companionship, of the agrias and the callitheas of the Amazon, that has given the bias to Mr. Bates' judgment. Had these agrias and callitheas happened to live a hundred miles apart we might have been struck by their mutual resemblances, but we should have heard nothing of "mimickry."

Humming-birds are less abundant on the Amazon, especially in the low flat regions, than in some other parts of South America, but they are found throughout the district from Peru to the Andes. They often make their appearance in a locality suddenly when some favourite tree bursts into bloom, disappearing again when the blossoms fade. The orange-trees are especially frequented by them. A yet more remarkable bird, the rock manakin, or cock of the rock, belongs to the upper region, where its flame-coloured plumage renders it one of the most conspicuous of its class. It is not found on the plains, but frequents the range of granitic peaks which cross the Rio Negro above the falls, amongst the rocks of which it builds its nest. These granite mountains cross the head waters of the Oroonoko and the Rio Negro in a

* *Brazil*, p. 240.

curving line, from the Andes to Guiana, and the bird occurs along the entire range, a striking example of the occasional dependence of the feathered tribe upon the geological structure of the country which it inhabits. In the upper part of the Rio Negro, Mr. Wallace found abundance of the stately curassaw, a bird with plumage of raven blackness, half turkey, half pheasant, frequenting the lofty trees of the forest. Mr. Bates found another species of the same genus abundant in the woods of the Cupari, one of the tributaries of the Lower Amazon.

We have hitherto said little about one of the insect tribes which more than any other constitutes a marked feature of tropical America, viz., that of the ants. When Humboldt visited the Cassiquiare, he found these pests so destructive that the natives and missionaries could only raise a few culinary vegetables by filling an old boat with soil and lifting it up into the air, suspended by cords or raised upon a scaffold. One species which is frequently met with in the forest, long trains of them marching in single file, is an inch and a quarter in length; but here magnitude is no indication of power. This huge creature apparently does neither good nor harm to the colonist. But this cannot be said of another species—the Sauba ant, which is common over a very wide area. The traveller passing through the forest frequently meets with huge mounds some two feet in height, and often forty yards in circumference. Large as these earth-masses are, they are but the outworks of a vast system of subterranean tunnels in which the Sauba ants dwell. How extensive these excavations are is shown by the fact that near Rio Janeiro this ant has excavated a tunnel under the Rio Parahiba, at a spot where the river is as broad as the Thames at London Bridge, and Mr. Bates relates that when a gardener tried to extirpate them from the Botanic Gardens at Para, by forcing the fumes of sulphur down their galleries, he saw the smoke issuing from one outlet seventy yards distant from the point of operations. It would be well if their operations were limited to tunnelling—but such, unfortunately, is not the case. In order to keep the rain from entering their abodes they thatch the earthen domes that protect the various entrances with leaves, preferring those of cultivated plants, such as the orange, coffee and cocoa trees, to those of the native forest. It would still seem incredible that creatures so small could do permanent mischief, but their numbers are such that, locust-like, they carry desolation wherever they go. They march in columns of amazing length and breadth, rarely turning aside for any object not absolutely impassable. If dwellings stand in their way,

they pass through them, making them for the time being untenable; when they reach their destination, usually a plantation of coffee or cocoa trees, the work of destruction begins.

"They mount the tree in multitudes, the individuals being all working miners. Each one places itself on the surface of a leaf, and cuts with its sharp scissor-like jaws a nearly semicircular incision on the upper side; it then takes the edge between its jaws, and by a sharp jerk detaches the piece. Sometimes they let the leaf drop to the ground, where a little heap accumulates until carried off by another relay of workers; but, generally, each marches off with the piece it has operated upon—and as they all take the same road to their colony, the path they follow becomes in a short time smooth and bare, looking like the impression of a cart-wheel through the herbage."—*The Naturalist on the Amazon*, vol. i. p. 26.

Similar scenes are described, only with the difference that the interiors of the dwellings are the theatres of the midnight raid. Here the coarse meal, the common substitute for bread on the Amazon, is usually the object of attack. The animals carry this off grain by grain, removing serious quantities during a single night. In one instance Mr. Bates found an assault of this kind made upon his dwelling, and he and his companions tried to destroy the hostile host by crushing them under foot, but to no avail. The swarm returned the next night as fresh as ever. The travellers only overcame them by laying trains of gunpowder along their line of march and blowing them into the air. This plan perseveringly followed out at length drove them in some other direction.

The late visit of Professor Agassiz to the Amazon has attracted much attention. Edwards, Bates, and Wallace went thither with unaided resources, and with no stimulus but the love of nature to sustain them. The distinguished professor was supported by a wealthy citizen, who supplied the financial necessities. He was accompanied by his wife and a small army of enthusiastic assistants, and entered the district with the imperial ægis of Brazil protecting him, and with a national steamer placed at his disposal whilst on the river. Naturalists rarely have the chance of visiting such a district in such royal fashion. The result has been an immense addition to our knowledge of the fishes of the river and its tributaries; such vast numbers of new species have been discovered as have astonished even those whom Mr. Wallace had already made aware of the riches of this river-basin, where the most trivial barrier seems sufficient to separate one ichthyological area from another. The fishes above and

below a waterfall are often distinct. Those on opposite banks of a stream frequently differ. The result is that in no part of the world are so many species of fresh-water fishes aggregated within an equal geographical area. To allude to the various classes alone would be a long and tedious task. One remarkable fact is already stated by the learned professor, viz.: that throughout the vast network of Amazonian tributaries he has met with no representative of our English salmon. The chief food of the people dwelling near the river is the piracucu, a large species, some eight feet in length. One of the most interesting of the fish is the well-known gymnotus, or electric eel, of which Humboldt first gave copious accounts to the world. It abounds in the rivers and pools of the Upper Amazon.

The books enumerated at the head of this article have each their respective merits as valuable contributions to our knowledge of the Amazon. Had the volume in which Mrs. Agassiz records her husband's movements contained fewer intimations of what he wrote to the Brazilian Emperor and what the Emperor said to him, it would have lost nothing in a scientific point of view, whilst it would have been more in harmony with Louis Agassiz, who was cradled in one republic and adopted into another. The volumes of Messrs. Bates and Wallace are worthy of their indefatigable authors, being rich in information which is recorded in good clear English. We cannot leave the subject without congratulating the latter gentleman upon his safe return from his Malayan expedition, laden with the spoils of the Eastern archipelago. A fire at sea consumed all his Amazonian collections. His recent success will in some measure compensate for his previous misfortune, and we trust encourage him again to try his practised hand in "pastures new."

ART. IV.—1. *History of the United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce, 1609.* By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, D.C.L., Corresponding Member to the Institute of France. Vols. III. and IV. London: John Murray. 1867.

2.—*Historic Progress and American Democracy: an Address delivered before the New York Historical Society, at their Sixty-fourth Anniversary.* By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, LL.D., D.C.L. London: Stephens Brothers. 1869.

THE two volumes before us form the third instalment of Mr. Motley's history, and carry the story of the War of Independence in the Netherlands to the conclusion of the truce with Spain in 1609. The author, as he informs us, is now engaged on another work which will be mainly devoted to the history of the Thirty Years' War, and will include a history of the United Netherlands to the peace of Westphalia in 1648.

Mr. Motley's former volumes have been so universally read that it is almost superfluous to enlarge on his qualifications for the great task he has set himself to perform. Some practical acquaintance with diplomacy, much industry in research, considerable skill in grouping a vast mass of complicated materials, hearty sympathy for what is great and noble, an almost exuberant hatred of tyranny and wrong, a fervidly liberal spirit in civil and religious matters—these, added to a graphic and often impassioned style, are great gifts. When we remember that they have been devoted to a subject eminently thrilling and dramatic, it is not difficult to understand the interest of Mr. Motley's books. Of course, there is a reverse, though a very faint one, to this picture. Mr. Motley has what Frenchmen call the defects of his qualities—that is to say, his literary excellences are sometimes exaggerated till they become akin to faults. Thus, his style has a tendency to become turgid and inflated, and his passionate feeling seems sometimes to cloud that calm serenity of judgment which all parties in the past, especially all sincere parties, have a right to demand from the future. This, however, as we hasten to admit, is a mere question of individual feeling. The degree of reverence with which different people regard the

past simply because it is the past, and because they can at best form a very imperfect estimate of the conditions under which it existed, will vary infinitely. Mr. Motley carries his partisanship farther than we do, that is all. But there is another matter nearly akin to this, and of greater importance: to be convinced that the institutions of the United States of America are the most perfect fruit produced by the tree of time, and in some sort the ideal towards which mankind has been striving for countless ages, is an amiable weakness on the part of a citizen of the Great Republic. The man who entertains such opinions is fitted to hold his own in the diplomatic struggle which must, sooner or later, be resumed respecting the *Alabama* claims. There firmness rather than pliability of intellect will be required. But such a conviction cannot but add to the difficulty of writing a history of our complicated European past. It cannot but foster a habit of referring everything to an ideal standard, without taking due account of differences of time, race, and circumstance. Human civilisation is too wide and multiform to fit into any Procrustean bed, even though that bed be as large as the Great Republic. There is much of the *doctrinaire* in the views which Mr. Motley has developed in his *Lecture on Historic Progress*, and which manifest themselves here and there in his history.* But all this is by the way, and for the discharge of our conscience. When all has been said, Mr. Motley's work remains a noble monument of research and ability.

To us moderns, looking at the matter in the broad, if somewhat pale, light of history, it seems evident that in the year 1590 the power of Spain was on the ebb. A bad Government, wedded to a reactionary policy, was slowly reducing that great nation to the abject condition from which she has never yet recovered. A prey to the Inquisition, her liberties trampled upon, her commerce languishing in an insane contempt for industry, she was poor with all the wealth of the Indies at her command, and poor unfortunately in more than gold. And what internal despotism and incapacity had commenced, foreign arms had materially assisted. For nearly twenty-five years the sturdy "Beggars" of the Low Countries had held their own, with varying success truly, but with unvarying fortitude, against the picked troops of their king, draining his treasury,

* It is but just to remark that any defects of thought or style which may be ascribed to Mr. Motley, are very much more prominent in this lecture than in the history:—and not unnaturally, for he is rather an excellent narrator and critic of human action than a philosopher.

and causing the best blood in his dominions to flow like water. England, too, had done her part, with some vacillation perhaps, but on the whole nobly, in what was then the great war of independence of Christendom. Her seamen had been the scourge of Spanish commerce, harassing the enemy's distant possessions, cutting off his resources, and defying his unwieldy power. And, last and greatest blow of all, it was less than two years since the invincible Armada had, God so helping with His winds, been shattered to pieces upon her shores.

But to the insurgent Netherlands the state of affairs can scarcely have seemed so hopeful, or their own ultimate success secure. The signs of Spanish exhaustion and decay, very visible to us, were to them mostly matter of conjecture and hope. True they had struggled unconquered for a quarter of a century, but during all that time their heroic efforts had proved unavailing to shake themselves altogether free from the tyrant. Some of their most important military positions and strongholds were still in the hands of the enemy, and the sister provinces of the South had bowed their necks to the yoke, and were lost beyond all chance of recovery. Nor was it of little moment that the Spanish army was under the command of Alexander Farnese, unquestionably the greatest general of the age. Altogether, therefore, in the opening of that year 1590, with which these two volumes commence, the Dutch had real cause for anxiety, and might be excused for thinking that the future looked even more dark and gloomy than it really was.

Fortunately, however, at this crisis the overweening ambition of the Spanish king proved of inestimable service to the young Republic. Not content with his enormous dominions, and undeterred by the dread of adding to the number of his political difficulties, Philip was harbouring serious designs upon the crown of France. To that veteran schemer the opportunity of fishing in the troubled waters of French anarchy had proved too great a temptation; and more than ordinarily troubled those waters unquestionably were. For on the second of the preceding August, the dagger of Jacques Clément, the fanatic friar, had cut short the life of the fribble king, Henry III., extinguishing the line of Valois, and leaving the country as a prize to be disputed by the League and Henry of Navarre. With the League, Philip, of course, was on the best of terms. Its leaders were in his pay, perfectly ready to cheat him certainly, and equally certain to be cheated in return, but still capable of being used as in-

struments for his purpose. Alexander of Parma was therefore ordered, sorely against his will, to detach as many of his troops as he could spare to support their cause in France; and when that cause seemed well-nigh lost by the defeat of Mayenne at Ivry, and when the brave, witty Béarnese, through weeks of famine, was slowly reducing Paris, Alexander was directed to leave the Netherlands to take care of themselves, and at once to proceed in person to the relief of the beleaguered capital.

The work was admirably done. Weakened by disease, goaded almost to madness by the distrust of the master in whose service he had spent health and private fortune, with troops mutinous for want of pay, and resources altogether inadequate, Alexander left the Netherlands in the beginning of August, and marched into France by way of Valenciennes, Soissons, and Meaux. Almost without a blow he thoroughly out-generalled his opponent—himself a master in the art of war—wresting from him the prize he had toiled for through the summer. Paris, that could only have borne the horrors of utter famine for a few days longer, was relieved. The army of Henry, composed chiefly of Huguenot volunteers, who had joined for a limited period, dwindled away, and the Béarnese was left with only such resources as he could derive from his own matchless good spirits, never so buoyant as in disaster. Then, when these results had been attained, Alexander Farnese marched back to Brussels, which he reached on the 4th of December.

So far so good. But while the great commander's attention was thus occupied with France, and during the months which it took to recruit his shattered health at the waters of Spa and to give rest to his army, the Netherlands were enjoying a precious breathing time. A general, young and hitherto untried, was organising the forces of the Republic, and maturing his plans of victory. Maurice of Nassau, then some three-and-twenty years of age, was the second son of William the Silent, "the founder of Dutch independence." It was the second son who had thus inherited the honour due to the grand character and noble services of the father, for the elder brother, alas! had been kidnapped by Philip's order when a boy of thirteen,* and kept a prisoner in Spain, under the tutelage of Jesuits, till a blind instinctive reverence for his father's name was the only link that bound him to his race.

* At page 14 of the first volume of the *United Netherlands* he is said to have been kidnapped from school, at Leyden, in 1567. These are apparently misprints for Louvain, and 1568.

But Maurice had been brought up under better auspices, and inherited many of the paternal characteristics. Though a man of far less heroic mould than he whom a reverent and grateful country called "Father William," he was prepared to walk worthily in the same footsteps. This is the account which Mr. Motley gives of the youth as he appeared some three years before this time:—

"A florid-complexioned, fair-haired young man of sanguine-bilious temperament; reserved, quiet, reflective, singularly self-possessed; meriting at that time, more than his 'father had ever done, the appellation of the taciturn;' discreet, sober, studious—" Count Maurice saith but little, but I cannot tell what he thinketh," wrote Leicester's eavesdropper-in-chief. Mathematics, fortification, the science of war—these were his daily pursuits. 'The sapling was to become a tree,'* and meantime the youth was preparing for the great destiny which, he felt, lay before him. To ponder over the works and the daring conceptions of Stevinus, to build up and to batter the wooden blocks of mimic citadels; to arrange, in countless combinations, great armies of pewter soldiers; these were the occupations of his leisure hours. Yet he was hardly suspected of bearing within him the germs of the great military commander. . . . A modest young man, who could bide his time—but who, meanwhile, under the guidance of his elders, was doing his best, both in field and cabinet, to learn the great lessons of the age—he had already enjoyed much solid practical instruction, under such a desperate fighter as Hohenlo, and under so profound a statesman as Barneveld."

Such had been the youth of Maurice of Nassau,—a "young gentleman of a solemn sly wit," and again, of "sullen deep wit," as Leicester described him; and now the time had arrived when his studies in mathematics and mechanics were to bear fruit. Not for long would his enemies be tempted to deride his new-fangled notions of military organisation, and to despise his scientific strategy.

His first efforts were directed against Zutphen. On the 23rd of May, 1591, a great fort opposite the town was surprised by eleven soldiers, disguised as peasants and peasant women. Within a week the place capitulated. Five days afterwards, Maurice had thoroughly invested Dewenter, a large town some seven miles lower down the Yssel, well fortified, and defended by fourteen hundred soldiers, under the command of Count Herman van den Berg, his first cousin.

* "*Tandem fit surculus arbor;*" this was the device he had adopted at his father's death.

On the 10th of June, after a fierce storming attack, and an equally fierce resistance, Dewenter also capitulated; and the whole province fell into the hands of the "Beggars." Without pausing for an instant, Maurice marched northwards, towards Groningen, and began taking the surrounding forts. But now Farnese, though full of his plans for a second expedition to support the League in France, felt that the situation demanded immediate action. He therefore moved into Gelderland, and then, thinking that his own success would be the best means of arresting the career of his youthful antagonist, besieged Fort Knodsenburg, which Maurice had built the year before, with a view to ulterior proceedings against Nymegen. Farnese did this with the less precaution, inasmuch as he knew that the army of the States was "far away to the north, and separated from him by two great rivers, wide and deep, and by the whole breadth of that dangerous district called the Foul-meadow, and by the vast quagmire known as the Rouvenian Morass, which no artillery nor even any organised forces had ever traversed since the beginning of the world." The news of this advance reached Maurice on the 15th of July. Within a week, by forced marches in the hot summer weather, he had demonstrated to Farnese that even seeming impossibilities might be overcome. Nothing was left to the Spanish general but a retreat—executed, it is true, with his usual skill. Nor could Farnese wait to try conclusions with the new master in the art of war. Philip's orders for another expedition into France were imperative, and his own health as imperatively demanded a sojourn at Spa before he again took the field.

Thus delivered from the presence of the enemy, it was expected that Maurice would immediately reduce Nymegen. But, to the surprise of all, he secretly conveyed his forces right across the country, and striking a blow where it was least expected, took Hulst. This place was only some twelve miles from Antwerp, on the farther or eastern side, and Mondragon, the old lion commanding that stronghold, made immediate preparations to chastise the audacious youth who had thus stepped within reach of his talons. He might have spared himself the trouble. Maurice disappeared as mysteriously as he had come, and retracing his silent steps across the country, invested Nymegen. No relief was now possible. Parma was on his way to France. The town surrendered on the 21st of October. And thus amid heartfelt rejoicings this most successful campaign was brought to a close.

Meanwhile the Duke of Parma's expedition into France

proved equally prosperous. Triumphant over wounds and disease, again he thoroughly out-generalled the active Béarnese, relieving Rouen, escaping from the cunning traps that had been laid for him, and so marching to Paris, and thence back to Spa, crowned with victory. But it was the last splendid effort of a great nature. Death had already raised its dart to strike him. Far better would it have been for the master whom he served if, instead of thus wasting his matchless powers in striving to roll back the incoming tide of Henry's success, he had devoted his remaining strength to crushing or attempting to crush Maurice of Nassau. He himself was strongly of opinion that Philip's insurgent dominions were his own most useful sphere of action, and never hesitated to insist on the point in his correspondence. But his just remonstrances, his statesmanlike wisdom, his splendid services, met with a very strange return. The evening of his life was embittered by calumny, and clouded by most unjust suspicions. It really seems as if Philip's soul had been so steeped in treachery that even the most signal evidence could not make him believe in human trustworthiness. With the duplicity in which he revelled, he was assuring Farnese of his unaltered confidence and affection, while at the same time he was issuing orders for his recall by fair means if possible, but if necessary by foul. Fortunately the dying lion was spared this ass's kick. He died at Arras, on the 3rd of December, 1592, while personally superintending, as if the hand of death had not been heavy upon him, the preparations for a new campaign in France. Truly it is marvellous what great men are sometimes squandered by fate.

Philip, as Farnese's superior sagacity seems to have perceived, was not destined to obtain any permanent footing in France, and the doubloons with which he was subsidising the French nobles would unquestionably have been better bestowed on his unpaid and often starving veterans. For Henry was a sceptic and a politician. His Huguenot faith sat lightly upon him. It is true he had been in the habit of saying, "a man's religion is not to be changed like a coat." "Like a coat"—perhaps not; but as a coronation robe, that might prove a different matter; and now he declared publicly, that if he had hitherto lived in error, he was quite ready to have his errors pointed out. That the Roman Church would sooner or later be prepared to give him any amount of instruction he might desire, there could be little doubt; and that, once reconciled to the Church, the whole of France would accept him for its king, was equally indubitable. The con-

version accordingly took place on the 23rd of July, 1593. The king found it rather a tedious process.

"From six in the morning till the stroke of noon did Henry listen to the exhortations and expoundings of the learned prelates and doctors whom he had convoked, the politic Archbishop of Bourges taking the lead in this long-expected instruction. After six mortal hours had come to an end, the king rose from his knees, somewhat wearied, but entirely instructed and convinced. He thanked the bishops for having taught him that of which he was before quite ignorant, and assured them that, after having invoked the light of the Holy Ghost upon his musings, he should think seriously over what they had just taught him, in order to come to a resolution salutary to himself and to the State."

On the next day, the lessons of his instructors having by that time borne fruit, Henry, now to all appearance a fervid Catholic, was received with much pomp in the Cathedral of Saint Denis. The whole thing was a comedy, of course, and a successful one. The chief actor, in one of his charming and characteristic letters, spoke thus of it to his mistress, the fair Gabrielle:—

"I arrived here last evening and was pestered with 'God save you's' till bed-time. . . . I begin to-morrow morning to talk to the bishops, besides those I told you about yesterday. As I write, I have a hundred of these plagues buzzing about me; they will make me hate Saint Denis as much as you hate Mantes. It is to-morrow that I take the perilous leap. I kiss a million times the beautiful hands of my angel, and the mouth of my dear mistress."

Thus wrote Henry about this precious conversion, which, as Mr. Motley says, marks an epoch in human history. It was one sign among many that the days of enthusiasm which followed the Reformation, days when religion was all in all, and politics adopted an almost exclusively religious hue, were passing away. After reading the flippant lines of the Béarnese, it is well to turn to the letter which Elizabeth wrote to him on receiving the news. There is in the strange, grand old woman's indignant words a tone of melancholy, as if she felt that a change was coming over the stern old world in which she had lived.

"'Ah! what grief,' so she wrote; 'ah! what regrets; ah! what groans have I felt in my soul at the sound of the news brought to me by Morlans! My God! Is it possible that any worldly respect can efface the terror of Divine wrath? Can we by reason even expect a good sequel to such iniquitous acts? He who has maintained and

preserved you by His mercy, can you imagine that He permits you to walk alone in your utmost need? It is bad to do evil that good may come of it. Meantime I shall not cease to put you in the first rank of my devotions, in order that the hands of Esau may not spoil the blessings of Jacob. As to your promises to me of friendship and fidelity, I confess to have dearly deserved them, nor do I repent, provided you do not change your Father. Otherwise, I shall be your bastard sister, by the father's side—for I shall ever love a natural better than an adopted one. I desire that God may guide you in a straight road and a better path. Your most sincere sister in the old fashion. As to the new, I have nothing to do with it.—
ELIZABETH R.”

Meanwhile, Maurice was pursuing his career of success in the Netherlands. On the 24th of June, 1593, the important town of Gertruydenburg capitulated after an obstinate siege of three months, in which the young commander had displayed all the resources of his science and skill. He was a consummate player, who left nothing to chance. “Why does Prince Maurice,” asked Mansfeld, the veteran Spanish general, who was striving ineffectually to relieve the city, “why does Prince Maurice, being a lusty young commander as he is, not come out of his trenches into the open field and fight me like a man, where honour and fame await him?” “Because my master,” answered the trumpeter to whom the question was addressed, “means to live to be a lusty old commander like your excellency, and sees no reason to-day to give you an advantage.” At which the bystanders laughed, rather at the expense of the veteran; for Maurice was known not to want courage. The States, on more than one occasion, had to remonstrate with him for exposing a life so precious to the Republic. But even his seeming acts of rashness were matter of calculation; they always served some ulterior purpose. He was not like Henry IV., who loved danger passionately for its own sake, and forgot everything in the delight of battle.

In the ensuing spring he relieved Cœworden, out-generalling Verdugo, by whom the siege was being conducted, and thence marching northwards, took Groningen, the capital of Friesland, and one of the most important cities in the Netherlands. By this capture the territory of the States was definitely freed from the Spanish yoke.

There is one point in Maurice's method of conducting warfare and dealing with conquered cities that deserves special notice. It is, that in his army pillage was unknown; but honourable terms were always offered to capitulating cities, and scrupulously observed; and that, when a city was

taken, no outrage of any kind was permitted. This was a remarkable contrast to what Spanish generals and their ruffianly armies had accustomed the world to expect as the result of a victory. The horrors that habitually followed any success of the Catholic arms were such that the recital still makes the ears of men to tingle.

It is not our intention to follow the Netherlands' commander through his marchings and counter-marchings, his sieges and skirmishes. But the campaign of 1595 deserves a passing word inasmuch as it illustrates the extreme vigour of a very old man. Maurice by order of the States-General, had carried his forces to the northern frontier of the Republic, and was laying siege with his usual care and precision to Grol. Christopher Mondragon, the governor of Antwerp, then ninety-two years of age, had long looked "with admiration on the growing fame of the Nassau chieftain, and was disposed, before he himself left the stage, to match himself with the young champion." Collecting all the troops that could be spared from the garrisons within his command, he hurried across Brabant and Gelderland, and announced his intention of crossing the Rhine.

"There was a murmur of disapprobation among officers and men at what they considered the fool-hardy scheme of mad old Mondragon. . . . But the wizened little old man, walking with difficulty by the aid of a staff, but armed in proof, with plumes waving gallantly from his iron head-piece, and with his rapier at his side, ordered a chair to be brought to the river's edge. Then, calmly seating himself in the presence of his host, he stated that he should not rise from that chair until the last man had crossed the river. Furthermore, he observed that it was not only his purpose to relieve the city of Grol, but to bring Maurice to an action, and to defeat him, unless he retired. The soldiers ceased to murmur, the pontoons were laid, the river was passed, and on the 25th of July, Maurice, hearing of the veteran's approach, and not feeling safe in his position, raised the siege of the city."

The other part of Mondragon's programme was not realised. He did not bring his youthful antagonist to a general action on disastrous terms; but he outwitted him in a counter-ambush, cutting some of his best cavalry to pieces, and spoiled his autumn campaign. Having achieved so much, the old veteran returned to Antwerp, where within three months, as he was washing his hands before dinner, he sat down and died. It is a real pleasure to know that the fine old man was universally beloved, and "that his name was

untainted by any of those deeds of ferocity which make the chronicles of the time resemble rather the history of wolves than of men."

The great event of the succeeding year was the joint English and Dutch expedition to Spain, the credit of which is generally claimed by English historians. Or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that they ignore the share taken by the Dutch. Indeed it is a fact which must strike any student familiar with the historical literature of more than one country, that every nation looks at the past through its own telescope, extenuating the influence of its allies, minifying the successes of its enemies, and generally magnifying its own importance. We perfectly remember a well-informed German who was quite amazed at the matter-of-course manner in which we speak of Waterloo as a British victory. It had previously been familiar to him as a monument of Prussian valour. Nor will this seem unnatural if we consider that each country derives its history almost exclusively from native sources, and that what between strong national feeling in the original spectator,* in the contemporary chronicler, and in the later historian, it is scarcely likely that foreign matters should retain their due prominence. And, indeed, the volumes before us furnish an instance of this. For, though Mr. Motley is not a Dutchman, but a very thorough citizen of the United States, yet he has spent so much of his life in consulting Dutch authorities, that he writes often very much from their point of view. So his interesting chapters on the maritime enterprise of the Republic seem to us to lack some recognition that England was simultaneously exploring the earth, and freeing commerce from the dominion of Spain. Possibly, however, our criticism is but the expression in another form of the spirit of excessive nationality we are deprecating. In any case it is a digression. To return to the Anglo-Dutch expedition of 1596.

The fleet consisted of fifty-seven ships of war, of which

* Here is an instance in one who was both spectator and chronicler. Raleigh, speaking of this very attack on Cadiz, says: "Ourselves spared the lives of all after the victory; but the Flemings, *who did little or nothing in the fight*, used merciless slaughter, till they were, by myself, and afterwards by the Lord Admiral, beaten off." (Relation of the Cadiz action.) Yet the Queen, who was not generally too profuse in thanks and praises, specially wrote to the Dutch admiral a letter of congratulation, saying among other things: "The report made to me by the generals of our own fleet, just happily arrived from the coast of Spain, of the devoirs of those who have been partakers in so famous a victory, ascribes so much of it to the valour, skill, and readiness exhibited by yourself, and our other friends from the Netherlands, during the whole course of the expedition, &c."

twenty-four were Dutch, under Admiral Warmond. There were also fifty transports laden with ammunition and stores. The supreme command was divided between Lord High Admiral Howard, the hero of the Armada, and the brave, hare-brained and ill-starred Earl of Essex. To keep the old head and the young in "due temper of harmony," a council of five was appointed—one of whom was that Raleigh whose splendid gifts, mysterious character, and dark destiny occupy so prominent a position in the history of the time. The expedition anchored in Spanish waters at the latter end of June. On the 1st and 2nd of July, Cadiz and its citadel were taken. The town was sacked and burned, and a number of ships, forming at least one-third of Philip's effective navy, were destroyed by the proud Duke of Medina Sidonia, to prevent their falling into the enemy's hands. But now the evil consequences of a divided command became apparent. Essex and the Dutch wished to retain Cadiz, keeping it as a perpetual thorn in the side of Spain. The more cautious Howard was for an immediate return. Essex wished to intercept a great fleet of Indiamen, richly laden, which was daily expected from the Azores. His opinion was overruled. So after burning and plundering Faro on the coast of Portugal, the allied fleet returned to England. The expedition had been a successful one, but its success was brilliant rather than very serviceable. For Philip's navy was not so far crippled, but that that most indefatigable of men was able at the end of the same year to fit out a counter expedition to Ireland—an expedition destined to be again baffled by the tempest. Moreover, it turned out that a great part of the property destroyed or taken at Cadiz, belonged in reality to Dutch merchants. And, above all, the withdrawal of so large a force from the Netherlands had prevented Maurice from taking the field that year, and had allowed freer play than was desirable to Archduke Albert, the Spanish commander—one result of which had been the loss of Calais to the French king.

This disaster induced Henry to throw himself eagerly into a project also much advocated by the Dutch statesmen, viz.: a formal alliance, offensive and defensive, between England, France, and the Republic. Philip's schemes of conquest were so all-embracing, and he had given Elizabeth and Henry such terrible proofs of his persistent malevolence, that it seems very strange that any urging at all was necessary in the matter. To join against the common enemy appears the simple dictate of good sense. But in that age it was often deemed the highest diplomacy to do a very simple thing in a

very complicated manner. Nay, sometimes a desirable course was left unpursued merely because it was straightforward. And so in the present case, though the interests of the three countries were identical, it was only with great difficulty that any joint action could be agreed upon. Nor did the two monarchies scruple to deceive the Dutch by a secret treaty, very materially limiting the assistance to be given by England to the common cause. It also illustrates the kingcraft of the time, that almost before the ink was dry on the general treaty that bound the three nations together, Henry, who had been the prime mover in the alliance, was coquetting with the Archduke Albert, and listening to his whispered suggestions of a peace.

Peace between Philip of Spain and heretic England, or between Philip and his insurgent heretic Netherlands provinces, was a mere dream. In the earlier years of Elizabeth's reign, while her position was yet unassured, he had, motives of policy so constraining him, shown marvellous moderation in his dealings with her. But that was long past. What he considered her apostasy was now confirmed; she had harmed and insulted him in every possible way; and whatever outward professions he might be induced to make, he would most certainly crush her if ever he had the power. Towards the Dutch Republic his enmity was, if possible, even more bitter. The Netherlanders were his revolted subjects, and to acknowledge their independence would be a cruel wound to the pride of Spain. He would never do it so long as he lived, and any negotiation into which he might enter could only be a mask to some terrible design. But a peace with France was quite within the bounds of possibility, so soon as he could be brought to see that he had no chance whatever of overthrowing the crafty Béarnese, and placing the Infanta on his throne. This it seemed was at last growing clear even to Philip's dull and tenacious brain. And to Henry himself a suspension of hostilities, whenever he might be able to negotiate from the vantage-ground of success in the field, was very desirable. His dominions, torn for two generations by internal faction, and harassed by foreign foes, yearned for rest. The interest, therefore, of the three contracting parties who had signed the treaty, though identical when the signature was given, were not likely long to remain so. To France, peace would mean a cessation of anarchy—to England, a hollow suspension of hostilities, during which she would be very well able to take care of herself—to Holland, simply death—the ruin of the hopes and passionate efforts of thirty years.

Great, therefore, was the consternation in the Netherlands, when it became clear that Henry intended to treat with the enemy, especially as it seemed possible that Elizabeth would follow his example. It was at once determined to send a special mission of remonstrance to France and England; and Olden-Barneveld, the leading Dutch statesman of the time, was selected to perform this important duty. He had intended to start at the end of January, 1598, but a persistent southwest breeze prevented him from sailing until the middle of March, and though time was of the utmost moment, he did not reach Angers, where the King then lay, till the 4th of April. Here Barneveld soon perceived the utter uselessness of arguing against a foregone conclusion, and on the 19th of May set sail at Dieppe for England, scarcely venturing to hope that the alliance with that country could be maintained. Elizabeth he found in one of those constitutional moods of irresolution that give such a piquancy to the history of her reign, but must have made her one of the most tiresome women to deal with that ever breathed. She was angry with everybody and everything, and scarcely knew what she wanted. France she considered had played her false. The Dutch, by trading with Spain, were enriching themselves at the expense of the common cause. She would conclude a peace if a peace could be made. If not, she would see that the Netherlands repaid the money they had borrowed from her. She suggested to Barneveld that the States should now submit to their lawful king, Philip of Spain. And so, after two stormy interviews, in which her gracious Majesty swore a good many round oaths, as her custom was, and after several unsatisfactory conversations with her councillors, the deputation hurried back to the Netherlands on the last day of May. "Peace at once with Philip, or else full satisfaction of my demands"—such was the Queen's ultimatum, conceived, it must be confessed, in rather a commercial spirit. But after a good deal of higgling, and another journey of Barneveld to England, the States agreed to repay £800,000, partly in yearly instalments of £30,000, and partly in some indefinite manner to be subsequently agreed upon; and so the alliance between the two countries remained unbroken.

And now the time had arrived when the man who had played the foremost part in the great European drama during the last forty-three years was called to leave the stage of this world. The way in which he met his end constitutes one of the most extraordinary and unaccountable of moral phenomena.

Philip's health had for some time been failing, and during the months of July, August, and September of the year 1598, he lay slowly dying at the Escorial. His sufferings were terrible. A mysterious and loathsome disease—a kind of palpable anticipation of the horrors of the grave—had fastened upon him. But no complaint, no slight expression of impatience escaped from his lips. When his confessor had ventured to reveal that all hope of recovery must be abandoned, he had thanked him “in the gentlest and most benignant manner” for so frankly setting his mind at rest on a subject of so much importance for his eternal welfare. A special courier was immediately despatched to Rome to demand the Pope's blessing. In the meanwhile the patient prepared himself for a general confession, which lasted three days. The feelings with which he surveyed the stormy and eventful years of his past life were beautifully calm and serene. No harassing reminiscences disturbed his conscience. He told his confessor, and afterwards repeated to his son, “that in all his life he had never consciously done wrong to any man. If he had ever committed an act of injustice it was unwittingly, or because he had been deceived in the circumstances.” In the midst of torments that would have amply excused much selfishness, he was most thoughtful for those around him, constantly thanking the attendants for their care, and insisting on their taking the needful rest after their fatigues. With perfect composure, and a very characteristic attention to minute detail, he caused the instructions for his obsequies to be read aloud before him and all concerned, so that none of the arrangements might be overlooked. He even ordered the coffin to be brought into his presence, that he might examine its fittings. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered at frequent intervals. When he received extreme unction,

“He described himself as infinitely consoled, and as having derived even more happiness from the rite than he had dared to anticipate. Thenceforth he protested that he would talk no more of the world's affairs. He had finished with all things below, and for the days or hours still remaining to him he would keep his heart exclusively fixed on Heaven. Day by day, as he lay upon his couch of unutterable and almost unexampled misery, his confessors and others read to him from religious works, while with perfect gentleness he would insist that one reader should relieve another, that none might be fatigued.”

Thus he lingered on till the 12th of September. On that day he received the Sacrament for the last time, repeating

with great fervour, "Father, not my will, but Thine be done." He listened too with much devotion to the psalm, "As the hart panteth for the water-brooks;" and spoke faintly at long intervals of "the Magdalen, of the Prodigal Son, and of the Paralytic." He took a tender leave of his son and daughter, and blessed them.

"He then feebly begged those about his bedside to repeat the dying words of our Saviour on the Cross, in order that he might hear them, and repeat them in his heart as his soul was taking flight. His father's crucifix was then placed in his hands, and he said distinctly, 'I die like a good Catholic, in faith and obedience to the Holy Roman Church.' Soon after these last words had been spoken, a paroxysm, followed by faintness, came over him, and he lay entirely still. They had covered his face with a cloth, thinking that he had already expired, when he suddenly started, with great energy, opened his eyes, seized again the crucifix from the hand of Don Fernando de Toledo, kissed it, and fell back again into agony. The archbishop and the other priests expressed the opinion that he must have had, not a paroxysm, but a celestial vision, for human powers would not have enabled him to arouse himself so quickly and so vigorously as he had done at that crisis."

An end such as this—so beautifully calm, in many respects so saintly, crowning such a career as that of Philip II. of Spain—is, as we have said, a strange and mysterious fact. The man who lay, during these weeks of agony, looking death steadily and hopefully in the face, and, with lips that at such a time cannot have dared to lie, claiming credit for the good intentions of his past life—this man had for upwards of forty years been the scourge of the human race. From the desk at which he had sat patiently year after year, reading, annotating, and inditing his innumerable despatches, he had ordered persecutions and wholesale executions in every portion of his vast dominions. He had planned, and in some cases successfully carried out, the assassination of the more prominent among his enemies. He had surrounded himself with a subtle web of treachery, deceit, and distrust, till lying had grown to be a morbid sort of pleasure. Even those who served him best and most faithfully lived in constant suspicion and dread. When it seemed to serve his purpose, he had not scrupled to ruin them by a general repudiation of his debts. A treacherous foe and a false friend, neither pure in life nor even uniformly staunch to his creed, how could he, of all men, thus peacefully leave the world he had darkened with his presence?

A difficult question surely. Mr. Motley, who, through

years of patient study, has arrived at a kind of fierce personal hatred for Philip, says that—

"The only plausible explanation—for palliation there is none—of his infamous career is that the man really believed himself not a king, but a god. He was placed so high above his fellow-creatures as in good faith, perhaps, to believe himself incapable of doing wrong. So that, whether indulging his passions or enforcing throughout the world his religious and political dogmas, he was ever conscious of embodying Divine inspirations and elemental laws. When providing for the assassination of a monarch, or commanding the massacre of a townful of Protestants; when trampling on every oath by which a human being can bind himself; when laying desolate with fire and sword, during more than a generation, the provinces which he had inherited as his private property, or in carefully maintaining the flames of civil war in foreign kingdoms which he hoped to acquire; while maintaining over all Christendom a gigantic system of bribery, corruption, and espionage, keeping the noblest names of England and Scotland on his pension lists of traitors, and impoverishing his exchequer with the wages of iniquity paid in France to men of all degrees, from princes of blood like Guise and Mayenne down to the obscurest of country squires, he ever felt that these base or bloody deeds were not crimes, but the simple will of the godhead of which he was a portion. He never doubted that the extraordinary theological system which he spent his life in enforcing with fire and sword was right, for it was a part of himself."

These are eloquent words. They are evidently the best which Mr. Motley feels that he can conscientiously speak for one whom he scarcely ever mentions without sarcasm or contempt. But, after all, is there not something more to be said even for Philip of Spain? Grant that his life was a terrible one; grant that his rule was a curse to the millions who owned him for their king; yet as seen in the light of his dying hours, it seems evident that he sincerely thought he had walked uprightly before God. "Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil: that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter!" says Isaiah. That a human conscience should be a conscience still, and yet so twisted and distorted, is awful. But you cannot deny facts. And who is able to determine, except in a very general manner, the part which education, and circumstance, and surrounding influences, and insidious temptations, and the daily acceptance of falsehoods from lips professing to utter the oracles of God—who is able, we say, to determine accurately the part which these have had in moulding such a conscience? Human nature is exceedingly malleable. Let us, as far as possible, leave all personal

condemnation to the infinitely delicate judgment of God. As regards Philip's work, we can estimate and abhor it. As regards the man—why perhaps even Philip may teach us a lesson of charity.

On the 6th of May, 1598, shortly before his death, Philip had ceded the Netherlands to his daughter Isabella, who was to marry the Cardinal Archduke Albert, formerly Archbishop of Toledo. This unfrocked ecclesiastic had been governor-general since 1596.

"A small, thin, palefaced man, with fair hair and beard, commonplace features, and the hereditary underhanging Burgundian jaw prominently developed, he was not without a certain nobility of presence. His manners were distant to haughtiness and grave to solemnity. He spoke very little and very slowly. He had resided long in Spain, where he had been a favourite with his uncle—as much as any man could be a favourite with Philip—and he had carefully formed himself on that royal model. He looked upon the King of Spain as the greatest, wisest, and best of created beings, as the most illustrious specimen of kingcraft ever yet vouchsafed to the world. He did his best to look sombre and Spanish, to turn his visage into a mask, to conceal his thoughts and emotions, not only by the expression of his features, but by direct mis-statements of his tongue, and in all things to present to the obedient Flemings as elaborate a reproduction of his great prototype as copy can ever recalcitrant original."

Such was the man upon whom had fallen the task of governing the obedient provinces, and subduing, if that were possible, their rebellious sisters. It is but fair to add, however, that this sombre formalist, who had been a priest to the age of thirty-six, was not devoid of military ability.

The quality was one of which a commander who had to hold his own against Maurice of Nassau, was likely to stand in constant need. Maurice, since we last had occasion to speak of him, had been earning fresh laurels—one of the most glorious being a victory obtained in the open field on the 24th of January, 1597, over greatly superior forces under the command of Varax. But during the years 1598 and 1599 the Dutch army had been comparatively inactive, and in the beginning of the ensuing season the States-General felt greatly moved to undertake some important expedition, and carry the war into the enemies' territory. The opportunity was the more inviting, as a great part of the hostile army was in open mutiny for want of pay. It was therefore decided to march into Flanders, and destroy Nieuport and Dunkirk, nests of privateers that preyed on the commerce of the Dutch. It may, however, be observed that, notwith-

standing the plausible arguments adduced in favour of the scheme, Maurice and his heroic cousin Lewis William, together with the best military critics, were strongly opposed to it, holding, among other things, that the Republic was risking too much upon a single die, and that the plan was rash.

Their opinions were overborne. On the 22nd of June, Maurice, with 12,000 infantry and 1,600 cavalry, disembarked in the neighbourhood of the Sas of Ghent, and began his march across the country. On the 1st of July he arrived at his destination, and proceeded in a steady but leisurely way to invest Nieuport. He was taking matters too easily. The Archduke, for all his Spanish solemnity, proved quite equal to the occasion. He instantly collected his forces; and appealing to the faith and loyalty of the mutineers, succeeded by the 29th of June in bringing together an army of 10,000 foot and nearly 2,000 horse. He reviewed them on that day near Ghent, and addressed them in stirring words, such as always move the soldier's heart. Isabella too, "magnificently attired and mounted on a white palfrey, galloped along the lines, and likewise made an harangue." She vowed that, rather than the wages of "her lions" should remain unpaid, "she would sacrifice all her personal effects, even to the plate from which she ate her daily bread, and to the jewels which she wore in her ears." Animated by words like these, and eager to wipe out the memory of its rebellion, the Spanish army followed swiftly in the footsteps of the Dutch force, surprising Oudenburg, which had been inefficiently guarded, and so entirely cutting off Maurice's retreat.

Maurice was now in terrible straits. The news of the capture of Oudenburg came upon him like a thunder-clap. The presence of the hostile army had not even been suspected. He instantly despatched his cousin Ernest to seize, if that were possible, the bridges on the Archduke's way. It was too late. Ernest, in order to give the Dutch general time to concentrate his troops on the one bank of the stream that runs into the sea at Nieuport, adopted the heroic resolution of withstanding, with the handful of men under his command, the advance of the hostile army. His troops were seized with a panic, and cut to pieces, or drowned. At least a thousand of Maurice's best troops perished, and the Archduke captured several pieces of cannon and thirty flags. "In great exultation he despatched a messenger to the Infanta at Ghent, informing her that he had entirely defeated the advanced guard of the States' army, and that his next bulletin would announce his complete triumph." Impatient of delay, and

heedless of fatigue, his forces pressed on through the heavy burning sand and the hot July day, to what they regarded as certain victory.

Meanwhile Maurice had not been idle. As soon as the tide would allow, his troops waded or swam across the creek, and formed in battle array on the other side. That there might be no hope of retreat, he ordered every ship to stand out to sea, and thus the Dutch army waited for the attack with nothing but utter ruin before it in case of disaster. It must have been a splendid and stirring sight. To the left the glancing sea, dotted with the white sails of the retreating vessels. Then a slip of hard brown sand, on which were posted a battery of six demi-cannon. Close to these, on the low loose sandy hillocks that form the coast of Belgium, a body of heavy cavalry, in iron corslet and morion, their lances, carbines, and sabres flashing in the sun. A similar body stood in the meadows, on the extreme right; and in the centre the infantry were formed in solid squares, a dark mass of musketeers and pikemen. This was the advanced guard. A little to the rear were stationed the main body and reserve, lying in similar masses. While on the far horizon, over the yellow-grey sand dunes, appeared the dark line of the advancing foe.

For two full hours the hostile armies stood inactive almost within cannon shot, and then the carnival of death began. After some brilliant cavalry skirmishing in the meadows to the right of the sandhills—

“The infantry of the Archduke and the advanced guard of the Republicans met in deadly shock. More than an hour long they contended with varying success. Musketeers, pikemen, arquebusmen, swordsmen charged, sabred, or shot each other from the various hollows or heights of vantage, plunging knee-deep into the sand, torn and impeded by the prickly broom plant which grew profusely over the whole surface, and fighting breast to breast and hand to hand in a vast series of individual encounters. Thrice were the Spaniards repulsed in what for a moment seemed absolute rout, thrice they rallied and drove their assailants at push of pike far beyond their original position, and again the conquered Republicans recovered their energy and smote their adversaries as if the contest were just begun. The tide of battle ebbed and flowed like the waves of the sea, but it would be mere pedantry to affect any technical explanation of its various changes. It was a hot struggle of twenty thousand men, pent up in a narrow space, where the very nature of the ground had made artistic evolutions nearly impracticable. The advance, the battalia, even the rearguard on both sides, were mixed together pell-mell, and the downs were soon covered at every step with the dead and dying—Briton, Hollander, Spaniard, Italian, Frisian, Frenchman,

Walloon, fighting and falling together, and hotly contesting every inch of those barren sands. 'It seemed,' said one who fought there, 'as if the last day of the world had come.'

At last it seemed as if the battle were lost. The Republican cavalry under Lewis Gunther had made an unsuccessful charge, and retreated in disorder. The Archduke, who throughout the day showed good generalship and great personal valour, threw in his last reserves of infantry, and beat back the wearied troops of Sir Francis Vere. They fled in all directions. Maurice alone stood undaunted. Rallying his broken squadrons, he stemmed, with but a handful of men, the advancing tide of the enemy. By a sudden and well-concerted charge, he effected a diversion; and swiftly, almost unaccountably, the victors became the vanquished, and the Spanish army was routed and cut to pieces.

Thus ended the battle of Nieuport. But the Dutch gained little, except glory and prestige, by their success. The town which had been the object of the expedition was not taken, and, acting on Maurice's advice, the States-General consented to the return of their army to Holland. No further operations were undertaken that year on either side.

In the ensuing season, on the 8th of July, 1601, the Cardinal Archduke sat down before Ostend, then a small, well-fortified town, containing some 3,000 inhabitants. Perhaps had he foreseen what time it would take to capture this little place, what treasure it would cost, and what thousands of his veterans would find a grave in the trenches, he might have hesitated before he acceded to the request of the States of Flanders to "pluck this thorn from the Belgic lion's foot," even though the request was backed with an offer of 300,000 florins a month, so long as the siege should last. Last! it seemed interminable. Through the dreary autumn and winter days, when the soldiers had often to toil and fight up to their middles in icy slush, when the waves from the German Ocean would oft come pouring in, destroying in an hour the work of weeks, the operations on either side continued ceaselessly. Through the heat and pestilence of the spring and summer, the assailants kept burrowing here and there among the outworks, creeping slowly nearer and nearer, but still without any decisive advantage. Another winter, more terrible than the last, settled down upon besiegers and besieged, brothers in misery, if in nothing else. With the spring, the Spaniards gained an important victory. The outer line of fortifications fell into their hands. But still the undaunted garrison made no show of surrender, and contested

every inch of ground. Winter again, as dreary as ever, and a spring even more boisterous. But why go through the dismal calendar? It was not till the 20th of September, 1604, that the place surrendered. On that day the defenders, three thousand in number, marched out with their arms and four pieces of cannon, and the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella entered in triumph. Their new possession was but a ghastly one. Trace of human habitation there was none—nothing but hideous masses of ruin and rubbish, garnished in terrible profusion with skulls and bones. In producing that heap of desolation more than 100,000 lives had been squandered.

It is not our intention to enter into the thousand episodes of that long siege—the midnight attacks, the sorties, the minings and counter-minings, the stratagems to gain time, the anxious waitings for supplies when the winds were contrary to the relieving ships. Each bit of the fortifications had a siege to itself, and a history of its own. All these things, or at least a fair selection from them, live again in Mr. Motley's volumes. His pen is never so graphic as when it deals with such subjects. One fact, however, we must mention, as it introduces a new and important actor on the troubled scene of Netherlands' affairs. The commander who finally took Ostend was not the Archduke. Almost without his consent, the Spanish Cabinet had appointed the Marquis Spinola, a Genoese, to carry on the siege. The transaction was a somewhat strange one. The new general was a young man, of good family, utterly unversed in the art of war, whose sole known qualification for the command was his willingness to pay a large sum of money for it. Loud rose the cry of indignation at so nefarious a job among the veterans who were laying down their lives in the trenches. But Spain was better served in this matter than she deserved. Spinola had in him the stuff of a great general. Before he had been many weeks with his army, the old soldiers were obliged to acknowledge his personal bravery and sleepless vigilance. Before long it became evident that he might hold his own in the field even against Maurice himself.

While the interest of the war had thus been concentrated on Ostend, a change had taken place among the chief actors in the politics of Europe. On the 24th of March, 1603, Queen Elizabeth died at Richmond, and James, the pedant, reigned in her stead. It was a great change. With all her shrewishness, duplicity, indecision, and petty vanity, the old queen was a living reality, a ruler of men. She paltered, and

intrigued, and equivocated in matters of detail, nay, often in matters of grave import, but the general march of her policy was grand and noble. The new king was little better than a puppet; as vain, as irresolute, as insincere, as fond of petty intrigue, as his predecessor, but without any of the grander qualities that redeemed her faults in the eyes of her people and of posterity. As regards general policy, he had none. In the summer of 1603, acting under the influence of De Rosny, the French ambassador, he had made an arrangement with France in virtue of which "the House of Austria was to be crushed, its territories parcelled out at the discretion of the two potentates, the imperial crown taken from the Hapsburgs, the Spaniards driven out of the Netherlands, an alliance offensive and defensive made with the Dutch Republic, while the East and West Indies were to be wrested by main force of the allies from Spain, whose subjects were thenceforth to be excluded from these lucrative regions." Pretty wide schemes these! It really seems difficult to believe that Henry, who had an eminently practical intellect, can have given any countenance to them. Be that as it may, with the next year James's plans, if the word may be applied to the chance desires of so poor a creature, underwent a complete change. In the summer of 1604, he made a treaty of peace and amity with the King of Spain and the "Archdukes," as the Cardinal Albert and the Infanta Isabella were habitually called, promising to give no further help to the Netherlands, tacitly abandoning England's cherished claim to trade with the Indies, and hinting in not very equivocal language at the abandonment to Spain of the cautionary towns which the Dutch had placed as a pledge in the hands of Elizabeth.

The treaty was unpopular in England. It was received with consternation in the Netherlands. But Maurice, as a kind of set-off to the fall of Ostend, had just taken the more really important place of Sluys, and the Republic "girded its loins anew for the conflict." Spinola also, though unsuccessful in obtaining the coveted distinction of Grandee of Spain, had received praise and rewards for his exploits, and was yearning for new laurels. So during the campaign of 1605, these two commanders, like eager but cautious chess-players, feinted and skirmished, till at last near Ruhrort, on the Rhine, Maurice, thinking he had a good opening, made his attack, and was defeated, though not badly. Still it was a defeat, and he had been accustomed to victory. His popularity sensibly declined. Spinola, after taking one or two cities, retired to Spain to concert plans for the next year's

campaign. But in 1606, what between his own ill-health and a fearfully wet season, he was able to effect little. A large number of Genoa merchants, with whom he was involved in pecuniary transactions, failed. His troops mutinied. And so, without any manifest advantage on either side, this last campaign in a war that had lasted forty years, came somewhat tamely to a close. With the exception of an expedition to Spain and the destruction of the Spanish fleet in the Bay of Gibraltar, the contest between Spain and the insurgent Republic was henceforward to be one of diplomacy. In the middle of April, 1607, an armistice of eight months was concluded, and during that time commissioners from either side were to endeavour to arrange the terms of peace or a prolonged truce.

It is difficult to understand why Spain should not earlier have laid down the arms of actual warfare. When Philip II. died, carrying with him to the grave his cloudy schemes for the establishment of a universal monarchy, and the propagation of Popery throughout the world, he left his vast dominions to a son whom he had studiously unfitted for the duties of his high position. Philip III. was naturally "below mediocrity in mind, and had received scarcely any education." He made no pretence of ruling. The real monarch was the Duke of Lerma.

"The origin of this man's power was well known. During the reign of Philip II., the Prince, treated with great severity by his father, was looked upon with contempt by everyone about court. He was allowed to take no part in affairs, and, having heard of the awful tragedy of his eldest half-brother, enacted ten years before his own birth, he had no inclination to confront the wrath of that terrible parent and sovereign before whom all Spain trembled. Nothing could have been more humble, more effaced, more obscure, than his existence as prince. The Marquis of Denia, his chamberlain, alone was kind to him, furnished him with small sums of money, and accompanied him on the shooting excursions in which his father occasionally permitted him to indulge. But even these little attentions were looked upon with jealousy by the King; so that the marquis was sent into honourable exile from court, as governor of Valencia. It was hoped that absence would wean the Prince of his affection for the kind chamberlain. The calculation was erroneous. No sooner were the eyes of Philip II. closed in death, than the new King made haste to send for Denia, who was at once created Duke of Lerma, declared of the privy council, and appointed master of the horse and first gentleman of the bedchamber. From that moment the favourite became supreme. He was entirely without education, possessed little experience in affairs of state, and had led the life of a common-place idler and voluptuary until past the age of fifty. Nevertheless he had a shrewd mother-wit, tact in dealing with

men, aptitude to take advantage of events. He had directness of purpose, firmness of will, and always knew his own mind. From the beginning of his political career unto its end, he conscientiously and without swerving pursued a single aim. This was to rob the exchequer by every possible mode and at every instant of his life."

He had done this so industriously that in a few years his income had increased from 10,000 or 12,000 to 700,000 dollars. He possessed besides cash, jewels, and furniture to the value of 6,000,000 dollars. Remembering that he was not the only leech, though doubtless the most rapacious, that was draining away the life-blood of Spain, it seems strange that money should have been forthcoming, even with the help of Spinola's bills of exchange, to carry on the war in the Netherlands for so long.

The position of the Republic in the long negotiations that ensued was a simple one. As the fruit of her heroic struggles she demanded the free and full recognition of her national independence, the right to deal with her subjects in religious as well as in civil matters as seemed best to her. She claimed the right—a right well earned in many a bloody naval encounter—to trade with those East and West Indies which Spain considered as her exclusive possessions. If the Dutch could obtain the ratification of a treaty securing these objects, it seemed as if they had nothing else to fight for, and should lay down their arms joyfully. But, unfortunately, the duplicity of the Spanish Government had so often been proved, and the maxim that no faith need be kept with heretics possessed such attractions for the Catholic powers, that a very large party in the Netherlands believed that even if Spain could be brought to agree ostensibly to these terms, it would only be with some sinister purpose. There were besides many in the States who profited by the war commercially; many more who were making fortunes by spoiling the enemy. The head of this war-party was naturally Maurice, the commander of the Dutch forces, who was a soldier and not a statesman, and whose influence and power would suffer whenever peace was finally proclaimed. The arguments by which he supported his views were unquestionably strong. They gathered cogency from the myriad twistings and doublings, the petty quirks and quibbles, the delays and evasions of the Spanish Court. But Spain, however much she might wish or intend to renew the contest under happier auspices, was beaten. Her power was shattered and become a thing of the past. Barneveld, notwithstanding the opposition of the war-party among his countrymen, and the biting obloquy with which he was

assailed, notwithstanding the evident bad faith of the Spanish diplomatists and the schemes of Henry IV., conducted the long negotiation to a successful issue. A truce of twelve years was signed, on the 9th of April, 1609. Philip III. and the Archdukes swallowed the bitter cup to the dregs. They humbled themselves to recognise the independence of their rebellious subjects, acknowledged virtually their claim to trade to whatever lands they pleased, and contented themselves with expressing a hope that the States would treat all Catholics with kindness. Sober and devout were the words of the great statesman when his task was accomplished:—

“To-day (wrote Barneveld) we have concluded our negotiations for the truce. We must pray to the Lord God, and we must do our highest duty that our work may redound to His honour and glory, and to the nation's welfare. It is certain that men will make their criticisms upon it according to their humours. But those who love their country, and all honest people who knew the condition of the land, will say that it is well done.”

Thus ended a great chapter in the history of the world. No settled season of peace was destined, indeed, to crown all these efforts. The Thirty Years' War already loomed darkly on the horizon, and in the Netherlands not only foreign war, but internal dissensions were imminent; and the statesman who had so ably piloted the vessel of the State was to fall a victim to popular passion. But this was still in the future. As regards the past a glorious work had been achieved. Popery and tyranny had received a terrible blow full in the face. Spain, that had made herself the champion of the evil cause, was humbled and beaten. A Protestant liberal state had asserted her right to a high place in the commonwealth of nations. For upwards of forty years these “Beggars,” as they had been contemptuously called, had successfully withstood the foremost power in the world. Goaded into rebellion by the bloody tyranny of the Inquisition, and the suppression of their local liberties, they had baffled the intrigues of the Duchess Margaret, and of Granvelle, the ferocity of Alva, the chivalrous bravery of Don John of Austria, the military genius and splendid talents of Alexander of Parma, and latterly the skill of Spinola, that prince of volunteers. The wealth of the Indies had been squandered upon them in vain. It is true, alas! that the whole of the Netherlands had not proved equally constant. The Catholic provinces of the south, which had been first to strike a blow for

freedom, afterwards bowed their necks to the yoke. While their Protestant sisters of the north were embarking on a career of unrivalled commercial prosperity, enjoying political liberty, and for many years proudly doing their duty in the first rank of European nations, *they* remained during nearly two centuries a distant possession of the House of Austria. But this fact itself is not without significance. It may show how far Holland and the world are indebted to the Reformation.

The scene of the events described so graphically in Mr. Motley's volumes lies within a few hours' journey from our shores. The land, as we see it now, is pre-eminently one of peace and plenty, of sober thrift, and prosaic industry. The rich green meadows are dotted with quiet kine. The sluggish canals bear their freightage of ponderous barges to the sea. The broad slow rivers, and hundred inlets and estuaries, are crowded with shipping. The ports are busy with a world-wide commerce. The inland towns, scattered like islands in a sea of pasturage, are trim and quaint and olden. From many a spire—

"The faint and frail cathedral chime
Speaks time in music."*

It is difficult to realise that what is now so peaceful should once have been the volcano of Europe—that these meadows once rang with the clamour of battle; that these innumerable canals were so many lines of fortification by which great strategists ruled their operations; that these quays were once covered with the spoils from many a Spanish galleon, and these harbours busy with preparations for war; that these inland towns lived in daily expectation of siege and sack, and such horrors as only Spanish cruelty could devise; that the same bells once rang the citizens to arms. It is difficult to carry back one's thoughts to the time when a people so phlegmatic and orderly, so commercial in spirit, so entirely standing aloof from the great march of European politics, to the time, we say, when they won their independence at the sword's point from Philip of Spain, withstood undaunted the attacks of Louis XIV., and sent a victorious fleet into the Medway. Has Holland lost or gained since those days? Great are the blessings of peace. But is it better for a country to be ready to seal what it thinks right and true, even if necessary with its blood, or to be content to sit a kind of a Lotos-eater among the nations? This is a question which Holland has solved for herself. Upon that solution England may well ponder.

* Coventry Patmore.

ART. V.—*Letters Apostolic of his Holiness Pope Pius IX., by which the Œcumenical Council is proclaimed to be held at Rome, and to begin on the Day sacred to the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mother of God, in the Year MDCCCLXIX. Supplement to the "Tablet," February 20, 1869.*

ALTHOUGH the political horizon is not quite clear just now, Pius IX. ordains, and we do not presage the contrary, that some number of patriarchs, bishops, abbots, and other privileged persons, will find their way to the monumental city on or before the eighth day of December, 1869, "the day sacred to the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mother of God," according to the terms of the indiction. It is to be an Œcumenical Council. The *οἰκουμένη* is the whole world—all the expanse of lands where men inhabit—"where'er the circling sun displays his rising beams and setting rays," wherever a creature breathes to tremble under an anathema, or to be thankful for a benediction. Of course this vastly comprehensive word is a name of courtesy, just as the Pope's own titles are titles of courtesy which the world gives, and does not stay to criticise. His Holiness, then, has appointed an Œcumenical Council, wherein the interests of mankind in general are to be laid at his feet. Mankind, indeed, will not send its delegates, but the individuals, whoever they be, not sent but summoned, will go thither as already bound under canonical obedience, to appear "at a Synod" when called for, or, if they do not go, to show sufficient reason for their absence. In some countries the bishops will, no doubt, consider whether it is expedient for them to attend; but in Protestant countries and on remote mission stations there will be no probability of hindrance, and the congregation *De Propagandâ Fide* may possibly engage a considerable attendance of missionary bishops, and so give a certain air of œcumenicity to the General Council now expected, such as could not have been given to any of those assemblages that were convened in former ages, before the missions had existence.

The last General Council, that of Trent, which, in fact, chiefly consisted of Italians, and was entirely controlled by them, held its final session in December, 1563, when the Fathers performed their closing act in loud responses to the *anathema cunctis hæreticis* of the officiating cardinal, and every

one of them was commanded, on peril of excommunication, to subscribe the decrees and canons before he left the city. The lips which uttered those vain anathemas were soon sealed in death; many generations of cardinals have succeeded to them, all blessing and cursing in their turn; but the hoar of age covers the very name of council, and the moderns, to whom a resurrection of that historic institution is offered, are curiously speculating as to what form it will put on. Shall we see gods ascending out of the earth? No one can presume to tell, as yet, whether the Council will be a sepulchral shade or a substantial and living reality; but it is worth while considering whether there is a place now remaining in the world for anything like one of the great Councils that were, during twelve or thirteen hundred years, powers able to control kings, and better able to suppress the liberty of nations than any armies kings could muster. Actual comparison, however, must not be carried too far back. The first General Council, as it might be fairly called, was assembled in Jerusalem to settle a question raised in Antioch touching the fundamental principle of Christianity—that salvation can be found in Christ alone and not in Moses—which some Jewish emissaries had disputed. The holy men who reverently discussed that question, framed no canons, but were content to meet the exigency in the Church of Antioch, with a few necessary directions to those who sought their guidance. The Apostles and brethren did no more than send them a decree for present observance, not presuming to impose articles of faith, or any system of universal discipline, but waited for the rule of faith to be imparted as it should please the Author of faith by special inspiration, and left the discipline of the Church to be regulated and matured under Divine guidance and sanctified experience. It would be difficult to prove that there was much resemblance between that primitive Council and any that followed it, unless, perhaps, the first Council of Nicæa, which is the first called general by historians, and even there the features of difference were so strongly marked as to obscure the traces of similitude.

Yet we love to dwell in thought on that venerable assemblage, where was a genuine simplicity and dignity of character, mingled with high unworldly purpose not to be equalled in any subsequent assembly bearing the like title. More than three hundred veteran confessors came at the imperial command, holy men who had braved persecution in many forms, and had but just escaped the fires of martyrdom, yet never shunned the sufferings of confession, sufferings far harder

to be borne without shrinking than the momentary pains which Stephen, Paul, and Polycarp, with multitudes besides, had passed through triumphant. The Nicene fathers, it is true, were called together by an emperor whose appearance at their head was the least admirable object in the picture, although his motive was commendable enough. The object for which they came thither was to counteract by united study and confession, with full force of argument and weight of example, the Arian heresy. They upheld the standard of Christian truth by gathering from inspired Scripture the doctrine of our Lord's Divinity, and exhibiting the same in language not to be surpassed in precision, clearness, and simplicity, without a syllable of priestly boast. They bequeathed that confession to the Catholic Church of all ages in every land, but did not pronounce one anathema, nor claim the least degree of temporal power. Far from lording it over their Master's heritage, they quitted the imperial court with all haste possible, gladly left behind them the mailed body-guards, and, involuntarily burdened with Cæsar's patronage, went back to their flocks to teach the truth which they had learned more perfectly by drinking together at the fountain-head of Scripture. That was a fruitful Council. There the youthful Athanasius girded himself to the battle that should follow, and thence the aged Hosius returned to Cordova, meekly to await the summons of the King of kings to a superior throne. We have mentioned this venerable Council for the sake of contrast, not comparison, and must now be content to take our stand on lower ground, there to compare the rude reality of barbarous society with the present artificial state of things ecclesiastical and civil—to observe the growth of priestly power as it appeared in those synods, and its death-portending struggles as they are actually witnessed in Rome day by day, and published with lugubrious declamation in allocutions and encyclicals.

From Constantine the Great at Nicæa in Bithynia, down to Charles the Fifth, in connection with the Council held at Trent, in the Tyrol, the names of the mightiest sovereigns and most eminent personages of Christendom, both in Church and State, were always associated with their assemblage, and mingled with the records of their proceedings. Matters of the utmost practical importance engaged their deliberations. Whatever has to be said of their spirit and acts, the objects sought were seldom insignificant. Even the second Council at Nicæa—curse that it was to Christendom—while it took the wrong side in the great struggle concerning image-

worship, and while the mind of the West was, in this respect, sinking into paganism, dealt with a vital question, and commands grave attention as the battle-field of two great parties. The better side was beaten, and the worse came off triumphant; but there the forces of East and West appeared in full array. The Western Church, from that time, bore the self-inflicted stigma of idolatry, an impassable barrier was raised between the Byzantine and the Latin sections of what was once one Church; but the Caroline books remain for perusal as a protest, even in the West, against the legalised idolatry, and a large mass of controversial documents marks the fatal crisis in Christian history, and justifies the salutary abomination, now called bigotry by some, but which has guarded successive generations of worshippers against the fascination of scenic ceremonial. Then, again, the spectacle so instructive to those who dream of union, where union is impossible, afforded by the Council of Florence in the fifteenth century, when the Grecian delegates were subjected to the utmost indignity, and the Roman priesthood of that time merited the ill repute of heartlessness and guile. Notwithstanding the poverty of one party and the meanness of the other, the records of that Council, now too little noted, form part of the impressive history of old Byzantium falling under the power of the rapacious Turk, and of Rome, haughty and degenerate, making her untimely boast of perfect catholicity, while on the very brink of her own irrecoverable humiliation before the forces of advancing science and impending reformation. We peruse the story of the Florentine Council with the interest due to an integral portion of the world's history at a period sufficiently remote for distance to soften the asperity of controversy, and yet sufficiently near to shed its light on the relations of parties at the present moment in hostile opposition.

Or, as at Constance and elsewhere, when the assembled prelates, coming together from the severed "obediences" of anti-popes, laboured hard to end the stubborn schism of the Papacy, and to accumulate volumes of evidence, should any refuse the testimony of their own senses, to assure the men of this present generation that infallibility is the last possible attribute of popes. They did a great work after all, for they dismissed the anti-popes, maintained the semblance of ecclesiastical unity, with something of its reality in practical effect, and saved the Papacy from the annihilation which in those times seemed imminent.

The twentieth and last Œcumenical Council—or, according

to the Ultramontane way of counting, the eighteenth only—was that of Trent. It was most reluctantly assembled, and until now supposed to be the last that would ever be convened, but, with all its faults, was far from insignificant. It was there that the Papacy laboured hard, exhausting every artifice, in hope of crushing the then recent Reformation, and recovering the States which had cast off the Papal yoke. This was the real object of that Council; and although one of the objects then pretended, as on all similar occasions, was to reform the Church of Rome, another object avowed was the destruction of heresy. Still, much work was done. The current theology was reduced to form, whether by agreement of the majority of theologians, or by compromise between those whose views were too conflicting to allow of any other expedient than that of leaving points of hard controversy unsettled, or of consigning the favourite notions of a powerful party, when general acceptance was hopeless, to the category of pious opinions, as was done with the tale of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, until the time should come for declaring it an article of faith. Having thus disposed of dogmatic difficulties, select congregations prepared the canons of doctrine which, session after session, were adopted in full council, until they had completed the code of *credenda* to be made obligatory, a code more full and perhaps more cleverly constructed than any one ever before published. Each article of these canons contains an anathema on all who maintain the contrary. Thus was a uniform system of dogma provided for the teachers of all popedom, and imperatively made the basis of belief, to be compelled under the severest penalties, and the standard of all teaching in colleges and pulpits, and, where so permitted, in every book or treatise printed, after previous examination and approval. A more copious work was to be provided for the benefit of students, a body of divinity in exact accordance with the Tridentine Canons, which were, to borrow terms from the Synagogue, the Mishna of the Church, although not so literally quoted, while the volume to be written should be Gemara to make their Mishna plain. The execution was relegated to a few of the most highly cultivated Latinists, being trusty expositors of the newly authenticated faith. It bears the title of *Catechismus ad Parochos*; and being translated into some vernacular languages, for the benefit of divines who do not understand Latin well enough to use the original, is an authenticated contribution to the Talmud, so to speak, of the Roman Church. If the preachers please, they can keep

themselves, by its help, within the circle of doctrine authorised three centuries ago, but lately widened, and now to be made, perhaps, a little wider. They are also restrained, if they can keep to their Catechism, from hazarding too rash statements in controversy with Lutherans, Calvinists, Anglicans, and other heretics. From that time to the present the Catechism has been of incalculable value in propagating Romish doctrine with the least possible offence.

The preparation of decrees was more difficult, because of the many temporal interests concerned in their future execution. *Pari passu* with the canons, they were passed after long and perplexing deliberations in congregations, in each of the twenty-five sessions of the Council. Taken together, they are a compendium of the various mass of bulls, decretals, and other disciplinary documents issued by Popes and the acknowledged Councils, found in the Bullaries and classified and largely annotated in the "Body of Canon Law." They may not supersede those documents in practice; but, at present, they have the latest authority in the learning of Canon Law, and are so carefully prepared as to evade, if that were possible—but it is not possible—the opposition of civil magistrates and governors in countries yet in communion with the Bishop of Rome. The work, however, must have greatly facilitated the exercise of canonical discipline, and the endless diligence of casuistical practitioners.

Immediately after this famous Council the worship of Romanism was also made more strictly uniform, and relieved from some of those barbaric and scandalising peculiarities which were encouraged in the Middle Ages, and so far as practicable it was raised from coarse and slovenly confusion. The church-books were all revised; education, chiefly by means of the newly created order of Jesuits, began to be conducted with zeal wherever Protestant influences tended to draw away their youth, or where there was any prospect on the other side of weakening the heretical congregations, by winning back the children of dissentient parents. Missionary enterprises were undertaken on a scale never known before, and with a zeal outwardly resembling that of the most devoted missionaries of early times, although, it is to be feared, without much scruple as to the means employed; but still, as it must be honestly confessed, with self-sacrifice that might seem to imitate the example of apostles, if it did not sometimes emulate the monstrous self-abandonment of Indian devotees. That nothing might be wanting to complete the possible assortment of agencies in readiness for every

emergency, the Inquisition, already forced upon the two great peninsulas of Europe, was revived under more uniform administrations, did its horrid work with reckless fury, and was planted on the shores of India. Inquisitorial principles were silently infused into the penal laws of every country where Roman influence yet prevailed; and the civil magistrate was made the gaoler and the headsman to inflict on alleged heretics the vengeance of the Church. Where this could not be, the Papal sovereignty, like the god of bounds, looking both ways, with one face bestowed smiles, and with the other face glanced vengeance. Taught by experience, the popes began to abate something of their haughtiness towards the stronger states, but abated not an atom of their most unreasonable claims. Meanwhile, the necessity of substituting policy for force sharpened the politicians of the Papal Court, drove the higher clergy everywhere to the exercise of keener vigilance, until they were educated into that finer tact which for a time made them the most skilful statesmen in the world. But, before the actual sessions of the Council, this education began, and was continued for nearly twenty years during a difficult adjustment of their own internal ecclesiastical relations, arduous negotiations with sovereign powers, and minute censorship of the tenets of the Reformed, which was necessary in order to ascertain how their own doctrines could be so set forth that they might better seem to instruct and persuade those whom they could not subdue by the hitherto accustomed methods of authority. In all this their clergy required new talents, and became better fitted for the clerical profession, which, in the service of their own Church, now brought them into perpetual conflict with the outer world, where they no longer monopolised the office of instructors, and had, therefore, to compete for preference. More than three centuries have since passed away, but the work then undertaken is not yet done; and their Church has not so changed her position or improved her policy as to keep pace with the intellectual and moral progress of society. It must be freely acknowledged that this failure to achieve that which was intended, is not owing to any lack of talent, for in sagacity the Romish clergy are not inferior to ours—we rather apprehend that, whether in sagacity or art, they far exceed them. As workmen in the service of their superiors, or, at least, as our antagonists, they are not defective in sincerity, if by sincerity is meant a genuine and undissembled willingness to employ all means available, leaving no possible method untried, and sparing no labour to work down the Reformation,

which cannot be suppressed by force. In proportion, however, as it has concentrated its efforts on this object, and in proportion, also, as their Church has succeeded to some extent in many districts of this United Kingdom, it has exhausted its powers within its ancient homes. This is patent to every intelligent observer. A comparative review of Christendom as it is now with Christendom as it was when the Council of Trent dispersed, can easily be made, independently of all *ex parte* evidence. Such a review infallibly leads to the conclusion that the Papacy, as a public power, has sunk comparatively low, not only in numbers, as compared with the "non-Catholics" of the British Empire, the United States of America, and the North of Europe, but that it has far more conspicuously declined in relation to its own laity in the more enlightened regions of what, by way of distinction, we will call the Popedom. In those lands, unless both history and personal observation greatly deceive us, genuine loyalty to the Papal See was never so little as it is at present; and that this decay of loyalty has been steadily progressive ever since the French Revolution, to say the least; and that the decay goes on with a rapidity from day to day increasing, cannot be denied. The alienation of the laity of all ranks from the principles, if not also from the persons, of the clergy—except perhaps, in Ireland—was never so strongly marked, nor more unreservedly expressed. At Rome the case is desperate; but, if we rightly understand, it is there thought that something may, at length, be attempted, in a way not hitherto anticipated, to go beyond the provisions of the Council of Trent, perhaps even to amend the policy. At any rate, a policy seems likely to be adopted that shall seem, at least, to be new, for henceforth the Church must be governed without much assistance from temporal powers, and even in spite of them, if possible.

Of course, this is but conjecture, yet the conjecture is distinctly suggested by the facts now mentioned. Let it be noted, in the first place, what is the language and form of the document now before us, under the title of *Letters Apostolic*. Canonists understand, although general readers may not always be aware of the distinction, that an Apostolic Letter of summons or invitation is very much less than a Bull of indiction, even though the style of authority in the Letter may be verbally as absolute as in the Bull. But a Bull conceived in the grand old imperative mood, addressed in a fatherly way to emperors and kings, with a formal excommunication to be launched against all who shall forbid or hinder,

would not be now in season. The imperative of a Letter may betoken infatuation, but the imperative of a Bull would betray madness outright. The gentler missive, therefore, has been issued, which betokens design—perhaps prudence.

No one can tell how many will present themselves in obedience to the summonses, nor need we speculate on probabilities of interference on the part of some of the Governments of Europe, especially such as have been excommunicated by the Pope; but in two months from this time, or very little more, the event will begin to show, and that event will then become the subject of legitimate criticism. All whom the Letter describes are bound to be there, unless prevented by the secular power of the countries wherein they dwell, or when for personal reasons they are incapable of going such a distance. About 750 bishops are said to be in communion with the See of Rome, with prelates of religious orders, and other dignitaries entitled to the honour by special privilege attaching to their respective offices. Besides these, the bishops "of the Eastern Rite," that is to say, of the Greek Church, whose independence is haughtily ignored in the terms of the invitation, have been invited to be there, under the alleged precedent of the second Council of Lyons first, and then of the Council of Florence; but the Patriarch of Constantinople, with proper dignity, has declined to accept the invitation, or even to open the letter that was put into his hand. As for the mention of the latter Council, which he calls a compulsory assembly, the Patriarch repudiates the alleged union between Rome and Constantinople, a union proposed but never accomplished. Noting well the discourtesies which attended the invitation of Pope Pius IX., the offended Patriarch handed back his letter to the bearer, giving him to understand, although in language less familiar, that the Pope is not a gentleman, at least, in *his* opinion; or, as chief of the Western Church, he would have consulted with the chief of the Eastern before presuming to convoke an Œcumenical Council, which would equally concern both East and West, in order that, if it were desirable for the common benefit of both, they might have united in convening it. As for "healing the sick," of which, as it seems, the messengers presumed to speak, the Patriarch declined even to join in prayer for such healing, inasmuch as it is not agreed that the Greek Church is the sick party, and "only the Omniscient Founder and Perfecter of His own Church knows of a certainty who it is that is sick, how grievous the sickness is, what is the form of the disease, and what the correspondent remedy."

It is further said that, in the plenitude of his charity, the author of the Syllabus addresses separate Letters Apostolic to all Protestants and other non-Catholics, inviting their attendance at the Vatican, not to take any part in business, but to make humble submission to himself. But they do not acknowledge the Pope as their father; and any serious notice of such a production would, on their part, be inconsistent with self-respect: the mere recognition of the title *non-Catholic* could be nothing more than a profession of heresy, for, so long as words have any settled meaning, they who faithfully hold fast the *Catholic Faith* dare not call themselves non-Catholic. The Letter, however—which has not the form of Letters Apostolic, as the Pope's official letters are called—has been only delivered to the winds, cast abroad as a harmless fly-leaf which none can answer, because it is not addressed to any in particular, and because it is not conceivable that any Evangelical communion could recognise the pretended supremacy of the writer by accepting his correspondence, or could authorise any individual to accept it in their name. Seeing, then, that besides members of the Church of Rome, none of the Oriental and Greek Churches of the world will be represented there, and that Evangelical Christians cannot possibly be present, it cannot be called Œcumenical without a flagrant abuse of language. It is even doubtful whether considerable portions of the "Roman Catholic" communion will be represented; and even if they are, it is pretty certain that the least interference with the temporal affairs of the countries whence they come will nullify all the proceedings of the Council so far as those countries are concerned, and provoke a resistance which would react most injuriously on the Papal See. But we are not now treating moot questions, and confine our observations to the present posture of affairs in relation to the past.

The prelates who met in the Vatican at the time appointed will have to consider what they are called thither to do. According to the summons issued, there is work enough provided for a very long and busy Council. In the first place they must prepare themselves to "wisely and providently establish whatever may conduce to the definition in an especial manner of the dogmas of the Faith." Now here is a very perplexing doubt. If the mother and mistress of all churches, the infallible conservatrix of the faith, even of that faith which must be "always and everywhere the same," has lived through all these centuries of time without having had wisdom and prudence enough to define the dogmas of the Faith, and if she

is the depositary of all power, if she is the recipient of unerring wisdom, imparted by the gift of God to be her peculiar glory, and if her chief bishop has all power in heaven and all on earth, as the Vicar of the Son of God, but has consciously possessed those powers without having devised methods for the establishment of the Faith, it must be acknowledged that she has not done her duty, and yet, as she has always pretended to enforce what she now confesses not yet to have been so much as defined in *an especial manner*—and therefore never certain—she must always have gone far beyond her duty, by forcing on her people a doubtful faith with an absolute severity. Great men, prodigies of learning, men of high repute for wisdom and sanctity, men who have shone like burning lights in that very Basilica of the Vatican, ay, and ages before the Vatican was founded—men whose illustrious names are graven in monuments more durable than brass, written in the diptychs of the blessed, and enrolled in the Canon of the Holy, to receive the honour and the adoration of the faithful, but it is confessed that have all failed to do their duty. Their sayings constitute the vast code of Catholic morality, and their decisions form the body of that law which has been enforced with unsparing vigour for at least—as some opine—the fatal period of 1,260 years. So perfect, so divine has the definition of the dogmas of the Roman Faith been esteemed, that acceptance of them, even to the last letter, has been compelled at the sword's point, and even the most modest doubt or minutest variation has been punished by dragoons and by inquisitors. Myriads of men and women have been immolated on the altars of Roman orthodoxy; and for anyone to say that the dogmas of the Faith were not wisely, prudently and infallibly established, would have brought down fiery vengeance upon any bishop. But now, in these last days, an old man of seventy-seven years, who has worn the costly *Triregno* for nearly a quarter of a century, and who has of his own pleasure added another dogma to the mass of things to be believed, awaits the arrival of bishops from the Antipodes to help him to establish something that shall conduce, in some especial manner, to the definition of a hitherto imperfectly established faith! He wants the charm of their presence to make sure the fabric of dogmatic truth, which, even at this present moment, it is a damnable heresy to fancy insecure. But something very “special” is lurking under the obscure proposal, and if Rumour, with her hundred tongues, is not always false, we may almost believe that she has divulged the truth in telling us that the dogmatic specialty will be a canon to declare the Pope infallible, this Pope who

defined the faith which his fallible predecessors left not sufficiently definite.

If this be true, the doctrine of the Vatican will be thus proclaimed in Rome. But that is not certain; and before French bishops, for example, can take part in adoring a Pope infallible, they must disclaim the Gallic liberties as to their brethren, the French clergy, and if the cardinals themselves would agree to the expected new dogma, they must make up their minds to raise questions which have long time slumbered, and to abandon the compromise which has hitherto held together the two great Citramontane and Ultramontane sections of the Papal Church, and left a power with Councils which no real Council would lightly abdicate in favour of a Pope.

The bishops are summoned that they may "put to flight advancing errors." These, however, are but words of ceremony. Advancing errors must be encountered and put to flight by the ascendant power of truth—not canonical truth, but truth dwelling in the hearts of men; not coming with anathemas of priests; not defined and published by a few bishops collected from remote dioceses, to preach and to convince the unbelieving, themselves being found unequal to such work at home. But they are invited to determine what will be effectual methods for illustrating and developing Catholic doctrine, which, so far as they are themselves concerned, does most certainly require more rational development and more practical illustration than the Church of Rome has yet been able to exhibit. They share the common incapacity, while, notwithstanding, they are expected to devise some yet undiscovered methods for preserving and reforming Catholic discipline. They are expected to achieve what the Council of Trent laboured after, but without success. The Decrees *De Reformatione* were not framed carelessly, but these being confessedly insufficient, we, heretics that we are, may be permitted to doubt whether any power sufficient for such a work of ecclesiastical reformation can be found in these days, when there does not exist a single State that can be called "Catholic" in the Roman sense. No temporal power, after all, can enable any clergy to enforce canonical discipline in their flocks if those flocks resist; and hence, in England, the constitutions ecclesiastical of the English Episcopal Church cannot be enforced on the laity, and, perhaps, not even on the clergy, who are daily breaking their own laws with impunity. So it fares with canonical discipline the whole world over, for canon law is not now acknowledged in any Legislature, nor successfully enforced by the civil magistrate in any part of the Old

World or the New. But for credit sake, the bishops and abbots might possibly agree to something that would bring them no small praise just now, if they would advise the Pope to shed his curse upon the atrocities perpetrated in nunneries—if the Council would force itself, and for once dictate a concordat with humanity, abolishing all rules and privileges that imply a closing of the convent doors against inspection, and imploring the civil authorities—so far as the civil authorities can allow their communications—to watch over the inmates, and take all cognisance of the living, whether sick or whole, and take account also of the dead. This would accelerate a measure that cannot be much longer deferred in countries where life and liberty are sacred.

Other objects proposed are more feasible, yet their accomplishment seems beyond hope. How, for example, is the Council to provide anything that shall “correct,” as Pope Pius IX. is pleased to say, “the corrupt morals of the people?” The first effectual measure towards improving public morals would be to take down the entire fabric of their Church, and reconstruct it on better principles. If the Council will do this, the whole world will bless them; for it is notorious, account for it as you please, that the standard of public morals of Romish countries is inferior to that of others. It is alleged, indeed, that in Protestant populations offences against morality are more glaring, and that “the social evil,” as it is called, is far more prevalent among us than with our continental neighbours. It may be so, and for the sake of argument—but for that only—we will concede for a moment that so it is. Yet the very distinctness given in England to one sin against chastity as *the* evil which infests society marks it as really the chief. But it is glaring enough in the great cities of the Continent, at least, and this one form of sin is not so to be laid to the charge of England as if other people were innocent. Independently of this loose comparison, there are two forms of popular corruption prevalent in the Romish population incalculably beyond Great Britain and the United States of America, and these are *infanticide* and the *crimen nefandum*. It is true that in England the former is sufficiently frequent to engage the attention of some members of the Legislature, but here crime of almost any sort is quickly detected, and no sooner detected than made known within a few hours from the Land’s End to John o’ Groat’s House; whereas in countries less populous, and where social habits and judicious administration are looser, offences of the same class may pass unnoticed, and what in one place excites horror as a crime may

pass, in another where there is no really public opinion, as a tolerated custom. But can the standard of morality be high in communities where marriage is depreciated, as if it were, religiously, a less perfect state, utterly forbidden to a numerous priesthood, and to all the members of monastic orders of both sexes, and furthermore discouraged among the laity by numerous canonical impediments, and where domestic proprieties and conjugal happiness, with the confidence and comfort of home, are, in consequence of such discouragement, lamentably diminished? The fact is, that as we write, a sense of propriety checks our pen, and we are compelled to say that having often lifted the veil which covers from general observation the *penetralia* of continental society, we are compelled to let it drop again, and cover what may not be exposed in these pages, nor otherwise submitted to the public gaze in this our country, thankfully remembering that the special causes of such corruption are not yet become general here, and earnestly praying that they never may. One wonders at the assurance of the Roman Court, whose chief can issue a challenge to comparison, and venture to profess to the world that one object of the Council would be to "correct the corrupt morals of the people." Let him take some trustworthy counsel at home. Let him remember his own experience as a confessor, especially in that mutual confession where priests confess one another, and absolve one another before going to mass. Let him take counsel with heads of families, or let him listen to the common utterances of public opinion, which, even in Rome itself, cannot always be repressed; and he will perceive at once what would be the most obvious remedies for much of the corruption that might easily be remedied, but is inevitable as things are. It is said that some years ago an American priest presented himself at Rome before Pius IX. who, having been in America, engaged his visitor in pleasant conversation and asked him his opinion of the general character of the Spanish-American priesthood. The answer contained a slight but very intelligible allusion to their licentious habits; and what was the Pope's reply? *It is a pity, but there is no remedy.* Then comes a question: If there is no remedy for the corruption of priests, how can the self-same Pope imagine or intend any remedy for the corruption of the people? But it was not necessary to dwell so long on this aspect of the subject, for of all lands under heaven there is not one where the crime of murder rages so fiercely as in Central and Southern Italy. There, more than anywhere else in this world, murder is conducted on scientific principles; the varieties of murder are

classified accordingly by the lawyers, and those who desire to put any of their neighbours out of the way have the choice of means and agencies, from the perfumed Tofania, with her tasteless drug, down to the dark assassin who takes his fee beforehand, and is too honourable not to do effectually what he has been paid for. *His* conscience is never troubled long together, for the confessor must give him absolution when he applies for it, and *must* keep the transaction secret. How, then, can they now remedy corruption of morals? How can the Pope set his own house in order?

Other parts of the implied *agenda* are equally remarkable. The bishops are invited to provide for "the Christian education of the youth of both sexes." Now it is also very well known that in many parts of the world this duty has been greatly neglected, or altogether lost sight of. In Italy for example, where Papal influence has always, until very recently, been the strongest, primary education for the masses of the people has been almost unknown, until the civil authorities took the work in hand, to the extreme annoyance of the Pope himself. In England, indeed, the Church of Rome is at present exceptionally zealous in the multiplication of schools and reformatories, but all know the reason why. In Spain, in the first quarter of the present century, primary education of all children within ages specified was made compulsory, and continued so for about three years, until the return of the old Bourbon Government, with its priests, restored the soothing shades of popular ignorance to those in power. But this was not until one generation, in that brief space of time, had tasted letters, and thenceforth the permanent subjugation of Spain to Rome and the Bourbons was made impossible. On the accession of Victor Immanuel to the throne of Piedmont, and the annexation of Lombardy to that State, the gross ignorance of the lower classes was laid open to view. As the process of annexation advanced, and the labours of inspectors multiplied, the ignorance of all classes of the population was found to be yet more and more gross, the survey passing down from north to south, and the mental obscurity finished in the Cimmerian darkness of the Two Sicilies. For the shade of illiteracy was deepening, and the standard of intelligence and morals getting lower and lower, in equal proportion to the ascending power of the Church, as exhibited in the histories of Italy, and confirmed in the experience of the present generation. But now that the wicked "King of Sardinia" and his profane ministers have spent a decade in endeavouring to uplift the youth of Italy from the intellectual pros-

tration of ages past, the Pope curses them with intensest satisfaction, and in the same changeful breath calls his bishops to hold a General Council for finding out, among other antidotes to the poison of civil and religious liberty, the Christian—he only means to say the ecclesiastical—education of children. The work, however, may be better done by other hands.

The verbal projects of reformation read marvellously liberal. It is as if visions of the new heaven and the new earth wherein shall dwell righteousness were crowding on the sight of the aged pontiff, to hide from his paternal soul the accusing memory of the earlier events of his pontificate, and the murderous doings carried on by his friends on his behalf, when they bombarded Rome; and shrouding the later seditions and conspiracies which, it is to be feared, too truly, have been attributed to his influence. Come how it may, the Gospel thought of proclaiming good-will towards men gains acknowledgment, at least; for he asks the coming prelates “to consult for the tranquillity, order, prosperity, and the interests of civil society itself.” This may be the reverie of a spirit hovering on the borders of eternity, and longing to be cleansed from the defilements it has contracted here in time. It may be sincere. It may be a heavenly inspiration experienced unawares, a strain of psalmody caught from other lips, like one of the sweet snatches of holy song recited for a few moments by wandering Saul when, by happy chance, he came down the mountain-side amidst a band of prophets; or it may be a cold, *pro forma* protestation of mercy never meant, as when the sly inquisitor has read the list of heretics, declared the holy vengeance of his Church upon them, called God and angels all to witness, and while the listening angels weep, mimics their sorrow; and, handing over the silent victim to the destroyers, with the stake planted, the faggots heaped up, and the brands lit, he tearfully implores them, for the love of God, to deal tenderly with the men and women they are to burn that evening. This part of the apostolic letter defies comment. We must wait. Yet not *we*: two or three generations more must watch well and wait, and then, if the spiritual successors of these bishops are still known to be consulting for the persevering exercise of Christian philanthropy, and scattering with open hand the precious seed of righteousness, sown in peace of them that make peace, men will begin to be persuaded that such beauteous adornments of apostolic letters are at last meant to be literally understood, and will joyfully search the ancient prophecies

to find the choicest images of transformation of evil into goodness, as wonderfully realised in those last days. In such a miraculous event Rome may shake herself from the dust, arise, shine, and put on beautiful garments; but how great the change would be, the following paragraph from the letter partly enables us to estimate. It shows the present condition of the Church of Rome, as its Head regards it; and changing what is to be changed, the description must be accepted as substantially correct. It is the Pope who writes:—

“Now it is well known and manifest to all by how fearful a tempest the Church is at this time shaken, and what and how great are the evils with which civil society itself is afflicted. By the bitter enemies of God and man, the Catholic Church and her saving doctrine and venerable power, and the supreme authority of the Holy See, have been assailed and trodden under foot. All sacred things have been despised; ecclesiastical possessions have been plundered; bishops and most excellent men devoted to the Divine ministry, and men remarkable for their Catholic spirit, have been in every way harassed; religious communities have been destroyed; impious books of every kind, pestilential journals, and most pernicious sects of many forms have been on every side spread abroad; and the education of unhappy youth has been almost everywhere taken away from the clergy, and, what is worse, in no few places committed to the teachers of iniquity and error. Hence, to our own extreme grief, and that of all good men, and with a loss of souls which can never be enough deplored, iniquity has been so propagated, together with corruption of morals, unbridled licence, and the contagion of all kinds of depraved opinions, of all vices, and crimes, and violation of Divine and human laws, that not only our most holy religion, but human society itself is miserably disturbed and afflicted.”

Is this a lament of falling Babylon? Does the Pope believe, do his clergy believe, and must the world believe, that every word of this is true? Letting epithets all pass without correction, are the facts as they are here stated? If so, then is the whole hierarchy and all their Church beaten with a tempest of affliction, assailed and trodden under foot, and all their sacred things are, indeed, fallen into contempt. Mean this what it may, the time is undeniably come for the Council to humble itself in the sight of heaven and earth, and for all its members to ask themselves how far the tempest is retributive, and the contempt just. That, however, is their concern, not ours; unless, indeed, it be to the common grief of all true Christians that so ancient and wide-spread a community of our fellow-men, bearing as we too bear the venerable name of Christian, should have so stubbornly withstood the purer

influences of so many ages, and while the world around has participated in intellectual, spiritual, and social renovation, the ship of Peter, as they account their Church to be, lies stranded on the rock of immobility, and its crew has, in these last days, as never before, to consult on some special measure to caulk its gaping seams, to turn back the swelling flood of popular corruption, and to reconcile the adverse portions of society rended asunder by schism in the lack of faith.

To be in such a state of dereliction, receiving no real sympathy on his own account, having not one royal friend left, who, like a Saint Louis, can love the Church piously, and be willing to do and suffer for her own sake; to be no more regarded with superstitious reverence by entire populations, and no longer able to govern rulers by means of influence exerted on their subjects; to find himself isolated and forlorn—this is a new position for the Pope who, of his own motion, invites hundreds of archbishops and bishops, with their followers, to become his guests, and spend an unlimited length of time within his narrowed and impoverished domain, where even the citizens would starve but for the gold of strangers. And when one comes to consider that, after the Council is over, all the cost and labour will have been spent in vain unless its conclusions be accepted, we are driven back again to estimate the probabilities of the present by comparison with the facts of the past—the possible close of the Council of the Vatican, with the historic close of the Council of Trent.

As already noted, that Council engaged the liveliest interest of Europe. Its business was also the business of Europe. The Reformation it assembled to overpower was but little past its infancy, its many imperfections were notorious, with the dissensions of the Reformers themselves, as well as of its advocates and patrons, and the fanaticism of many of its propagators. Taken altogether, the heterogeneous character of the crude theology known by the common name of heresy, all exaggerated it is true, and much of it despised, encouraged the hopes of the Romish clergy, and of the great sovereigns of Europe, among whom, however, its best friend, the Queen of England, could not presume to rank first. Luther had lately died, Melancthon, the wisest of his coadjutors, had no successor of equal merit, and there was no prospect as yet of the vast extent of Protestant dominion and influence that now exists, and grows daily in importance. The Council at its close had prepared its own history, to show how entirely it was identified with the great empire of the West, and with the civilisation of the world. Its official correspondence was

immense, as is evident by so much of it as is collected by Le Plat, in the seven bulky quarto volumes of documentary material. The original history of the eminent Venetian, Fra Paoli Sarpi, compact with incident and rich with information, gleaned by himself from living sources; the heavy folio of Cardinal Pallavicini, enriched with contributions from treasures of which much is yet in manuscript, unpublished; several other original volumes written during the sessions, or soon after, all original works of members of the Council, or of persons in active communication with it, and the impression also shown on the face of all contemporary history and literature, at least in Europe; all this demonstrates the vast importance of that Council as it stood in universal estimation. All parties had laboured and contended for the accomplishment of some great object. It was generally desired that the prolonged deliberations of princes and prelates, divines and canonists, should issue in the settlement of a controversy that was dividing nations, and the equitable establishment of peace for Christendom.

The better portion of the Romish Church sincerely desired to witness an internal reformation "in head and members," and many of the clergy wrote and spoke on that side in such a manner as to command general admiration. On their necks the yoke of obedience to the Papal despotism had weighed heavily, and the tribute extorted from the clergy of all the ecclesiastical provinces to the offices at Rome was insufferably burdensome to priests and people. The whole episcopate out of Italy was jealous of the Pope's perpetual encroachment on their rights, and maintained that his arrogance, perhaps his office too, had no authority in Scripture. Any concession to these numerous claimants would have been gratefully welcomed, and but a moderate exhibition of liberality at Rome would have been acknowledged with delight by all the princes, and secured, except from the German Protestants and French Reformed, and from the Church of England, an unreserved acceptance. But the Papal Court made no concession, for they held it as a point of conscience and of pride to demand everything and concede nothing. They did not even try to compromise; they evaded. They wore out the patience of all parties, and, by the time that the Assembly closed, the attitude of opposition outside Italy had become so habitual, and the reasons of opposition were now so clearly justified, that none could change it. The clergy generally approved of the canons, about which most of them cared little, but the disciplinary decrees were for the most part rejected by both clergy

and laity, and this was equivalent with a rejection of the Council. The German Empire resisted every solicitation, and repelled a stubborn importunity almost amounting to threat. The Emperor and electors absolutely refused to acknowledge the Council. So did France with patriotic unanimity. The Spanish clergy and people were so strongly indisposed to put their neck under the yoke that Philip II., for reasons of his own, and anxious to be at one with Rome, ventured not to suffer any deliberation of national authorities, but by his own single authority accepted the acts of the Council, and declared them law. In Italy, the States being always dislocated from each other, and the Pope therefore able to make himself Dictator over each of them, proceeded, however secretly reluctant, to accept them without reserve expressed. Venice, although the least servile, submitted first.

Now, the state of Europe and the world, and the internal and relative conditions of the Church of Rome at the present day, do not admit of comparison with what then was, and will only permit a contrast. Therefore, although the assemblage of the Council has become as probable as any human event can well be, its action can only be regarded with uncertainty; but its acceptance anywhere, as having authority over any individual who does not freely accept the obligation, may safely be considered as impossible, and this may be sufficient to account for the absence of all open and formal arrangement with any sovereign or government by the Pope up to the time of sending this article to press. The governments of Europe appear to avoid cautiously anything that would commit them to active participation. Some political writers, especially in Italy, strongly maintain a position of hostility, regarding the mere assemblage of the Bishops as an infraction of the rights of the State, while others, including the whole of Germany, North and South, will have it understood that any act of the Council that shall interfere with temporal matters will be met with instant resistance.

Some good men on the Continent, under an impression that the Pope had invited them to Rome on this occasion, have been moved to consider what they ought to do now that "Rome calls us." M. Merle D'Aubigné puts the question in this form, in a letter addressed to the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird. It should be observed, however, that the Pope does not invite us to come to the Council, where none but his own prelates are admissible, but exhorts us rather to cast ourselves at his feet, and crave to be admitted into the bosom of his Church, which is the very last thing the excellent historian of the

Reformation would think of doing. Mr. Kinnaird, not staying to criticise the Pope's aimless missive, nor M. D'Aubigné's earnest letter, wisely confers with several of his friends, who agree with him that the proceedings of the Papacy are of such a character as to call forth that kind of opposition which it most becomes Christians to employ, and that therefore the month of December next, which may be marked in history by the assemblage of a so-called Council for adding yet more to the assumptions of the Pope, should be distinguished by the offering of special prayer "in private, in families, and in social circles, for the priesthood and members of the Roman Catholic Church, that they may be blessed with true saving grace, delivered from all error, and endowed with full knowledge of Scriptural truth." This is a wise and good conclusion. "Anathema to all heretics" was the last sentence uttered in the Council of Trent: "Anathema, anathema, anathema," the last word thrice shouted in response. The ceaseless echo of that word rings harshly in the ear of Christendom, but it cannot be heard in heaven, where imprecations do not enter. Now let the noise of priestly curse be silenced, let the prayer of charity waken up, far and wide, and let a symphony of blessings make sweet music in the ear of Him who listens in His throne of mercy.

ART. VI.—*Dr. Ewald Rudolf Stier. Versuch seiner Darstellung seines Lebens und Wirkens.* Von G. STIER, Director des Domgymnasiums zu Colberg, in Verbindung mit F. STIER, Diaconus zu Sct. Nicolai in Eisleben. Wittenberg, Hermann Kolling. 1867, 1868.

[*The Life and Labours of Dr. Stier.* By his Two Sons.]

“WHEN the life of a man has been influential on the public life, when his character is one that is stamped by clear and distinct traits, and when it is possible to describe briefly how he became what he was—then his life may be, and indeed ought to be, written.” By such simple words these sons of an eminent father introduce the volumes which they have prepared in deference to a very general expression of desire. Their work has both the excellences and the defects that too often mark the memoirs composed by filial affection. What those excellences and defects are it is needless to mention in detail, as the book is not likely to be translated into English. We shall content ourselves with giving a brief epitome of the career of this honoured servant of Christ and His Church; selecting such points as will tend to satisfy the natural curiosity of very many to whom his writings have been useful, with an eye at the same time to the profit of the student and minister of our own land. Our reader will trace the career of one who combined, beyond most others, the two generally incompatible characters of an indefatigable private student and public minister; and will see amidst what singular difficulties those characters were combined. He will also have perhaps a new insight into some phases of German Lutheranism, and some of the specific difficulties of German ecclesiastical life. In order to furnish this we must set before him some liberal extracts, for which, however, no apology will be thought necessary by those who remember that they would not otherwise reach the eyes of most of our readers. As to those who read German, we can only say that this book will be found excellent reading; especially after the tedious former part of the first volume is disposed of.

Ewald Rudolf Stier was born with the century (March 17, 1800) in Fraustadt, a small town of Posen, or South Prussia. His father was a petty officer in the civil service; a man who underwent considerable hardships as the result of the French

invasion. The terrors in the midst of which the youth's infancy was spent impressed a lasting stamp upon his mind; he grew up into manhood under the most fervent, almost wild, political and patriotic influences. He was the first boy in the petty schools of the towns where his father served, yet his education was nevertheless comparatively neglected. Sent at thirteen to the Gymnasium at Neustettin, he by talent or circumstances found himself in time alone in the first class, when his master advised his transference to the University. On October 24, 1815, the youth, "*Vir juvenis prænobilissimus Ewaldus Rudolphus Stier, Polonus*," matriculated at Berlin as student of law; a good scholar, but only of the second class, with a certain lack of philological grounding which placed him subsequently at a disadvantage, inasmuch as he never thoroughly repaired it.

This highly privileged university was at that time well manned, so far as ability goes. Schleiermacher, twenty-five years of age, was at the head of the Theological Faculty, a name already beginning to be known as the herald of an evangelical revival from the torpor of illuminism. With him in dignity, though still younger in years, stood three men afterwards to be equally well known, De Wette, Marheineke and Neander. The Juristic staff enjoyed the talents of Savigny, Eichhorn, Göschen; while the Philosophical was sustained by Wolf, Solger, and Boeckh — Fichte having recently gone. Rudolf entered, we should say, the excited atmosphere of Berlin student-life, in those days of revolution and young German drill, three years too early; but he was one of those precocious youths the records of whom abound in university annals at home and abroad. He soon became a fierce demagogue, delighted in Jean Paul, made the acquaintance of Tieck, who introduced him to Shakespeare. Improving on some scraps of English that certain sea captains had taught him in the excise office, he soon became an enthusiastic reader and lover of our poet, whose influence, though he early renounced him, was stamped upon his thought and style to the last. Meanwhile the study of law soon repelled his ardent poetic nature. He succeeded by great effort in overcoming his father's reluctance to the change, and yielded himself to what he thought, and we think, to have been the *Lord's own attraction* towards theology. He soon mastered the necessary elements of Hebrew, and in October, 1816, became a divinity student, and attended the lectures of Schleiermacher, De Wette and Neander. Here he found his true vocation; but Tholuck, who knew him well through life, intimates in Hofmann's

German Theological Dictionary that no conscious interest in religion, but only the romantic spirit of the time, led him to this new vocation; hence it was not theology, but poetry and Germanism, that formed the impulse of his efforts at that time. "I have him now before my eyes, the effeminately delicate but bold boy, with sharply chiselled features, in his old German coat and hat; I hear him preaching to me Jahn and John Paul as the men of the age. I remember the long days that he phantasied through field and wood, because he deemed it ingratitude to the Giver of the breath of spring and sunshine to spend such days at the student's desk; and how he came triumphantly into my room to tell me of his adventures in the cause of young Germany." It is scarcely worth while to dwell upon the frivolity to which these hints refer. Suffice that for a few years young Stier was one of the foremost of the young zealots whose enthusiastic patriotism found vent in a thousand extravagances. He became the leader, and the poet, and the pamphleteer of the party. These his early writings are full of "sound and fury,"—"signifying nothing," we should hardly add; but, as he afterwards wished them suppressed, we pass them by that we may approach the happy crisis of his life.

He was not inattentive to his theological studies. He heard those stimulating lectures of Schleiermacher on St. Luke, parts of De Wette's Introduction to the Old Testament with his Psalms, and the commencement at least of Neander's Church History. Stier was from the beginning an enemy of scepticism, as it were a born believer in objective truth. Before his conversion he used such language as this concerning his teacher—to which, however, as a mere reminiscence of a gossiping fellow-student, we would not attach too much importance: "I have done all in my power to understand Schleiermacher, but nothing availed until I at last fell upon the thought that he must be an Atheist (not believing in a personal God); then the scales fell, as it were, from my eyes, and from that time forwards his Atheism penetrated through every word that he said." This only means that the young student was a rash and honest hater of inconsistencies, and could not reconcile the lecturer's pious enthusiasm with the habitual exclusion of a revealed truth from the premisses of his argument.

In 1818 young Stier entered at the University of Halle, where Gesenius and Wegscheider were quietly but diligently undermining the foundations of faith in the inspired Word; he never forgot the flippant tone with which the former

offended his taste in his delineation of Old Testament narratives, and in his allusions to the facts of Church history as the story of human follies. Knapp, Marks, and Weber were to some extent a counterpoise to these. Knapp was a thoroughly sound teacher; his lectures were generally heard between those of the others, and they were in a certain sense an antidote; but there were not many who like Stier preferred the homeliness of old truth to the fresh vigour and piquancy of rationalism. If space permitted, it would be interesting to extract some of the few conversations in which the young men were accustomed to criticise their teachers. For instance, Schmidt observes after a lecture: "I have been thinking over the point, and come to the conclusion that Church history is in its nature no other than history, and must as such be treated. Now it seems to me a fine feature in an historical writer that he is impartial; that he has no foregone conclusion; and so thinking, Gesenius must by me be commended, because he investigates the primitive history of Christians with the same keenness that he applies to the legends of the Catholic Middle Ages." "But," replies Stier, "who can be more partial than the man to whom everything that has a pious touch in it becomes a butt for his wit and mockery? He who will thoroughly investigate any matter must needs be without any such foregone decision as to scoff at it. I will not deny Gesenius his claims to Oriental learning, but he has no business with Church history." Stier never failed in his reverence for truth, and profoundly respected Christianity, even before he had found out the infinite secret of its power.

This he discovered soon after leaving Halle. Paying a visit to Berlin, he found that the object of his early affection had been suddenly taken away, and his thoughts turned with all their force towards religion. Writing to a friend he says:—

"The greatest earthly calamity has befallen me. Pauline—a child pure and pious as an angel, a creature on whom I hang as I would now hang on Christ—has died!! Far from me too: when I came her grave had been some time green. You can now understand my awful regeneration; you can understand how my whole faithless life, formed of mere science and various show—how all my past years, with their blind striving after the love of earthly creatures—how all my foolish and presumptuous and scheme-building years were fearfully lost and merged in one single, weeping glance from the grave of my happiness to Him in heaven who is the Resurrection and the Life! Oh, blessed be the Almighty God, who sent me the Spirit of His Son at the moment when the self in me had reached

the end of its existence—which without Him must have been ruin—in Himself! As truly as I live, and now indeed first truly live, I have come to the sure experience that we all eternally live in One who gives us life from without; I have come to know, by a sense now new awakened, that One lives without us who can come into us in an incomprehensible manner; and that the natural man, with all his toil and care, is only blind and dark. He alone is the light of the world."

This, however, was somewhat exaggerated language. He had by no means so entirely renounced the world and himself; his final consecration was only prepared for by this great shock. He was accustomed to refer, not to that period, but to one somewhat later, as the time of his true conversion. In his nineteenth year he went to Berlin to make his own way as Providence might indicate, without any resources but his irrepressible ardour. There he fell in with some little companies of men who in that time of general awakening were in the habit of meeting for religious conversation. One of these, well known in those days as having Baron von Kottwitz for its centre, admitted young Stier as a brother, the only test being *Do you love the Lord Jesus?* Among these he found some old friends, such as Tholuck and Rennecke, and some new ones of great value. Those were days of intense religious fervour. Primitive Christianity, as described in the Acts, was the ideal these Berlin Pietists, including men and women of every degree of rank and refinement, set before themselves. The benefit to Stier was great. He began now to prosecute with ardour his intermitted theological studies. His rhapsody for Germanism now finally yielded to his devotion for Christianity. The spirit of the Moravian Brotherhood found in him a congenial nature, and in him bore beautiful fruit. Public services, and the preaching of the celebrated Löffler, sent him to private colloquies and devotions which ended in that perfect death to the past, without which he was taught to think his religion incomplete.

At this time he was in danger of becoming an enthusiast; a mystic in the evil sense of the word. The circle into which he entered soon betrayed a tendency to theosophical speculation—under the guidance of Jacob Behmen and Gichtel—that ruined its usefulness. Stier escaped the evil, and secured the good of Pietism. His friends indeed thought that he was unduly rigorous. Rigorous he certainly was; he burned all his printed and unprinted poems and essays, some of them written with great care and much cherished; he committed to the flames also his Schiller, his John Paul (with a much valued

autograph letter to himself), his long-beloved Shakespeare, indeed everything that might remind him he had ever lived in the world, or that might in the faintest degree tend to seduce him back. His companion in study could not then understand all this; and long afterwards recalled the look of deep grief with which the young enthusiast would look at him over the table, as if he would say, "Oh, that I might save thy soul!" His over-prudent parents—who to the end never thoroughly entered into his views—wrote to him in a warning style; and a few sentences extracted from his replies will give a better notion than any description of ours what his early religion and ripe intelligence were at the age of twenty.

"As to what you say to me about show of devotion, I think it is better to say once for all what will make all future misunderstanding impossible. I have long enough kept silence about that which is indeed too sacred to talk much about, and what I would rather humbly keep to myself until God calls me. I find it hard to write in a letter about eternal matters without speaking of that which fills the whole being of my soul from morning to evening, and which I could desire should consume and banish everything else. By God's grace I have come to know and possess for all eternity Him in whom I believe, and that now—be it said in humble hope and confidence in Him who hath begun a good work in me and will perfect it—it is *impossible* that I can be otherwise than I am. I would not, so long as I live—be it longer or shorter—have any union with the world in the slightest matter; it is my study every day to break free from it and its idle glory, that I may work out my own salvation, which is of more worth to me than all it has. Since I have been in Berlin the most blessed change has come upon my soul. I have, by God's most wonderful grace, been brought to see what is the true, living, and only saving Christianity, and what is the true faith in Jesus Christ, the Son of God and Saviour of the world, that will alone avail before the bar of God. I have been awakened out of the fearful depths of the sleep of sin, which Scripture calls spiritual death, and in which I lay with all my knowing and writing. Dearest father! I have long delayed to write thus, that I might not be the occasion of sin to you by your rejecting what I might write, and calling it *enthusiasm*!" &c.

Here we see indications of a certain severity which, through life, tinged his judgments. The correspondence went on, especially as to his preaching; to declare Christ's Gospel was an object of deep desire, from which, however, he shrank with dread. The following words show this composite feeling, and, at the same time, illustrate the absolute and

dogmatic character of his belief—a character that it early acquired, never lost, and that was the charm of his whole life:—

“I am no enthusiast; but what I now by God’s grace believe is the only Divine and Scriptural doctrine. I allow myself in no dissipation that would hinder me from studying with diligence and prayer God’s Word, and make salvation matter of thorough earnestness to myself before I begin to speak of it to others. One thing only remains in your letter. My confession of faith is now, and will be I hope if I live to die old, John iii. 16. My only glorying is Gal. vi. 14. My only God in whom I believe is named Heb. xiii. 8, and 1 Tim. i. 15, 16. The ground of my rigour and fear is found in Phil. ii. 12. The rule of my life is 1 John ii. 15—17; and my only apology to the world is Gal. i. 10—12.”

Tholuck and Olshausen were his nearest friends; Olshausen the nearer of the two, as any reader of their writings might suppose. These three met once or twice in the week to read the Epistles, and to join in devotion. Their mutual influence was for good; and the fruit of those hours many all over the world now enjoy. A more interesting little group of students there has not been in the world since certain Oxford meetings nearly a century before. They knew and commented upon each other’s theological peculiarities; but they kept each other right. “Thou, O excellent Stier,” said Tholuck, “hast with all thy eccentricity found here thy centre; take care thou lose it not on the other side. Thou seemest to me a Kabbalistic interpreter: I still hold with the Illuminists”—alluding to Stier’s calling him a Rationalistic Pietist. Olshausen, in the midst, avoided both extremes; a rare spirit in whom Stier and Tholuck were blended into a better third—too early removed to leave behind him all the evidence he might have left to prove that he was so. On one memorable evening Tholuck presented his friend J. F. Meyer’s corrected edition of Luther’s translation; it was an epoch from which Stier dated his peculiar devotion to the task of Scriptural translation, and his acquaintance with Meyer, thenceforth the theological guide of his life—so far, at least, as a man so independent could be guided by anyone. An invaluable friend, though a less learned one, was Rennecke, the historian of the Moravian brethren. We must translate a valuable allusion he makes to this period. It is well worth pondering for itself, besides being an interesting testimony to Stier’s early fidelity:—

“Another false tendency of the time might have been fatal to my soul had not Stier been an angel ministering to me. I received

Schelling's doctrine, by which the feeling of sin, such as through our common intercourse it had been given me to experience, was in danger of being weakened. Stier, however, would admit of no compromise or middle place for the theory of sin: the sharp contrast of light and darkness alone he would receive, according to the Scripture. Sin was not to him a defect of good, but actual enmity against God, something in itself positive. I had begun to think that the darkness was only a negative thing. Hence he declared that amendment was not the first thing, but the second; the first being atonement and faith in it on our part. A third element was pietism the root of the new life of that time; piety of heart, or, to speak with Christ, poverty of spirit, the bearing of sorrow, hunger and thirst after righteousness, and those other beginnings of blessedness with which the Spirit of grace blesses the babes. There were not many who abode long in this region and threw deep roots into this soil; but among the few was Stier. With an unconscious haste most rent themselves out of it, and sought higher blessedness in Christ, without having rightly enjoyed and understood those first but only to be constrained back to them again. For who can in his Christian career do without those first-fruits of salvation?"

The goal of his life was within view when he obtained a place in the Wittenberg Seminary for preachers, which he entered April, 1821. This institution was established by Frederick William III.; and three great men were at the head of it: Nitzsch as *pastor primarius*, Schleussner and Heubner. This last was made a great blessing to Stier, as, indeed, to all the candidates; he fortified their faith, gave them a deep love for theology, and strove to keep their hearts warm with the anticipation of their future work. Stier preached his first sermon on Good Friday; it is given in the extensive appendix, and is a touching proof how full his heart was of the cross of Christ. Many old friends from Berlin heard him. Tholuck was hindered, but asked for the manuscript and wrote back:—"Had I been able to be present, I should have sat in the corner, and let my tears flow in secret. I have read it aloud in our Tuesday meeting, and cannot but mark its highest quality, simplicity." Like his brethren, Stier took appointments in the district around:—

"The peasants had been accustomed, since the institution was founded, to receive the students in the place of their pastors occasionally; but they soon found a difference in Stier which they could hardly reconcile with his very youthful look. 'It is not true that Dr. Heubner made your sermon for you?' said a peasant to him once confidentially after service; another, who generally fetched the student in his cart part way, paid him the compliment of saying:

'Ah, now we have been well off; but the students have been sometimes not worth the fetching.'"

Much of the work of the seminary was distasteful; but its theological advantages were diligently improved. Stier now began that systematic labour upon the Word of God which had scarcely any limit, and knew no intermission to the end. He began with a determination to make the attainment of as nearly as possible a perfect translation an object for life. He had a large quarto Bible interleaved and bound in several volumes, in which he inserted all that he found of any value for the elucidation of the text; and into another still larger folio he re-wrote all that he had collected. This gave him what he called a *horreum homileticum* that never failed. These volumes were always at his hand; and enabled him to dispense with the assistance of other books, at least to a great extent. He never contemplated the task of exposition for its own sake, always with reference to the people who were to be his charge; and the Institution gave him practice in the application of his principles. Topics of discussion were appointed at set times which brought out the respective young men; and Stier soon became known as the foremost among the exegetes, as Rothe was the foremost thinker in the place: "It was," says one, "a blessed time which I cannot look back upon without gratitude and delight. The scientific contests in which, with all brotherly love, we then engaged, had through God's grace a wonderfully stimulating effect upon every individual. One of our most eminent brethren was R. Rothe, whose keen philosophical spirit often gave Stier occasion to bring out his deeper knowledge of Scripture and his fine critical talent. There scarcely passed a day on which one did not feel himself sensibly advanced in the knowledge of sacred truth, in the life of faith, and in the love of our great calling."

The students were accustomed to criticise each other's sermons, one professional critic being appointed from time to time. It is curious to observe that the characteristics of Stier's preaching, as described and commented on at one of their meetings, were precisely those which distinguished it to the end. The critic charged him with preaching altogether from Scripture, and not at all from life. The criticism was felt by many to be just, and was approved by the authorities who heard it. The object of it defended himself in a paper circulated among the students, which, however, we have not space to include in these selections. Suffice that he claims, for his style that at any rate it was in the right direction, as "in the Bible there is preaching of the most keen, the most direct,

and the most reasonable kind for all hearts of all times and of all lands."

It could hardly fail that the three friends, Stier, Rothe, and Gründler, who were so eminently above their fellows, should draw around them a select circle likeminded, whose characters they might mould. This, of course, exposed the select few to the opprobrium of being Separatists, and what we should call Puritanical. They persevered, however, in spite of opposition, and in those days, at least, kept the Reformer's college from the invasion of the rationalist and the formalist spirit. Rothe, subsequently one of the most eminent writers on theological ethics, furnishes this interesting reminiscence:—

"What brought us together as friends was a similarity of religious disposition. We were all of one mind in the sincere conviction that peace of heart could be found nowhere but in Christ, but that it was to be found perfectly in Him; and we were all as yet in the blessed season of our first love to Him. But we had reached our common faith in the Redeemer by very different paths. I had found my Lord and Saviour without the guidance of any particular human teacher and independently of all traditional ascetic method; from a very early age I had been inwardly drawn to Him, without any specific external excitement, by a gradually ever-deepening feeling of my own personal as well as of man's common need. But there was a considerable difference between Stier and me in this respect. He was a Christian of the old stamp; in him there was a noble mixture, or rather interpenetration, of the strenuous Bible fidelity of the nineteenth century and the Pietistic, Spenerish, inward piety; that form of Christianity which the Reformation, appearing first as a church revival, gave birth to, fitted him individually as his own clothing. On him it assumed a stately and noble aspect; and it would have been to my inmost shame if it had not in him deeply impressed my soul. It did impress me in the fullest measure. When I compared the wholeness, the assurance, of my friend's personal Christianity with the unformed character of my own, I was constrained to own that I must be a learner at his feet. Stier's theology not only had its roots in Holy Scripture, but it concentrated itself almost exclusively in it; to a fuller understanding of the Word he referred everything that he acquired of other knowledge. Christian and Biblical were to him equivalent terms; the Bible was to him the whole universe of God. For those branches of theology which did not directly depend on Scripture he failed to entertain any lively interest; and all that which in a broad sense of the term came to be called 'modern ideas,' he quietly let alone. He did this of set purpose, and for a good reason; in order to preserve his simplicity in Christ from being impaired, and because he was anxious to keep himself from being entangled in those labyrinths of dark human wisdom, setting itself up

against the Word of God, the bitter experience of which he had already known. But this was not the only reason; these things never had for him any real attraction. He confined himself, in these matters, almost exclusively to the older theological literature; he many times assured me in those days that he did not know how to acquire any taste for our new results, or how to derive any good from them. Particularly did he repel every kind of simple formalism, or scholastic methods, in sermon or catechising. Now, however much I shared with him this sentiment, yet my scientific impulse drove me in another direction; and a theological science was to me otherwise than to him a personal necessity, as indeed it has always since been. But as I have always bowed with profound respect to his teachings as an author, so also I believe he has had some regard for my little scientific contributions to theology; and—what I have always been most thankful for—in spite of the questionable character which parts of my system must have more and more exhibited to him, he never doubted my own personal Christianity. The marked difference in our individual characteristics could not avail to disturb our friendly understanding, because I was myself only too sensible of the interval that existed between us to my disadvantage. Moreover, there were not wanting objects of common interest, around which our sympathies always met, such as the older hymnological literature, and afterwards Zinzendorf and the Brethren, with whom through his suggestion I obtained a nearer acquaintance.”

The reality and Christian simplicity of Stier's nature, as well as the powerful influence his character exerted, were strikingly illustrated by a matter that occurred shortly after his arrival. Part of the discipline by which the young ministers were trained for their future work was the delivery of certain exercises before the assembled college. Not only did the candidates preach set sermons, they were also required to harangue imaginary congregations of sinners, to deliver persuasives to penitence and confession, to prepare and pronounce sacramental addresses, exhortations to sick persons, remonstrances with delinquents, and other specimens of pastoral rhetoric. Stier felt this kind of “experimenting in empty air upon spiritual realities of the most inward character,” this “ministering medicine to phantoms,” to be a systematic assault upon the dignity and the truth of the religious life. He soon expressed his feelings to others; and with characteristic promptitude, moved his friends Rothe and Gründler to join him in the presentation of an address to the authorities on the subject. This was a very elaborate document, dictated by himself and written by Rothe; and, as a kind of homily rather different from those which they weekly heard from the students, must have taken them by

surprise. It is true in spirit, but exaggerated in statement, and carried altogether too far, as the following sentences will show.

"First of all, we are convinced generally that the work of preaching is indissolubly bound up with the person of him who performs it, and with his own living conviction, so that every testimony and every discourse of the preacher should be no other than the immediate and free utterance of the Spirit living in him. We know from Scripture and experience that God's Word alone can testify what is spiritual truth, and must regard as wrong every theory of the preaching office which trains into the form without the reality. And the word of proclamation concerning Christ is so sacred to us, that we cannot have any fellowship with what treats it only as a word. With all respect for human wisdom and elocution, which may indeed be ministrant to the Spirit of God, we are taught by the Word that in the preaching of the Gospel all eloquence that is the result of discipline, must be below the highest place," &c.

The paper then goes on to show that it had become a matter of conscience not to exercise their preaching gift merely as a matter of form, and therefore they request to be excused from every kind of participation in this part of the discipline; it then exposes the irreverence and absurdity of learning by rote, and delivering in declamation the various kinds of pastoral address for which their zeal and Christian intelligence ought to be sufficient preparation. This document was rather offensive to many. It requested an exemption which could not fail to be followed by some evil effects; however, the request was granted; the three and a few others likeminded never attended on these occasions, while the remainder were content to declaim to their imaginary audiences as before. In all this there was doubtless much of the exaggeration of Pietism; but there was also enough of Christian and good principle to make the whole contest worth studying. Of course, preaching cannot be learnt as an art without its exercises, written and oral. It should be the care of those who conduct these examinations to reduce the attendant evil to a minimum. The Wittenberg office kept their customs, while they conceded to a few dissidents a dangerous exemption. It would have been better at that time—and better for the German and English theological colleges generally—if the examination of the preacher as preacher were conducted in such a manner as to exclude everything that might make the actual service of God's house into a mere matter of form and display. But, in the process of reform, to do away with all test of artistic skill in com-

position and effectiveness in delivery, would be, perhaps, a greater evil than what it sought to cure. The best preaching has something of man's art as well as of God's unction.

The seminary, however, was not a monastic seclusion. The young men were preparing for the world, and already had their ears and their hearts open to all good news concerning the kingdom of God. Wherever they heard of the Lord's presence they hastened to witness and share the blessing. And already the Church was beginning to feel their influence. The following gives a very pleasing picture; it is written by E. Krummacher, who was appointed deacon about nine miles from Wittenberg, and whom our students soon found out. They were hard workers at their books, and good pedestrians too :—

"A new epoch dawned upon our German evangelical Church, and all who were touched by the Gospel, and longed to open its way to the people, felt knit together by the most inward and sacred bonds of brotherhood. So was it with Stier and his dear friend Rothe and myself. Scarce had they heard that in Coswig a young preacher was appointed who proclaimed the crucified Christ with all his heart, when these dear brethren came over; at the very first visit our hearts were united, and we were one in the bonds of the most sacred friendship. We frequently met both in Coswig and Wittenberg, and this never without rich profit for spirit and heart. With joy and gratitude I remember many a long walk we took together, and especially the Watchnight between 1821 and 1822, which I spent with Stier, Rothe, and young Tholuck, then private tutor in Berlin. Amidst solemn conversation, singing and prayer, we passed from the old year into the new. Dr. Heubner belonged to the brotherhood; difference of age was overlooked, and he was our most affectionate companion. He also came often to Coswig; and whenever he took his departure, we must needs always bow our knees together. At that early time of our brotherly intercourse Stier did me an essential exegetical service. I was perplexed with many doubts about the Song of Songs, and its relation to the Canon; nor could I find myself at home in the contents of the book. Stier took it in hand, and spent many hours upon the subject, showing me the deep and precious meaning of the Holy Spirit in it. Eight days afterwards he sent me over a thorough treatise on the book."

A dogmatic epistle of Stier's was blessed to the conversion of Krummacher's father from erroneous doctrine. Many others felt the strong influence of his resolute orthodoxy; some being reclaimed from error, and more being preserved from yielding to it. Tholuck still lives to acknowledge his obligations to his early friend, from whose exegetical principles and doctrine of inspiration he differed more than it

was to his advantage to differ. He was at that time removed to Berlin, and kept up a lively correspondence with Stier, whose own portion of the correspondence is in this case, as in many others, lost. Tholuck writes :—

“Will you communicate to me those excellent and suggestive observations which you have collected on the first ten chapters of St. Luke, and the Epistle to the Romans? On the other hand, I will send you in all simplicity certain learned observations which your want of the sources may make valuable to you. On the Old Testament I use the writings of Hess; they have brought me to a true historical insight. I see I have to thank you for reminding me that he who loves Christ will rather accept too much than too little of Him in the Old Testament, so far as he can do so, however obscure it may be. I am more and more convinced that the ancient Scriptures contain more than people imagine at the first glance: if Christ grows in us, He grows also in the Scripture. I do not understand what you mean by your ‘primarily of man generally, in a typical sense of Christ.’ *Double sense* I cannot accept; otherwise, I find several Messianic among the later psalms. Now you see I have come round to your side, even in what concerns the Kabbalistic interpretation. I have resolved to accept the double sense; see what you have won!”

On leaving this theological seminary at the end of two years, Stier accepted an appointment as teacher in a normal school for teachers at Karalene. But during the brief interval he paid a visit to Gerlachschorf, where his friend Rennecke and he enjoyed each other's society for a few weeks. This visit was of considerable importance to Stier. He and his companion read together some of the writings of Luther, and were much struck by the motto of one of them: “Would to God that my exposition and that of all other teachers might go down, and every Christian take to himself the simple Scripture and the pure Word of God for himself.” Stier had been, like many others, much troubled by those rash words of Luther which rejected St. James, “the epistle of straw;” words which, with some others like them, were much employed by rationalists in their attacks on the Bible. He had long made up his mind to let Luther go, and cleave to the Bible, where the two came into collision; and this evidence that Luther himself agreed with him was a great comfort. On the same occasion he gave expression to the views which are still found in his expositions on Luther's addition of “alone” in Rom. iii. 28, and his omission of “even now” in Matt. xxvi. 23.

He attended the services of Gnadenfrei, a flourishing Moravian community, and thus writes his impressions. His words are all the more important as coming from one who was predisposed from youth to entertain favourable sentiments concerning the Brethren, and to sympathise with their spirit :—

“ I could, while I was there, altogether forget what afterwards fell heavily on my heart, that even this was to many only letter—to me it was spirit—of life, and I joined with all my heart in the ever-recurring *Hear us, dear Lord God!* The preacher, a venerable old man, spoke with heart-moving power—at least it was so to me—of the higher lawgiving of the kingdom of heaven, which, exalted far above this earthly external order of things, aims only at pure and perfect love, which is ratified by the blood of the Lawgiver Himself, who can pour into our hearts from His death the unchangeable power of the Divine love, which then renews and sweetens the inmost recesses of the heart, and so becomes in life the fulfilment of the law, until we come to rest in the holy Sabbath upon the breast of Eternal Love, of Him who loved us unto death and redeemed us for Himself. The Lord made all this life to my heart; and, when I was alone with my dear friend Rennecke, we fell on each other's neck weeping, blessing God that we might consecrate ourselves to the office that for ever proclaims this love. The Lord was with us, and our united breathing was: ‘Overpower us utterly, O Thou Endless Love, that we may live only in Thee, and then in Thy Spirit bear such testimony to sinners that we may use violence upon them and draw, yea force, them to Thy salvation, before their sins can arise to hinder them!’ Then we went to the silent graves.”

Established at Karalene, he faithfully discharged his duty; but his tranquillity was interrupted by difficulties relating to his ordination. The necessity of preaching a specimen sermon—or fragment of sermon—before the Faculty in an empty church, was, as we already know, revolting to him, and ended in his undergoing no examination at all. It was in this place that he gave to the world the first proof of his originality of exegetical genius, in the first volume of his *Andeutungen*; or, *Hints for a Thorough Understanding of Scripture*.

In the following year Stier received an application from the well-known missionary institute at Basle to undertake the office of teacher in theology. The eyes of the committee had been turned to Olshausen, then Professor in Königsberg; he declined the offer, but urgently recommended his friend the author of the *Andeutungen*. After dilating upon his many qualifications of piety, learning, and ability to teach, he went

on to say :—" But above all he is a friend of the Lord ; not, like so many now-a-days, half awakened, but one who is thoroughly alive to God, one who has not shrunk from the hard conflict of self-denial, but with all earnestness wrestles for the pearl of great price ; a man in every respect marked out, whom the Lord will most surely make good use of in His vineyard, be it where it may. I have an extensive Christian acquaintanceship in North Germany, but I know none who is so well adapted as this Stier to such a post, requiring such manifold, peculiar, and thorough qualifications. I have felt bound to express to you my conviction, I could not have forgiven myself had I not turned your thoughts towards such a possibility." He also wrote to Stier, who replied :—" The sphere of labour which you mention is precisely and most perfectly that one which responds to my own wishes, and which I may say I have expected from a consciousness of being called and fitted for it. Thus there can be no question whether I should regard the call as from the Lord, and joyfully and confidently accept it."

It was with great joy and confidence that Inspector Blumhardt's proposal from the committee was accepted. It opened a prospect of release from a position which was far from congenial, and of employment in the service to which his life was devoted ; while at the same time it solved a very interesting difficulty, by enabling him to marry the daughter of Superintendent Nitzsch, to whom he had for some time been betrothed. Settled in the mission-house, he received ordination to the ministry of the Reformed Church, an ordination which, in those days of the new union between the Lutheran and Reformed branches, it was guaranteed would be respected on his return to Prussia. It is a remarkable evidence of the catholicity of spirit which animated both the ordainers and the ordained, that such passages as these in Stier's confession of faith were accepted by the Calvinistic community :—

" Since a confession of my faith in relation to the Basle Confession is required, in order to my ordination, I in all sincerity before God avow as follows :—(1.) *Concerning God*, His triune essence, His creation and providence, I believe what the Church has uttered out of Scripture in the apostolical symbol. As also, that in God's eternal Being, without before and after, all those are from the beginning elected to salvation whom He wills to save, *but that these are all men without exception* (1 Tim. ii. 4 ; Ezek. xviii. 23) ; and that Scripture calls the saved elect, because through their faith the election of God might come to actual realisation. (2.) *Concerning Christ*, true God and true man, I believe all that is found in the

Confession; and also, in particular, that Christ satisfied the Father for our sins, according to the ancient expression of the Church; which I understand as meaning that He did what before God was necessary to our reconciliation with God: that is, not that He bore in His suffering and death the wrath of God upon Himself, for the Father loved Him because of His death (John x. 17), but that He endured the suffering of self-sacrifice before the holy and merciful will of God, which, as it is the punishment and condemnation of all sinful men, is also a fire of purification to all who believe and obey; that He endured this in His holy humanity, as this gave Him a new self, &c., changing the punishment to them who believed into a discipline of regeneration, imparting the new power of His Spirit to our human nature, &c. (3.) *Concerning the Sacrament*: I believe that we should keep it in memorial and showing forth of our Lord's death, and that the bread and wine without change are figures only of the body and blood of Christ. But I believe further, that we sinful and mortal men are truly and really fed in body, soul, and spirit with the body, soul, and spirit of Christ, as these are one in His present glorified body—fed as with the bread of life into a resurrection bodily and spiritual, &c.; that this essentially takes place without the symbols in the feast internal (Rev. iii. 20), but in a more express sense in the Lord's appointed way."

Thus at the age of five-and-twenty Stier was installed teacher of theology; his office including, however, instruction in the elements of the sacred tongues, especially the Hebrew, homiletics and pastoral lectures; besides a share in the religious government of the household, and more or less of correspondence with missionaries. By extraordinary diligence and irrepressible fervour he kept the work of all his classes in high efficiency; and, by making his preparation for the press run parallel with his instructions, he was able to keep in view one great end of his life—to instruct the public through the press. Had his own health and his wife's continued firm, it is probable that he would have remained in the mission-house; but protracted if not heavy afflictions, combined with a certain want of sympathy and perfect understanding between him and Blumhardt, induced him to resign when his term of four years had expired.

His influence while in this seminary was very great. Multitudes of testimonies from old students poured in after his death, all concurring in the expression of reverence and gratitude. His intense earnestness, and pure devotion to Scripture, and simple fervour in prayer, and affability in private intercourse, are recalled by many almost in the same terms. So Bishop Gobat writes:—

"I heard only the first four lectures on Isaiah, and can now only recall generally the deep impression which almost every word produced on me and the other students, and how thankful we all were to have received such a teacher. Before my journey to England I had to receive ordination in a town about fifteen miles from Basle, and it was my great happiness to have Stier as my companion. He was in the name of the Committee to introduce and recommend me to the Dean, and he did this in the most gracious manner. I cannot now recall the thread of the discourse on the road, but it remains amongst the most pleasant remembrances of my life. If I might ever say of any one 'Would that I were like him!' it should be of Stier."

Another says:—

"During my stay in London I received from him a very copious and interesting letter concerning the marriage relations of missionaries. If the deceased was in the habit of writing to brethren abroad such comprehensive and thorough letters as mine (and I have every reason to think he did), then he did a very good work indeed for the missionary cause while at Basle."

Another makes some pithy observations, in the force of which we quite concur:—

"We soon found out that the Lord had sent us in him a great power; though young in years he was full of earnestness, light, and love. He was a teacher who taught rightly the Bible truths and all that he taught; his views were clear, his judgment sound, his deductions logical, and his thoughts, sometimes striking in their originality, always rich and full. After Meyer's manner his exegetical remarks, although thorough and free, were brief; in striking contrast with his subsequent exegetical works. With all my respect for the wealth of thought in the *Words of Jesus*, and other later works, I feel disposed to lament that Stier did not continue to teach in the chair, as in that case his works would have been more concisely conceived, and the theological world would have received a wider variety; they would then also have been much more used. In his Hebrew exegesis he imparted to us much sound, and spiritual, and ingenious matter; but Christ was beginning, middle, and end. Like Olshausen, he showed a wonderfully clear insight into the figures and types of the Old Testament and their connection with the New."

These remarks remind us of the purpose with which Stier set out—the earliest gigantic conception of his ambitious thought—to write a commentary, in the form of running paraphrase, on all the books of Scripture; based on the idea of discovering the plan of the Holy Ghost in the construction of the whole, and the disposition of the several books. Obvi-

ously this plan would have insured the advantages of brevity, and the result would have been the exhibition of the one all-pervading idea of Scripture, at least according to the annotator's conception, with a unity of purpose seldom preserved in such attempts. Beginning with St. Matthew, the young commentator reached the end of the first evangelist just as he went to Basle, when it occurred to him to submit the manuscript to the judgment of Ebel, one of his former tutors in Wittenberg. With all his independence, he was never indisposed to ask for friendly advice, and rarely disinclined to follow it when his judgment was convinced. In the present case the result was critical, and tended to the subversion of his plans and the reconstruction of his system. His friend affectionately condemned the entire project. He showed that for all the purposes of general explanation there were already commentaries enough; that the plan which he purposed to adopt would expose him to the danger of being superficial, dogmatic, and perfunctory; that he would fall into the snare of supposing that he must needs write on every subject; that he was too young and inexperienced for such a design. After very much that was aptly applied, the faithful friend dealt such tender wounds as these: "Therefore am I of the mind that the holy men of God wrote altogether, word for word, just what and as it was suitable for men of all times and all places; in such wise that every paraphrase which men would interject must have the effect of interruption. My most trusted friend and brother, you will not take it ill in me if I tell you that to me the Gospel *without* your paraphrases is more simple and clear, and therefore more edifying." This, and much more of the same kind, came like an electric stroke upon the ardent young exegete. He wrote humbly to his monitor, suggesting that at least he might expound some special parts of Scripture. This was conceded, on the understanding that certain other parts were never to be touched; such, for instance, as the early history in Genesis. It is hard to decide whether this rugged bigot, who afterwards went much astray in his fanaticism, did Stier real service. It was well to repress the precocious ardour of a youth who purposed to give the world a commentary on Holy Scripture at the rate of a book for every Easter, and the patient himself thought that he was skilfully dealt with, as appears from the following extract of a letter to his dearest friend and future wife:—

"But chiefly I have to bring with me for you an important letter from Ebel, who has effectually been my master, and blotted out in

one hour all my plans for paraphrasing Scripture, so that they are not likely to rise again. That is naturally a matter of the greatest moment, and it was an hour of grace for my whole life. The Lord does not leave me alone, but purges in His own time and way the branch, that it may bring forth more, that is better, fruit. Ebel, after reading through what I had already written, has made it plain as the sun that this kind is good neither for me nor anyone else; he has taken a covering from my eyes, and I can heartily rejoice that now I better know how I may serve the Lord. He has thoroughly made me acquainted with myself."

But before much advancement could be made in the knowledge of God's ancient Word, its language must be studied. Stier had never been fundamentally grounded in philology, and his Hebrew was altogether of his own acquirement. Not content with any helps that were at hand, chafing restlessly at the dogmatism of Gesenius, whose rapid rise to supremacy was matter of deep grief to him, and filled with an enthusiastic notion of the treasures which the Masorites had been raised up to bequeath to posterity, he set about the construction of his own grammar. He worked his way through the ground forms of the language—*docendo discens*; but it was not until several years afterwards that he sent his work to the press. When it was given to the public, Ewald's labours were too recent and too striking to allow any chance to a competitor; especially to a competitor whose principles were somewhat mystical and might seem to have a strong touch of Kabbalism in them. But though Stier was not destined to win fame as an innovator in Hebrew letters, his studies were of great importance to himself; while the public has the benefit of them in the thorough learning of his works on Isaiah and the Psalms, and his own countrymen particularly in his contributions to the revision of Luther's version.

During the first year at Basle appeared a volume of hymns, the reception of which was far from enthusiastic, either among friends or foes. Many hymns of a mystical strain, with touches of too glowing symbolism and over-coloured religious fervour, together with some paraphrases of Schiller, to which at an earlier date his rhyming gift had been perverted, tended to lower the book in the opinion of the best judges. But he found consolation in the prosecution of his *Andeutungen*, which was the vehicle for the expression of his deepest thoughts concerning the depths of Scripture, and the true principles of its interpretation. The third and fourth volumes of this work were issued a year later, and contained the exposition of the discourses of the Apostles in the Acts, a

translation of which has just been issued by Messrs. Clark, to be referred to hereafter.

On leaving Basle—the necessities of which demanded a far less thorough teacher than Stier—he received ample attestations of his distinguished gifts for the benefit of the Church of Christ on earth, of his extensive learning, peculiar talent for the instruction of young men, and uniform Christian excellence. The testimony expressed the Committee's sense of their loss: "They would have regarded it as a great advantage if he had seen his way clear, and circumstances had allowed him, to discharge for a long series of years the task allotted to him." Some time before his departure overtures were made to him from a mission-house recently established at Berlin, to undertake the directorship. He hesitated much to reject the offer: knowing full well how onerous and distracting the duties would probably be, he yet suffered negotiations to proceed. But when he came to the point, and asked what leisure would be allowed him for necessary literary work, he was informed that the Institute would demand all his time and energies. This settled the matter: and the young pair travelled slowly to Father Nitzsch, in Wittenberg, there to await the indications of Providence.

Stier's mind turned strongly, indeed vehemently, towards the pulpit and the pastoral charge. His friends were anxious that he should apply for some cure in a large town that might have a professor's chair connected with it. But he firmly resisted: "No more a professor's chair for me, only the pastoral office. Sermons must now continue my old Bible analysis; cure of souls must be the counterpoise of intellectual cultivation; the elements must now be laid aside." It was no easy matter, however, to obtain a charge in the National Church of Prussia: application after application was rejected by this and that pompous official, each one being armed against him by some prejudice derived from his past character as a Pietist. He defended himself with vigour, but his protests were unheeded. Applications made for certain vacancies in his own province of Posen—where it would have been very much to his joy to labour—were bootless. The magistrates in one place were divided, and the majority rejected him (1) because he had failed in the form of his application; (2) because he had studied law in former years; (3) because he had belonged to the demagogues; (4) because he had been in the mission-house. At length, a personal application to the Minister of Religion at Berlin was successful, though not until he had been subjected to the indignity of dilating on his

personal claims and the value of his preparatory practical labours. He took the poor prize from many competitors: first was promised most favourable consideration, then commended to the authorities in the Merseburg district, and finally found himself pastor of Frankleben, that is after local probation of his preaching gift, with an income of between five and six hundred dollars per annum. He was required to send in to the Consistory a Latin narrative of his life; in due time the little church was confirmed to him to be instructed in the Word of God "as it is contained in Scripture, and in the formularies of both Evangelical Confessions, so far as these Confessions agree together." The union of the Lutheran and Evangelical Reformed churches, which began in 1817, had rendered it easier for him to take office after his four years' service in the Swiss Church.

The interval of a year, meanwhile, had not been idly spent. Correspondence with a large circle of friends, reviews in several theological serials, occupied the fragments of his time; the completion of the *Andeutungen*, and the preparation of a work on homiletics, to which he gave the name *Keryktik*, filled up the better part of it. Like most of his earlier works, this one is marred by an overstrained element of mysticism, as well as by an excessive tendency to minute analysis. Its publication involved him in no little controversy, which made clear to him the fact, made more and more plain to the very last,—that he could belong to no party, but must stand alone. By the freethinking, or, as they called themselves, the scientific theologians of the day, his works were simply treated as if they did not exist; they were bitterly reviewed by Lücke and others of the more orthodox critical school, whom he was in the habit of too unsparingly denouncing; his own circle of friends only freely expressed their scruples, and shrank from the flights of his enthusiasm. In short, he had paid a heavy penalty for two faults which he had committed at the outset: that of unduly depreciating theological science in others, and that of thinking that everything he wrought upon must be printed. But we now follow him to ten years of a new and eminently fruitful career.

In Frankleben, Stier found a lamentable state of things. However kind the people were to the new pastor and his wife personally, they manifested no trace of spiritual apprehension; and were in the habit of talking as if it were an "understood matter that religious offices were matter of business and maintenance to the parson." In all the villages around, as he soon found out in visiting his neighbours, there

reigned the most torpid rationalism with all its consequences; the pastors regarded the glebe and the farming far more than the office, and discharged their duties in the most unblushing manner as mere forms.

"An old pastor in the neighbourhood made the new minister at Frankleben his *beichtwater* (confessor), as he had done his predecessor; but looked very much astonished one day when Stier, after receiving the confessions of others, asked it of him also in the sacristy; almost like Cato with the augurs, he thought in all earnestness 'that this was all very good for the people, but that *we* can do away with such things among ourselves.' Some time afterwards he was invited by a brother clergyman to his communion festival. However much Stier recoiled from a custom which interfered with such a day, he on this occasion went. A considerable circle of clergy were assembled. After dinner, anecdotes were read for the general entertainment, and many of them of a very objectionable sort. Stier then interposed a modest objection, and asked whether a better selection might not be made on such a day as that; an explosion of laughter was the reply. He immediately took up his hat and stick and departed."

His fervid preaching soon began to tell. There was a gradual awakening among the people; the afternoon prayer-meeting began to revive; people flocked to his ministry from all parts, and the signs of a true revival were manifest. The young people were impressed with the reality of religious services; and, as might be expected, the devout adults soon desired more intimate means of grace and religious communion than the public services offered. On a certain evening he was in the habit of receiving the men, and his wife the women, for religious conversation, much to their benefit. This, however, was soon noised abroad, and the superintendent thought it necessary to bring these "conventicle services" before the Magdeburg Consistory, in the decision of which, however, good sense triumphed over bigotry. At that time there was no watchword more full of reproach than that of "mysticism;" and Stier took every precaution against the creation of a sect within the Church. But he bore his cross meekly, and did not shrink from incurring the reproach of many of his brethren far and wide by promoting temperance societies, and other forms of usefulness, which shocked the stagnant Christians of the district. Tholuck says in his sketch: "The writer, once in an inn at Frankleben, asked what kind of man the new pastor was, and was told, 'He is a mystic;' and when he asked what kind of people they were, had for reply, 'They are preachers who live as they preach.'"

In those young and vigorous days he set himself heartily to

the work of reformation; not an abuse, private or public, in religious matters that he did not assault. He was a reformer from Luther's translation down to the payment of sacramental fees. Open sinners were repelled from communion, many frivolous practices abated, the prevalent laxity attacked by restoring an old usage of reading out on New Year's Day the names of all the children born and young people betrothed. Not content with private exhortation and public preaching against abuses, he endeavoured, though mostly in vain, to stir up the clergy around; and in some cases petitioned the ecclesiastical authorities, and even the King himself. This last was occasioned by the pernicious custom of holding an annual fair on a Sunday in his neighbourhood. Part of his petition will explain the case:—

“Deeply persuaded in my own unworthy self that the meaning of the Divine command, ‘Keep holy the Sabbath-day,’ extends to Christian states, and full of confidence in the sentiment of your Majesty, as shown by many ordinances for the welfare and dignity of the Church, I venture hereby to submit the most humble question—Whether it is in truth the mind of your Majesty that generally on Sundays and festivals fairs should be held in your Majesty's states? In case your Majesty should be pleased to issue a prohibition, not only many ministers of the Church, in whose name I make this request, but also a large number of your Majesty's Christian subjects, would bless your Majesty before God for the removal of the occasion of so many sins through a royal acknowledgment of the law of God. In the opposite case they would contemplate the continuing desecration of the Lord's Day with deep sorrow, but with submission to the will of their beloved sovereign. Stier received a communication from the Cabinet that his Majesty had been pleased to demand a report; but he had no further token that his letter was regarded. On the contrary, the fair at Almsdorf is officially appointed in the Calendar for 1868 to be held on Sunday; and the same may be said of many other places.”

The new “offices” adapted to the union, which had been produced by Frederick William III. and his ministers, and which were now made binding in Saxony, were matters of close scrutiny to him. On the tercentenary of the Augsburg Confession in 1830, his altar was conformed to requirement; a new crucifix and a new Bible established, and all things done according to order. But the Book of Offices offended him on some points, and he sent a general request to the Minister of Religion to be allowed to observe his own mind as to certain particulars, such as rearrangement of certain prayers, freedom to compose his own liturgical service for

certain days, important changes in the Communion of the Sick, concerning which last we must give an extract, somewhat abridged :—

“ 8. In one particular case I am constrained most submissively, but most urgently, to ask dispensation from the use of the Formulary—that of the Communion of the Sick. Here I am commanded to use the same forms always and in their order. To my feeling it seems very improper, and tending to a superstitious regard to the power of a mere ceremony, to read the ordinance out of the Church book, and only to read the confession, as it is called, to the sick man. I might call it unrighteous that the watcher over souls, who stands at the bedside of the dying with the sacrament in the name of the Lord, should be *forbidden* to speak freely, and freely to pray, as the Spirit may influence him at the time. If on every occasion that only may be read which the Formulary appoints, shortness of time will necessarily leave but little time for extempore words. In this holy act, therefore, in which I have always acted *without any offices* at all, be pleased to grant me the same freedom, without which I should not be in a position to discharge my duty freely and with good conscience.”

On many of the other points toleration was granted, but on this, No. 8, the guardian of the law, Dr. Haasenritter, was rigid. However reasonable the request for dispensation from the formularies of sick communion in certain cases may be, it could not be conceded on the grounds herein named. But the young minister seems to have observed his own mind. He from that time forward made liturgical revision a special point. The concessions obtained by his straightforwardness justified him in innumerable little modifications, which finally resulted in a set of Private Offices from his hand that became very popular throughout the north-east of Germany. Not that he undervalued the liturgy; he valued it perhaps too highly, considering its general character, but he considered its perfection to be attained only by judicious extempore or occasional supplements. Its importance as a standard of theological truth was felt by him in Germany, as it is felt by most wise men in England. And this, after his manner, he took care to tell the public. He published in the *Kirchenzeitung*, and then separately, a vigorous essay, called “The Theological Chair and the Church; or, Rationalism and the Offices.” Schleiermacher had the folly to attack this, and thereby to rank himself among the Rationalists; and this brought out another pamphlet yet more vigorous, “The Apostolical Confession of Faith and the Offices.”

These were years of great literary activity. Stier had been a considerable writer of reviews, especially in the serial of which Hengstenberg was editor. But editorial tampering was as distasteful to him as to most other writers. This, however, he endured, and wrote on until he found his independence as well as his style interfered with. For instance, Hengstenberg sends him a copy of Schleiermacher's sermons, with the following note of instruction: "Putting together all that I have heard of the reception and effect of earlier essays against Schleiermacher, I have to request you to be as gentle and sparing as possible in expression; there are many good Christian people here, among whom, by way of example, I may mention only Gen. Th., who, in reference to Schleiermacher are very easily susceptible of being wounded, although they do not exactly make his cause their own," &c. Stier at once declined; but it was otherwise with the request of one to whom he had never denied anything. Meyer wrote him: "As it regards my *Glaubenslehre*, I cannot think with indifference of the effect upon the readers of the unripe judgment of most of the staff of the *Kirchenzeitung*; hence I ask you to provide a review of your own. Nothing can be said of the preoccupation of your views, but I know no one who better understands me than you, and who would show more moderation in differing from me." Considering their relations, this was something of a trial; and scarcely less so the review of his brother-in-law, Nitzsch's, "System of Christian Doctrine." "Thanks," writes Nitzsch, "for your review of my 'System.' I have been able to get more good from your unprinted notice than from five or six printed ones that I have read. I have only this against you, that you know so much so positively, and will speak of it as certain, that has no clear word of Scripture in its favour, and cannot by any other Christian man be proved true."

Having published his *Keryktik*, he in 1830 printed a volume of sermons to illustrate his principles. They were, as it were, a manifesto against the too prevalent habit of making the text a mere motto; and showed, like his subsequent sermons on the Gospels and Epistles, that a thorough penetration of the meaning of the Scripture, and the most careful unfolding of the context, might be made quite consistent with the idea of public instruction. As works of art they are simple and unlaboured; and to our mind the illustration and application are too entirely drawn from the Scripture itself. Were it not for some faint trace of a symmetrical order they would seem to be mere expositions of a paragraph, which certainly can

never be made the theory of the modern sermon. Stier then set upon the task of correcting Luther's Catechism; much to his own satisfaction and that of his friends, he soon provided what aimed to be an accommodation of the old standard to modern requirements. Again and again he issued improvements on this work, the importance of which he himself estimated more highly than almost anything else that he wrote. Meanwhile, his first attempt did not meet with universal acceptance. Some thought it presumptuous; others thought that not Luther himself could have improved Luther; while many considered the book useful for the teachers, but not for the taught. But whatever might have been, and may be, the general estimate, the several catechisms bearing his name are excellent little manuals of divinity, and give evidence of the extreme care with which Stier was accustomed to train from year to year his candidates for confirmation.

Not content with this, Stier challenged the attention of the Christian public to the state of the Church's service of praise. He mourned deeply over the impoverished collection of hymns in common use. Nor did he rest until a new collection was ready for the public, for which he earnestly but fruitlessly endeavoured to secure official authorisation. Though he inserted only four of his own productions, and the superiority of the book as a whole was acknowledged, it was not until many years had passed that he attained his object in any degree. A far more important work at this time began to engage his attention, and one which he persevered in for between twenty and thirty years, the publication of an amended edition of his master Meyer's revision of Luther's translation of the Bible. After encountering much opposition from individuals and from Bible societies—opposition which he manfully resisted in pamphlet after pamphlet—he had the satisfaction in 1838 of correcting his first proofs of the work which, slowly stereotyped through a long course of years, was finally published in 1856, and is undoubtedly, with its original and striking collection of parallel passages, one of the best modern editions of the Bible, and one which the student (familiar with German) should always have at hand.

Having paved the way by the publication in 1833 of the *Hebrew Grammatical Accidence*, Stier prepared for the press his first great critical work on "Seventy Selected Psalms;" the first part of the book, and the more valuable, being the Messianic Psalms, which are most exhaustively, though not diffusely, treated. For this work he had prepared himself, since the Basle elements were mastered, by a thorough study

of the Chaldee Paraphrases, the Talmud, and even the Arabic. A glance at the book is sufficient to show its immense learning. Yet he published the first part with considerable apprehension; he says in the preface that "his outward vocation, and the limitation of his reading required thereby, forbade the presumption of reckoning himself among the scientifically learned, or placing himself in that circle of scholastics who are only to be rejected when they arrogantly use their learning, and are otherwise to be deeply respected." His friends heartily welcomed the volume, although some of them demurred to the dogmatic tone in which the ancient Psalms were made to give up their meaning—as, for instance, Schmieder in the following words:—"If I may give expression to any qualification, I may say that I feel some anxiety with regard to the iron rigidity with which your principle is carried out. That which comes out of the Psalms as the breath of the Spirit becomes something different when it is seized and set down in definite ideas and absolute precision of words; one would fain have the meaning of the Messianic Psalms itself uttered in Psalms." Vague criticism this, but containing an element of deep truth. His old tutor De Wette dealt with the book in a very harsh style, just as Ewald treated his grammar. Stier was tempted to attack the critical dragon, but first consulted Nitzsch, whose marvellously clear mind saw the state of the case, and sent this advice:—

"Do not write against De Wette, unless you have something to say that will further the cause of scientific theology, or tend to awaken and confirm the faith of the Church; so that the personal part of the matter shall be quite subordinate. For my own part, I have made it a law never to write a criticism on another's work, especially an anti-criticism, without being fully persuaded that I can use the occasion to make the matter more clear to myself or to the public. It is true that De Wette has spoken unrighteously and untruly about your exegetical tendency generally, and some of your expositions in particular. But he himself has made many a blunder in the Psalms. Meanwhile, have you not beforetime treated him harshly and intemperately? I will not decide, especially as I am not familiar with your department. Sack is very busy with your Psalms. He praises them often, but blames also: he thinks he has found that," &c.

It was of some importance that Umbreit gave him in the theological *Studien und Kritiken* a very laudatory notice, and Stier defended himself from the attacks that were aimed at him on all sides by essays in the theological periodicals, one of which, on "The Stages and Goal of Scripture Expo-

sition," deserves to be read by everyone. It is the most complete statement of the principles of his exegesis that he ever gave; and we think that Messrs. Clark would do good service by including this and some more of Stier's very spirited and thoroughly wrought-out essays in a separate volume. Nowhere does he appear to better advantage than in his occasional papers, pamphlets, and prefaces.

In 1838 Stier was induced by his friends to seek an appointment in the neighbourhood of Barmen, in Wupperthal; a sphere of high Christian activity, the centre of a flourishing missionary society, and other religious organisations. But he must needs go and be tried: for, although his writings spoke for him among the select, it was known that there would be much opposition, and another candidate was in the field. The following letter to his wife will give a clear view of the situation, and be read with interest as throwing light on modern Lutheranism:—

"On Sunday I preached in the great Wupperthal church, and tarried over-night with Pastor Feldhoff, who would be my nearest neighbour. The church was crowded as I have never seen any before; they reckoned that four thousand were present, and many had to go away. The Lord gave me thought and confidence; this time I spoke extempore after my own fashion (whereas the Wupperthal preachers are in the habit of writing all and committing to memory), and gave great satisfaction—only all did not quite understand me because I was not attentive to that point. Then came the meetings to take me into examination. On Wednesday the festival was in Elberfeld; in a larger church I corrected my error and was understood by all. First Sack preached, mild and good; then came myself, with a free discourse on the mission cause and the report; then another spoke and prayed. Hassell, the publisher, came at once for the MS., which naturally I could not give him. Service was from half-past three to six, and then an evening collation, which I hardly knew how to name. You have no idea how matters go here. Tobacco-smoking, singing of spiritual verses, prayers and addresses, wine-drinking and conversation—all mixed together in one great crowded hall, where scarcely anyone was who did not love the Lord and was a noble man in his own place. The adherents of my *fellow-besought* (so, thank God, they call us here, not *fellow-candidates*), Pastor M. of Bremen, do their best. They have brought him; he preached to-day and on Sunday; after friendly greeting I have left the field to him—I leave it in God's hand, and can only say that we must be ready to migrate at Michaelmas, though with the possibility that the contrary may be the case. As to the *confession money* I have spoken plainly, and it is hoped that this will be no hindrance. As for *you*, my Ernestine, I may rejoice like a child, for you will

come into a kind of Paradise. *All* the women whom I have seen are as *simple* Christians as we could wish, and look forward to having you with great pleasure. They say that in Wupperthal there are two or three women believers to one man—only think! Simultaneously there is another place that wants me, quite as agreeable in externals, Güterslop near Bielefeld, where almost everyone wishes me to come. Eight days hence I was to go and preach; indeed, there will probably be a deputation here! Of course, I cannot accept that, because I am bound to await quietly the result. And indeed the mere transference to this part of the country, without the peculiar recommendations of Wupperthal, does not seem to me the Lord's will."

Party ran high, and the contest was slowly decided. "On the 15th the election took place as an act of Divine service, as usual, under the direction of the superintendent; and twenty-six out of the forty-eight electors or "representatives" of the Church were for Stier. At first there was a strong disposition to oppose; but, as the opposition was organised under the influence of local prejudices and party feud, calmer reflection brought acquiescence; and, as the protest did not touch his own person or character, there was no reason why Stier should not enter upon the new sphere with some measure of confidence and hope.

At first all went well in this new sphere. But by degrees Stier discovered that the ecclesiastical character of the Rhenish province had been invested with an illusive attraction. The eight years of his ministry in Barmen were not the happiest in his life. Party spirit was strong in his immense congregation; and those who had opposed his introduction were bent in turning to the worst account his independence, his abruptness of speech, his comparative indifference to social pastoral visitation, and the severity of his dealing with human infirmity. "What you complain of," he writes to a brother pastor, "applies also to this charge; there is a special lack of unity among believers, and it might seem my particular vocation in this sense also to be a union-man. There is very much that I have to fight down; but I know my orders and hope in grace to be firm. There is already, as, alas! the tendency here is always, a specific circle forming around me. Moreover, I am very thankful that I have the opportunity of showing my interest in missionary work." Here, however, as in Frankleben, his preaching took the neighbourhood by surprise, and his church was crowded, though not always by entirely satisfied hearers, as witness the following extracts from a letter signed by numbers who heard

him preach once on Luke xvi. 22. We give only the prominent points :—

“ We do not think that anything like this has before sounded from the Wichlinghäuser pulpit, nor did we suppose that you would so soon begin to give us such sermons. We do not assume to doubt that here and there in Scripture hints are to be found which require us to interpose an unexpressed sentence ; whether, however, it exists or not, we are not disposed to assert with regard to many an obscure passage ; at least we think that you far too distinctly and fully exhibit and expound your supplied text as contradistinguished from the Word of God. You will not take it ill if we venture to say that this kind of preaching should not be brought into the pulpit ; for we find in such preaching neither blessing, nor edification, either for ourselves or for others ; and yet this ought to be the aim of every evangelical preacher. Not only believers have been wounded, but people of the world have been prejudiced, and you will encounter a general opposition if you persist.”

All this may partly be explained by the fact that the valley in which Stier laboured was much troubled by the remnants of certain Pietistic sects, which had perverted good principles into some very perilous forms of evils. There were in Wichlinghäuser multitudes of the adherents of the Collenbusch doctrine, which, in its mysticism, made light of external things ; realised truth only within the heart, “ taught that men might attain unto perfect holiness and likeness to God in this life, and that every step in the advance towards that perfection may and must be consciously marked.” All this was but a refined corruption of profound and precious truth ; but none knew better than Stier how fully redemption must be internally reproduced, what glorious provision is made for the extirpation of sin and the restoration of the image of God in Christ upon man’s soul, and the constant testimony afforded by the Spirit of His own gifts. But he saw that the danger of some of his people was very great. He remembered the narrow escape he himself had had from the snares of theosophy ; and it may be that sometimes his language in the pulpit when denouncing so-called “ pious discourse ” was stronger than his people could tolerate, and stronger than he would have used, save under the impulse of desire to save his flock from a great delusion.

In fact, the charge of a church such as that over which he was set must have been an intolerable burden. Composed of thousands of people, of all shades of opinion from blank Rationalism to mystical enthusiasm, without any principle of cohesion, having the pastor in the midst of them as a symbol

of a unity that could not be secured, it was not to be wondered at that this was a turbulent and uncongenial sphere. He had all that he could wish among the select few, the real Christians of the community. His relations also with the clergy around were generally of the most pleasant kind. The valley abounded with charitable organisations and festivities; missionary and temperance societies taking the lead. In these he took a prominent part, and gradually assumed his rightful place as one of the main pillars of the Rhenish evangelical churches.

Among other matters of complaint, then and afterwards alleged, was his indifference to miscellaneous intercourse with his flock. Neither his temper nor his time allowed this free fellowship; but all the more solicitous was he to discharge the duty of guardian over souls in relation to individual cases. He was accustomed to use a "Seelenbuch" (Book of souls), in which conversations with individuals and the details of special cases were inserted for future guidance. His successor in Frankleben wrote him for explanation, and received a long letter, which ended with the following paragraph:—

"Oh, how easy and pleasant, dear brother, must your little flock be to you! Always work enough, but such as you can go round about, so that, devoting yourself altogether to the Church, your soul-book is by degrees carried in your head and heart. To me it was very new and very hard, when I found that among 3,000 widely scattered people I must give up the idea of the perfect cure of souls, or even of knowing the individuals of the flock at all. The only thing I could accomplish was a list of houses with the names of the occupants; imperfect, however, as the factory workmen are continually changing, so that every May my list is only half true. According to my experience here, and at Frankleben, while the general care of souls ought not indeed to be wanting, so far as possible, the real benefit of it is found only among those who are impressed by the preaching. Not only when we can do nothing more, but universally, the public preaching has the great promise of usefulness; upon it, therefore, we must concentrate all the strength that the Lord gives us. The people receive God's Word from the pulpit, and the Spirit distributes it to them individually; when it is brought to them personally and apart, they find it easier to decline it. One might say that the minister's personal intercourse with his flock has a threefold end: 1. Generally to awaken confidence by showing that the minister, under the pulpit, while he is man is the same minister of God; 2. In specific cases to rebuke or awaken, in order to prepare for the preaching; 3. Pre-eminently, however, to collect into nearer fellowship and closer care those who have been awakened through the Word."

Having finished in 1842 his contribution to the new Luther-Meyer-Stier Bible (his own best part being the parallel passages), he published a series of discourses on the Hebrews, in the form of which he endeavoured to follow out a hint of Nitzsch. That sharp-sighted relative wrote: "I exceedingly value the ingenious, almost John Paul-like, manner in which Tholuck, Meyer, and some others of you handle such matters; a style that has become necessary as a kind of reaction against superficial intellectualism. But what is really needful is something to be given to the laity in the *form* that Menken works in, and to theologians in the *form* Schleiermacher, Lüche, Usteri, and a few others adopt." The work on the Hebrews is, in our judgment, the best specimen of a popular exposition that Stier produced, and is surpassed by few as a clear, readable, and at the same time profound, exhibition of the line of thought. *Non coquis sed convivis*, "not for the cooks, but for the guests," was his motto; but the learned appreciated it very highly. From this task the writer turned to the great work of his life, the *Reden Jesu*. Two years of his ministry had been devoted to preaching through the most prominent of the Saviour's discourses, and bringing out before a sometimes reluctant audience the inexhaustible riches of the "words of the Word." In six months this labour of love had reached the end of the first volume, which was sent to a friend with the words, "You see from this book that I have not been cabined and confined here without some profit." From this grand task—the indication of the depths of manifold meaning in the Saviour's discourses, and at the same time the attempt to throw out a sketch of the great Divine-human character—he never turned aside, until it was finished in 1847. Very late in life he published an extract, in the *form* of the exposition of Hebrews, entitled *Words of the Word*. The thorough student of Scripture will always go to the large work with profit; when the diffuse hyper-analysis offends, the *tone* will always edify, and the thoughts be found suggestive; but the smaller work will in the end be more popular.

During his residence in Wichlinghausen, Stier lost his invaluable wife, and contracted a new marriage. His old malady still troubled him, sometimes requiring him to preach in a sitting posture; indeed, from about his fortieth year he was subject to almost unceasing attacks of a very distressing character. About this time we have an interesting account of his daily life given by his widow:—

"The first calm morning hours only were devoted to the study of Holy Scripture. Punctually at five o'clock he was at his study table,

and took his coffee alone. Some three hours afterwards I brought him his slender breakfast, without saying a word to interrupt him; though our morning greeting was seldom without some brief remark upon Scripture for my benefit. The forenoon of Saturday, as also the early hours of Sunday, were devoted to preparation for preaching. Then I must needs keep all if possible from him. His own children he saw first at dinner; save on Monday forenoon, when he would find recreation for half an hour in the nursery, playing and building with them. Though he had but little time to occupy with their learning, his intercourse with them was so stimulating that they profited much by the little time he had to give. He was teaching them and awakening their thoughts when he seemed to be only sporting with them. His discipline was by no means feeble; he required absolute obedience and strict honour; but he left them great freedom, and there was great openness between him and them. He could scarcely ever take a walk with his family. In the week he had no time; when there was no service he had the sick to visit. In his walks to those who were distant I sometimes accompanied him; he told me all that moved him, but generally his conversation was an exposition of Scripture. So also at the table; it was generally some true or false interpretation of a passage that he discoursed on. I soon learned the habit of watching the children with my eyes, giving them their food with my hands, and listening to him with my ears. His perfect rest was in the evening, when Divine service did not occur; as then his work was done, the fear of sleeplessness preventing him from reading or writing. Besides Holy Scripture, and the things that are of supreme moment, he was versed so thoroughly in natural science, and had so much appreciation of art and poetry, there was a blessed freshness in his hours of relaxation, when he preferred not being alone, since in that case his mind would be inwardly working. He only wanted to have scope for the outpouring of his free thoughts. I took care to adapt myself to this; for I listened with profound and always loving interest, and asked my questions always in the right direction."

He was at this time a miracle of hard work, continuous study, and patient suffering. Whilst the thoughtless were charging him with neglect, because he was not constantly seen at their doors, he was carrying on in the most systematic manner the great purpose of his life. He never lost an hour; and scarcely ever left an hour to the disposal of circumstances:—

"Only by the greatest punctuality, and economy of time, could Stier accomplish so much, and produce for the benefit of the Church so much in other departments of labour besides that to which he was directly called as pastor. On his writing-table lay his daily calendar, on the one side of which was marked what he had to do every day, and on the other he briefly noted every evening what he had done. Thus he could

after any length of time give account how every day had been spent. Close at hand lay a list of the sick; with a notice in the case of each as to the time when he had been visited. Above his head was a line of books, and among them the quarto volume which he began in Wittenberg, in which the whole exegetical industry of his past life was contained, and into which he duly noted everything of any importance at the appropriate place. He valued these volumes above all else, and said to his wife: 'If the house were ever burnt, this is the first thing that must be saved.' On a little table near lay what the bookseller might have sent for selection, or review, or notice of any kind. When in his calendar we read 'Recreative reading,' this table was found empty."

In 1843 a project was entertained of establishing at Königsberg a new theological seminary; and some eminent men indicated Stier for the directorship, as being "the fittest man in Prussia or Germany, so far as regards philological, theological, practical knowledge of God's Word, and ability to guide the young to its true exposition—to undertake the task of training for the pastorship." For some time negotiations were carried on, which, however, resulted, through his own perhaps unwise propositions, in his name being dropped. This post would have been the happiest possible extrication from a position which became more and more embarrassing. Anonymous letters in the public papers complained unjustly of the want of attention to the individual exactions of his flock; exception was taken to his sermons, especially to the freedom with which he exhibited the faults of Old Testament saints; and, finally, there was something like open rebellion when he substituted exposition of Scripture for the afternoon catechisation. A strange scene took place between him and the "representatives" of the Church:—

"When the sitting was over he returned to his wife, appearing to her to be quite transfigured. When she put her wondering question, he replied, '*I have borne shame for my Master's sake.*' She said something of the disgrace that his sacrifices for his office and his church should be requited with such gratitude. Thereupon he said: 'That we must calmly leave with God. If He permits me to be trodden under foot, I must bear it. But my office they shall leave uninvaded.'"

But it was invaded. The presbytery (so called) answered a long and calm letter which he sent by demanding that certain alterations should be made, and by repeating their unjust charges. After hearing this he retired and said:—

"I am now determined to resign my office: if I yielded to their will I should dishonour it. I will go to Wittenberg, write farther my

Reden Jesu and what else I have prepared, and so try to re-establish my health. The Lord will not suffer us to need. I can earn what this office has brought me, and probably more. And when I recover health, they will give me another office. *But I shall be much misunderstood in this step.*"

It were painful to continue these details. The congregation repented, at least the better part, but it was too late. It is pleasant to note that just at this time he received the diploma of doctor of theology from the University of Bonn, a very high distinction, and one which, owing to his never having taken a degree in any theological university, or ever having undergone an examination, could come to him only as a spontaneous acknowledgment of his merit. When the *Polyglott* was published, a writer in the *Bonn Review* had said: "At length he should have the diploma of a doctor in Holy Writ: what he is *de facto* he should now be *de jure*." This was the general sentiment; and in 1846 the faculty sent him his degree with a very noble and generous description of his merits. Some sentences of his reply deserve notice, as showing the truth and independence of his nature:—

"I owe it to the kindness and courtesy, thankfully to be acknowledged, of a most honourable theological faculty, that the honour and dignity of a theological doctorate has been conferred on me. To be a servant of the Word of God in the fullest sense, for the Church, and not merely any particular congregation, has been through the grace of God since I first knew Him the highest object of my life in all ecclesiastical and theological activity; but I am conscious of having striven for nothing less than any such academical distinction as I have received, respected sirs, from you. This distinction surprises me as an advent-gift at a time when I am on the point of voluntarily leaving a charge which I could no longer with freedom of conscience hold; and I am thankful for the delicate consideration which has soothed the pain of a resignation of office by the bestowment of a permanent honour. Indeed, I regard it as an approval of the act by which, in order the more firmly to hold fast my general vocation, I have laid down a particular vocation.

"Even if I erred in regard to the choice of time for this honour, I do not err in considering this diploma as a token that the faculty recognises the principle of an equally free and decided faith in the Word, such as it has been my humble effort to represent it in the theology of our day. The more at variance my consistently held scriptural loyalty is with the predominant academical theology, the more thankful am I to receive, not as an honour to my person, but as witness to the cause, this neither coveted nor asked honour from the hands of a faculty, which is to be held in the highest estimation as being true, beyond most others, to the unity of the faith. Finally,

I cannot conceal from myself or from you, respected sirs, that I do not overvalue the significance, lowered in course of time, of this high dignity: it is shared now with very many whose teaching is contradictory to its original meaning and its sacred challenge. On the other hand, it is encouraging to reflect that I have been called to the enjoyment of this dignity by a faculty known to be cautious and conscientious in its bestowment. I take, then, this name of Doctor of Holy Scripture in its old and solemn meaning, as from the evangelical Church and its Lord Himself; and may He more and more consecrate my energies to that work. Long ago I pledged my vow under the banner of the Word of God, the truth by which we are sanctified; this is before man and God an impulse to a continual and abiding remembrance of that vow, as if I had in the old form literally pledged it."

His parting with the Barmen church was very touching; a multitude of testimonials to his usefulness poured in, and all was done by the penitent people that could be done to show their regard. After this he spent three years of strict retirement in Wittenberg, engaged for the most part in literary labours. Not that he was insensible to the political and ecclesiastical ferment of the time. He was a thorough friend of the union of the Churches—

"He heartily assented when Nitzsch and others, in the General Synod of 1846, sought to devise a method whereby, while nothing essential to evangelical truth was given up, sincere doubters might be conciliated, and the Confession not laid as a yoke upon their neck. The ordination formula there prepared, which many of the clergy too vehemently condemned, had his cordial concurrence. More and more it appeared how much in the *Church idea* he diverged from many with whom he had hitherto worked. While these were always making the outward constitution of the Church emphatic, and sought to fix the forms of ecclesiastical life more and more rigidly, he came to regard the Church as the sphere of the freest and most living communion in faith on the firm foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, *the Scripture*, growing up under the most various forms, through the Spirit of God, towards perfect unity as its final goal."

His writings now began to assume somewhat of a more peaceful and tranquil character. The Epistle to the Ephesians was his constant study; and this "Church epistle" he expounded in the most elaborate and learned of his works—furnishing afterwards an abridgment for popular use. The last chapter of Solomon's Proverbs also he expounded; as also the second portion of Isaiah, with its glorious perspective into the far futurity; and the Epistle of St. Jude. The work on Isaiah is a learned effort, as its title indicates,—"*Isaiah*

not Pseudo-Isaiah,"—to establish the unity and evangelical harmony of the great prophet. At this time he did considerable service to the union of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches by some smaller writings, very Catholic and vigorous. His was a peculiar position, almost unknown in our country, that of holding an absolute doctrine scriptural inspiration and authority, and with it a considerable laxity as to confessions. But we must abstain from entering into this question. The question is one that belongs to the modern ecclesiastical history of the German Churches. It is a perplexed question; and time only will show how far the union of creeds in some respects so opposite can prosper.

In 1850 Dr. Stier was appointed, by the Consistory at Magdeburg, Deacon of Schkeuditz and Superintendent (quasi Bishop) of the Ephory, containing eight parishes. This was but a poor recognition of twenty years of service, and of such service as his had been: two sermons every Sunday, and two places to serve, and about a hundred and fifty pounds a year. He went with a good heart, but only to find the old conflict under slightly varied forms. It was a wretched district between Leipzig and Halle, much demoralised by smuggling; and once more the *trial sermon* encountered opposition. A protest was got up and sent to the Consistory, complaining that he belonged to that class of preachers who always insisted on "praying and believing," and consigned to destruction those who think differently. The remonstrants disavowed the charge of being ultra-Rationalists, but professed that they preferred as their motto, "pray and work." After warning the new preacher to give up his mysticism, and help his people to use their reasons as well as their souls, they consented to the appointment. He laboured there for nine years, much blessed to a select few, exceedingly useful in the punctilious discharge of his duties as the general overseer of the district, but never much cared for by the community at large. His *Bibelstunden* were especially useful; at first those who desired a more intimate communion in the Word came to his house, but by degrees the Bible-class filled the school-room.

These were years of immense industry, and the work was done under circumstances of much discouragement. Besides the apathy of a large number of the people, he had the drawback of a very feeble state of health, and much family affliction. After nine years of earnest duty, episcopal oversight, inspection of schools, constant preaching, and the revision of his works, Stier was compelled to ask for a lighter sphere of labour, and obtained an appointment to Eisleben, the town

of Luther, where he spent the remaining three years of a busy life. He found Eisleben a town full of churches, and most interesting associations with Luther and the older Reformers, but without much godliness, and indisposed to public worship. His ministry was not attractive, although to those who were right-hearted his sermons had an indescribable interest—"One was tempted," says a young minister who used to hear him, "to think within oneself, this man seems as if he had not only sat at the feet of apostles and prophets, but listened to the lips of Jesus Himself." But his *Bibelstunden* were valued. One who frequented them gives some notion of their character.

"As a rule he was at his post five minutes before the clock struck, remaining in silent devotion, while all who assembled involuntarily retired into themselves. Thus we the less missed a first prayer, which he seldom offered. He read aloud the portion to be expounded, using his own corrected edition of the Lutheran Bible. His hearers, so far as regards education, were of all kinds; learned and unlearned, men and women, young people of both sexes, of the higher and lower ranks, though not many of these in proportion. In the first two winters he expounded some select Psalms. In a most masterly manner he disclosed their meaning, specially their fundamental relations for the kingdom of God and of Christ; yet he led us in some Psalms—the eighth, for instance—into heights and depths which made us almost bewildered. Two of the last of these hours I shall never forget."

Patiently and diligently he sought to correct many abuses in the public services; to build up his little church within the Church, and to discharge the duty of a bishop towards all the churches, and minister to his Ephory or charge.

"*'Bible and prayer, earnest study and watchfulness over the inner life,'* he used to say, *'is the legitimate way to learn to preach better. Your generation is happier than ours in the wilderness: you find the heavenly bread without toil. Oh, that our students and candidates may not take things too easily, and draw on their faith like a coat in November.'* He was very severe on all kinds of verbiage and artifice, all undue ornament, and especially on the new habit of exceedingly artificial and sonorous or rhyming divisions. When one appealed in favour of these to the authority of Ahlfeld, &c., he would say: *'Certainly, an authority—but I may say, by God's grace, that I am one too.'*"

Afflictions were multiplied on him. Two of his children were under perpetual visitation, and one died. His own health began to decline more rapidly, and in the beginning of 1862 he prepared for the end. "How precious it is," he said, "that a man should bear the yoke in his age also, however

the flesh recoil. About this I could sing a song of lamentation which I will spare you. How good it will be then to rest from labour!" Rallying from a violent hæmorrhage, he made a final general visitation, and laid down his scheme for the new ecclesiastical year. He began the Life of our Lord, and preached on the two great annunciations. In his Bible-hour he began the Gospel of St. John; having reached the history of Nicodemus, he came to "God so loved the world," &c., and then—but we will quote the writer already referred to:—

"I am sorry that I am no shorthand-writer, and did not write down the exposition of this short verse. With quivering lips and weeping eyes he dwelt on the unfathomable mercy of God which is contained in these words, the kernel of the whole Scripture; he recited one and another touching history which stands in the closest connection with this Jesus-word, and was so entirely mastered by the theme, that the hour ran out before he could reach the other half of the verse. He therefore closed with the promise to speak the following week of the condition on which we become partakers of the grace of Christ, that is, faith. Alas, that much-longed-for Bible-hour never struck."

How this good man ended, his widow shall tell in her own inimitable way; we select, however, only such passages as are suitable:—

"On the forenoon of his last day he prepared for to-morrow's Bible-hour, The love of God. He went with his wife to the new school, where he paused long in silence. Then they passed to the Castle-place, where all the church-towers of Eisleben were visible at once; he solemnly stood still, and prayed for them all and their congregations by name. Returning refreshed, he ascended the stairs and sank down exhausted. He longed for sleep in the easy chair, but the noise in the court awaked him. After attending to many official duties, he retired early to rest, and died at midnight alone and unobserved. In his study was found the preparation for the last Bible-lesson, with the words, 'He that doeth truth cometh to the light that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God.' In these words he had unconsciously written his own best epitaph. His works—literary and ministerial—were, if ever man's were, *wrought in God*.

"We had much in him, and in him we have lost much. With lamentation we must say before the Lord—A hero in Israel is fallen! a richly endowed and consecrated instrument in the Lord's hand. We have had, and still have, only few such men of God as he was. It will soon and sadly be found out that he is gone from us, and the lament over his departure will not soon die away. But we must not withhold our thankfulness to God who gave him, and we must cherish the seed that he sowed in the field of God's kingdom: he, one of the most scripturally learned witnesses that the truth unto godliness ever possessed. Of him may be said: The teachers shall shine as stars in

the firmament and those who turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

Thus in the name of the churches of his charge did the chief pastor honour his memory.

Stier belonged to that class of theologians to whom there is but one book. Between him and his God there came the holy oracles, representing the one Mediator's will and purpose. To the study and exposition of that book he dedicated his life when his life was renewed from above; and from that one object he never swerved. Perhaps there never was a more single-minded student of the Scriptures. He set out with a theory of inspiration, or rather a faith in the immediate authority of the Word of God as His living voice, which scarcely left him any alternative. To him, even as a young man, theology meant the Bible, and the Bible theology. Beyond most theologians of his day he inherited the extreme sentiments of early Lutheranism as to the authority of the Scriptures, and this gave life and warmth to his system of Divine truth. It is, however, a grand subjective theory, based on sublime internal evidence, which cannot always commend itself to scientific criticism, and disdains to be concerned on that account. "I read the canonical text of the Bible as written by the Holy Ghost; but I so read it, not because I have framed for myself beforehand any inspiration-dogma, or have devoted myself as a bond-slave to the old Dogmatic; but because this Word approves itself with ever-increasing force to my reason, which, though not indeed sound, is through the virtue of that Word daily recovering soundness. It is because this living Word in a thousand ways has directed, and is ever directing, my inner being, with all its intelligence, thought, and will, that I have subjected to it the freedom of my whole existence." It may be supposed that, with a profound conviction, the question of the canonicity of this or that book could trouble him but little. Perhaps he was too indifferent to the external authentication that commends the canonical books to our use, and distinguishes them from the apocryphal. He himself was safe, but his safety was the result of an unusual bestowment of God's Holy Spirit.

His exegetical writings owe their characteristics to a few leading principles. The first is strikingly developed in the preface to the "Discourses of the Lord Jesus:" "Jesus Christ is the first exegete; no man hath seen God at any time; He hath declared Him." And the second is like unto it, viz., that the Spirit of Christ expounds Him to the Apostles and

Prophets, to each according to his own peculiarity, yet in such a manner that the result is a more or less evident organism in the construction of the entire Scripture. This led him to an exaggerated and sometimes painful minuteness in the analysis of the longer prophecies and discourses of both Testaments. A third fundamental principle is the recognition of a deeper, larger, fuller meaning everywhere than lies on the surface: a principle of unbounded importance, but liable beyond others to perversion. *Tot verba tot sacramenta!* There is no limit and no safeguard, and we are surrendered to our guide's discretion, whether Origen, or Augustine, or Stier. There are not a few instances in which our expositor, like those his predecessors, has gone much astray, especially in his illustrations of the phases of the consubstantiation doctrine. But, generally speaking, our readers owe a large debt of gratitude to Bengel, Olshausen, and Stier, three men who are distinguished among the moderns for making the Redeemer the personal Revealer of His own truth, for insisting upon the analogy of faith, the Divine scheme of redemption, as an element in interpretation, and for exalting the prerogative of the individual Christian to expect the personal guidance of the Divine Spirit in the study of the Word of Christ.

Stier is not a dogmatic divine, in the strictest sense of the term. He enjoyed his liberty to range through the Scriptures, and mark the branches and leaves and flowers and fruit of the glorious tree of theological knowledge, too much to submit with a good grace to the bonds of system and science in Divine things. Yet his catechisms show that in this department also he might have attained eminence. Perhaps in that case his views on the Atonement and the sacraments might have assumed a clearer and less mystical form. As it is, there is no question that his theory of the redeeming death did not do perfect justice to the stern claims of Divine justice, and that his exhibition of the general benefits of Christ's death as designed for the whole creation, and imparted, through the sacrament, to the whole nature of man, is overstrained and almost fanciful. These errors, for such we count them, he holds in common with a large body of Lutheran divines; but in Stier's theology they are based on the letter of Scripture, the letter, however, being most mystically interpreted.

But we must conclude. We have sketched the life and work of a man whose highest praise is that he was zealous for the honour of his Lord, and whom his Master honoured by the priceless gift of leading inquiring minds into the interior knowledge of the Divine Word, and of helping multitudes to find that that Word is spirit and life.

ART. VII.—“Protoplasm; or, the Physical Basis of Life.”
Article by T. H. HUXLEY in the *Fortnightly Review*,
February, 1869.

PROTOPLASM:—this word is better known now than in January last. It has got among the common speech of men. It is often heard in drawing-rooms and railway carriages, and has been the “rage” of the season in debating clubs and literary societies. Like the comet of 1858, it has shot, with luminous blaze, and as a sort of portent from the far-off darkness, into the heaven of common ken, and it has mixed throughout the year with fervid debates upon the Irish Church Bill, or the familiar tattle of every-day life. Whence the sudden notoriety of this word? Whence this invasion and conquest of our English tongue by one of the ghostliest and most anchoritish of scientific terms? It is all owing to an article, written by Mr. Huxley, which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, on “Protoplasm”—a term which he translates by the words, “The Physical Basis of Life.” This article—by its jaunty cavalier style, its telling Saxon, its frankness, and its dogmatic, even braggart, assertion of a doctrine which has always been and is rightly styled Materialism (though Mr. Huxley chooses to disown this word, he must consent to use English words in their proper English meaning)—would have commanded attention at any time; but there is at the present time such an unsettlement of opinion on the most primary questions, and such a swift current sweeping in the direction of Mr. Huxley’s views, that his essay has gained inordinate and unexpected fame. We accordingly seize the occasion of the appearance of this article, not only to discuss some of its statements, but to reconsider the problems of “Life” and “Spiritual Existence” which it opens, and precipitately, if not presumptuously, settles.

Mr. Huxley translates Protoplasm by the words, “Physical Basis of Life,” but he would have more justly expressed his rendering of the word, and the doctrine he energetically propounds, by the words, “Physical Cause of Life.” For the word “basis” leads us to infer that the “life” which stands upon a physical basis is distinct from it, and the conception of a physical basis of life does in no manner involve the physical or material origin of life. Now Mr. Huxley’s entire argu-

ment is intended to prove that life is the simple and sole result of the molecular constituents of a living body, and has no source other than such molecules, and further, that this is true, even if the life manifested is the life of intelligence, feeling, and volition. These highest faculties of man are the product of the molecules that constitute his body.

We define thus sharply, in the beginning of our article, Mr. Huxley's doctrine, because we confess that, frank and candid as we believe Mr. Huxley to be, he seems willing to veil both from himself and his readers the real purport and upshot of his argument. He will hardly face the conclusion at which he rushes. He battles bravely, but trembles at his own triumph. Now, in such an issue, no mistake and no mischief can be so great as that which arises from ambiguous terminology and limping logic. We will have the truth at all cost. Materialism, or aught else, if it be fully and fairly proven; but we must not be drawn blindfold to accept doctrines which we cannot boldly face and clearly see. Nor would we have Mr. Huxley misled by the spell of a strong delusion which lures him unawares.

In commencing our discussions on the fundamental questions of the nature and origin of life and thought, we recall an admirable passage in which M. Jouffroy shows the antagonistic extremes into which the spiritualist and the materialist are prone to fall, and the causes of their equal blunder. We shall heed the warning it gives. May Mr. Huxley do the same.

"What the spiritualist feels with assurance is the existence of the internal reality—a cause that is active, intelligent, and sensible. This cause—simple, and always acting and thinking, becomes the type of all reality to him, and he accustoms himself so much to conceive of reality under that form alone, that he does not comprehend what inert, insensible, and unintelligent substance like matter can be. Nevertheless, men believe in this substance, and their conviction has an origin which he finds it necessary to discover. Faithful to his principle and to his habit of seeking everything in his own consciousness, he examines what consciousness teaches him concerning matter. But in analysing the different phenomena of the interior world, he finds that they are of two kinds; those which spring from the mind itself, and those which do not come from it, but come to us from without. The latter are again to be distinguished into two classes—sensations which are either agreeable or disagreeable, and ideas or images of extension, forms, and colours. This is all we know of the external world, and, consequently, of matter. Now, all these sensations or images are only phenomena in us, like our thoughts, our memories, our acts, our deter-

minations; the only difference being that we produce the latter ourselves, the former we do not. What, then, do these phenomena prove? What do they teach us of the external world? Nothing save that, outside of us, there are one or more causes which produce them; and that, therefore, we are not the only existing cause. There are other causes which act on us, and affect us, as we act on them and affect them. Accordingly, this world contains causes which play one upon the other, and reciprocally modify each other. But of matter, or inert and compounded substance, there is none. The illusion of the vulgar and of materialists is to regard ideas of extension, solidity, and form, which are only phenomena in us, as the real qualities of a real thing outside of us, to make outward what is truly internal, and to give an independent existence to modifications which only exist in the subject that is modified. What would become of 'sweet' and 'bitter,' 'hot' and 'cold,' if we were not? They are only sensations in us. What would become of the ideas of extension, form, solidity, if our intelligence did not exist? They are only images in us. To the vulgar the external world is the aggregate of those phenomena which external causes produce in us; but the real external world consists of those causes themselves—that is to say, of other spirits like our own. Berkeley was delighted at this conclusion. He was rejoiced to see materialists so completely extinguished by the suppression of matter. But it was a false joy; for materialists, by suppressing consciousness, reduced spirit to matter in the same manner, and could, on the same grounds, rejoice in having extinguished spiritualism.

"The habit of concentrating all his mind in his eyes and his hands produces in the materialist the same effect as the opposite habit in the spiritualist. Of the two realities, there is only one which he comprehends and realises, and that is matter or substance, which is solid, extended, figured. It accordingly becomes to him the type of all reality, and he cannot comprehend what a thing can be without solidity and form, which fills no part of space, and is invisible and intangible—a mysterious principle whose sole essence consists in acting, feeling, knowing, like that which men call soul or spirit. Nevertheless, these words must represent something in the mind of man. He resolves, therefore, to inquire what appearances have been able to inspire that queer idea, and to what measure of truth a severe examination reduces it. Faithful, like the spiritualist, to his intellectual habits, he proceeds to the discovery of the soul with his eyes and his hands, and sees what he finds. The world is an aggregate of bodies, among which is man. All bodies possess the same constitutive attributes; they are all composed of parts, and are extended and figured. But beside these fixed attributes all of them manifest phenomena, that is, they produce in themselves either in their interior or on their surface different phenomena which vary in different bodies, and distinguish them severally from one another. Thus, the plant vegetates, and the stone does not vegetate; the animal digests, and the plant does not digest. These different sorts of movements are developed in three kinds of bodies,

and they are distinguished thereby from each other. But when we further inquire why certain phenomena occur in one body, and not in another, we find that the parts which compose these several bodies differ in two respects, in their nature and their arrangement. Hence all bodies which manifest the same phenomena are composed of the same parts, arranged in the same manner and, on the contrary, the bodies which manifest different phenomena; are composed of other parts otherwise arranged, or of the same parts differently combined. The nature of the parts and their arrangement—or, if you will, organisation—it is this which really distinguishes bodies, and which causes them to manifest different phenomena.

“This being granted, what is the soul, and where shall we find it? You answer that it is the being which thinks, feels, and acts. Well! but you affirm two things in that answer, the existence of certain phenomena of a particular kind, and then the existence of something distinct from the body, which manifests these phenomena. Now, if we may not question the fact of these phenomena, we may at least demand by what right they are attributed to another subject than the body? To have that right, it is necessary that the soul should have been touched or seen, or at any rate it should be demonstrated that the body is not capable of manifesting such phenomena. But in vain has the scalpel interrogated every part of the body, the soul has never been encountered. And is it known that the phenomena which are commonly ascribed to the soul cannot belong to the body? Why should we ascribe to the body certain phenomena, like digestion and the circulation of the blood, and refuse to ascribe other phenomena to it? Is not every phenomenon a movement? Is it possible to have any other conception of it? Is not this the essential character which distinguishes it from a fixed attribute or quality? Sensation, will, thought—are they, or can they be, anything else than movements, belonging, like digestion, to animal bodies—movements of a special kind, which distinguish animals from vegetables, and which must be referred, like all other movements, to organisation. What, then, in the last analysis are the phenomena of consciousness to Cabanis? [or, we must add, to Huxley?] The result of a certain arrangement of certain material parts or molecules. The soul is identified with matter by him quite as rigorously as matter is identified with spirit by Malebranche and Berkeley.

“Why should we be astonished at these results? The spiritualist, making no use of his senses, seeks matter within himself, and does not find it. The materialist, making no use of his consciousness, seeks the soul outside himself, and does not find it. What more inevitable? The first is amazed that men can believe in matter; the second that men can believe in spirit. Each has a profound disdain for the other. What more simple, but, at the same time, more ridiculous? It is the history of two men—the one wanting his senses, the other wanting his consciousness. The spiritualist and the materialist are each only the half of a man; or rather they are men complete in their own

nature, but who mutilate themselves, and, after their self-mutilation, mutilate the whole world in their systems.

"According to the spiritualists, that alone is true which is attested by the internal sense; according to the materialists, that alone is true which is attested by the external senses. See the solutions, incomplete, and contradictory because incomplete, propounded by philosophers. According to the common judgment of men, that is equally certain and true which is attested by both the internal and the external senses. See the complete solution given by common sense, which reconciles the two solutions, incomplete, and therefore apparently contradictory, of the spiritualists and materialists."

We have quoted this extract in order to set before our readers the problems we propose to examine, to guard ourselves against one-sided bias in our discussion of them, and to explain what we conceive to be the cause of Mr. Huxley's materialism; for Mr. Huxley is a man of science, and, in M. Jouffroy's words, has concentrated his mind in his eyes and hands. We now enter upon our proper task, which is to analyse and criticise Mr. Huxley's article; then to inquire if the molecular elements of a living body can be the cause of its organisation and of its life; and lastly to inquire if these molecules or their organisation can be the cause of thought, feeling and will.

Mr. Huxley commences his article by contrasting in bold and flashing sentences the extreme poles of the world of life, the lemon-tinged lichen encrusting a rock, and Linnæus who registers it in his *Systema Nature*; a microscopic fungus, and the Indian fig-tree, "which covers acres with its profound shadow, and endures while empires and nations come and go around its vast circumference." He then proposes to demonstrate "a threefold unity, namely, a unity of power or faculty, a unity of form, and a unity of substantial composition, which vade this whole living world." A noble theme! which has been often illustrated, and will be yet more marvellously and fully illustrated as the living world is explored and understood. There is unity in the organic world as well as in the inorganic world. Hence it reveals order, and answers to the searching mind of man, which seeks for unity in difference. This unity is seen in the twofold manifestations of life—faculty and form; and since all life manifests itself in and through matter, we might expect that the matter common to living beings should have resemblance, and, perhaps, identity of composition. But Mr. Huxley covertly alters the terms of his proposition, and by so doing he completely changes its tenor and meaning, and further confounds his readers.

Unintentionally we believe this has been done, for Mr. Huxley will dare anything, and no mock shame will prevent him from plain speech. But it has been done. His thesis becomes the following: to demonstrate a physical unity in all living beings; that this physical unity consists in the living matter of which they are all composed; that there is general uniformity in the character of this Protoplasm or matter of life; that this matter of life is always being built up of certain elementary compounds, which are lifeless; "that when these are brought together under certain conditions, they give rise to the still more complex body Protoplasm, and this Protoplasm exhibits the phenomena of life;" "that as the properties of water may be properly said to result from the nature and disposition of its component molecules, I can find no intelligible ground for refusing to say that the properties of Protoplasm result from the nature and disposition of its molecules;" that accordingly "all vital action may be said to be the result of the molecular forces of the Protoplasm which displays it. And, if so, it must be true, in the same sense, and to the same extent, that the thoughts to which I am now giving utterance, and your thoughts regarding them, are the expression* of molecular changes in that matter of life which is the source of our other vital phenomena."

The unity, accordingly, which Mr. Huxley really attempts to demonstrate, is the fact of the existence of one kind of substance that constitutes living beings, which he terms variously Protoplasm, matter of life, living matter—that this substance is really identical in its composition wherever it exists, and that all the various forms and functions of life are the result of its molecular properties. In other words, there is one kind of substance which makes itself under certain conditions from elementary substance, and this matter by virtue of its own properties develops into all the varied forms, and manifests all the varied activities, of the living world, from the fungus

* We wish our readers to mark the use of the word "expression" here, which is literally meaningless, when Mr. Huxley should have repeated the word "result," which he had used in the former sentence. His logic, nay, the very intention and plan of his argument, goes to show that these thoughts are the result of molecular properties, and are the changes which they produce, but he shrinks at last from his own conclusion. His own thought frightens him, and he uses the vague senseless word "expression." We would ask Mr. Huxley four questions: 1. What is this expression of a change? 2. If the thoughts were not the change produced by molecular forces, how can they be the result of such forces? 3. Why does he evade the real point at issue, and not tell us what causes these changes in the matter of life? His argument purports to show that they are caused *by* the matter of life—*i.e.* by its properties. 4. Wherein or on what surface do we see the expression of changes that take place in the matter of life?

up to man :—a thesis which differs, we think, from the one he professed to demonstrate.

Our criticism will be more orderly and logical, as Mr. Huxley's article would have been, if we reverse his order, and deal with the composition of living matter, and next with the form and functions of living beings.

We thus discriminate, at least for the present, living matter and living beings, and we complain that Mr. Huxley did not do the same. Mr. Huxley amusingly ignores this difference between living matter and living beings at the very commencement of his article, and so misleads his readers and himself by assuming the very point which his article is to prove. This mistake we shall fully expose. *En passant*, let these three sentences, taken from the first two pages, show the innocent way in which Mr. Huxley changes his terminology, and leads his hearers and readers by this deft transaction to accept unwittingly words which involve the doctrine he wishes to establish. "What truly can seem to be more obviously different from one another, in faculty, in form, and in substance, than the various kinds of living beings?" Here, let it be observed, we have "living beings" contrasted. Then he says, "I propose to demonstrate to you that, notwithstanding these apparent difficulties, a threefold unity—namely, a unity of power or faculty, a unity of form, and a unity of substantial composition—does pervade the whole living world." Here the phrase "living world" is introduced, which is more general, but does not conflict with his former phrase—"living beings;" for such beings, viewed in the aggregate, and especially under the class-relations which unite and harmonise them into one system, may be called a world—"the living world." But the word "world" is vague—its more common acceptation turns the mind to think of the earth and matter. It means "moles" as well as "mundus." It serves accordingly as a bridge to the very next sentence, where all "living beings" and the "whole living world" have deliquesced and degenerated into "all kinds of living matter," and Mr. Huxley begins the demonstration to which he has pledged himself in these words, "No very abstruse argumentation is needed in the first place to prove that the powers or faculties of all kinds of living matter, diverse as they may be in degree, are substantially similar in kind." Thus has Mr. Huxley changed, we could almost say jockeyed, the terms of his proposition, and by assuming that all "living beings" are simply masses of the substance he calls "living matter," he naively inserts in his premiss what he wants to

bring out in his conclusion, and forecloses at the first stroke the whole controversy. Of course, if all living beings are so many heaps of Protoplasm, and Protoplasm is so much carbonic acid, water and ammonia; presto! the trick is played. The game is over. And Mr. Huxley has solved the mystery of life and the living universe. The silent spaces of the heavens and their silvery lamps may henceforth declare the glory of Laplace; but the grand harmonies and rolling splendours of the realms of life shall declare the glory of Huxley.

But no; this trick is only played behind the gas-lights; if we go near and let daylight in, the conjuror's charm will vanish.

In the first place we examine the composition of "living matter," and of Mr. Huxley's so-called "matter of life." Now it is clear that our first concern must be to frame an exact definition of these terms "living matter" and "matter of life." This is the more necessary as in Mr. Huxley's article we find them confusedly employed, and both of them interchanged with the other terms "Protoplasm," "physical basis of life." The phrase "living matter" has a definite and obvious signification, and is comprehensible by everyone. It means that matter that manifests the phenomena of life. All life of which we are cognisant does manifest itself somehow in matter; and that matter which enters into the organisation of a living being, and in which or by which the several functions of that being are performed, may be properly called "living matter." But in this case, all matter that has been incorporated with a living organism—the matter of all its organs, tissues, and vessels—is entitled to this designation. Accordingly it does not denote one particular substance whose elements are well known and are unchangeable, but every kind of matter found in every living part of a body. And organic chemistry shows to us how manifold and varied in composition these substances are. Is not the "brain matter" as much living matter as the albumen into which the gluten of bread has been reduced by the act of digestion?

Well, this rendering of the phrase is simple and intelligible enough, but it is not Mr. Huxley's meaning. By "living matter" he means one particular kind of substance, which is the same in all living beings; and, though his language gyrates unaccountably, and is troubled, there is little reason to doubt that he understands by this term, and intends his readers to understand by it, the same kind of matter as he elsewhere calls "matter of life," into the substantial composition and the origination of which he fully enters in this article. Then we

affirm that matter of quite different chemical composition composes living organs, and is "living matter;" and we question whether the matter, the protoplasm, or albuminoid substance which Mr. Huxley describes, is ever living—though, like albumen poured into our blood, it is the substance from which living tissues draw certain main elements of their "living matter." Further, what is more to the point, we affirm that every one of these tissues retains precisely the same matter, as to chemical composition, after death; and then the matter which in the sense we have defined was living, is dead. Mr. Huxley says there is a striking uniformity of material composition in "living matter;" we say there is a striking diversity of material composition in living matter; but there is not only a striking uniformity, there is an absolute identity, between living matter and dead matter, in bodies—living and dead.

Even Mr. Huxley allows that his "living matter," or "matter of life," does not always live. He speaks of "dead" as well as "living Protoplasm," and of "living matter of life," showing that it may be dead. In order to show the glaring contradiction to which he thus exposes himself, he should have used the phrase "*dead* living matter," instead of "dead Protoplasm," and "*living* living matter" instead of "living matter of life."

We must remark upon another contradiction. He pleads for the physical unity of all beings, because of the "general identity of that substance" of which they are built up. 'Tis not a philosopher certainly who speaks of "general identity." Identity is not divisible into two classes, general and particular. A man is the same man, or he is not.

Nobody has an identity, general or particular, with Mr. Huxley, save Mr. Huxley himself; and we presume he preserves an identity, both general and particular, with himself. So of substances, the same substances are those that have the same elements and the same properties; one kind of living matter cannot be the same as another and yet different from it. If there be one excellence in scientific teaching more than another, it is the rigorous precision of its classifications and terminology, corresponding with the definite processes and fixed laws of nature. How comes it, then, that Mr. Huxley says that living matter is more or less albuminoid, and yet pleads for its "general identity"? If it be *more or less* albuminoid in different bodies, it differs, and is not identical, in different bodies. If substances, that have in different proportions and along with other elementary substances, the four

constituents of albumen, are therefore to be all classed as albuminoid, and to be called Protoplasm, or living matter, we may allow it; but then we must say that Protoplasm or "living matter" is of many different kinds, and that the law by which their identity is declared would declare identity between all substances because they are *matter*.

This want of scientific accuracy runs through Mr. Huxley's article, and vexes a careful reader. For example, he informs us that the existence of the matter of life depends on the pre-existence of certain compounds, viz. carbonic acid, water and ammonia. Repeatedly we are assured carbonic, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen are the four constituents of the matter of life. What more express than the following? "Of these (the four lifeless bodies or elements we have named) carbon and oxygen unite in certain proportions, and under certain conditions, to give rise to carbonic acid: hydrogen and oxygen produce water; nitrogen and hydrogen give rise to ammonia. These new compounds, like the elementary bodies of which they are composed, are lifeless. But when they are brought together, under certain conditions, *they give rise to the still more complex body Protoplasm*, and this Protoplasm exhibits the phenomena of life." Protoplasm has therefore three proximate constituents, as carbonic acid, and water, and ammonia, severally have two. What should we say of a scientific man who spoke of hydrogen and oxygen *and other needful constituents* of water, or if he told us that if oxygen and other needful constituents (!) were supplied without hydrogen, water could not be produced? Yet this is Mr. Huxley's own style of speech—unscientific and contradictory of his entire course of reasoning. For he says: "Let water, carbonic acid, and *all the other needful constituents* be supplied without ammonia, and an ordinary plant will still be unable to manufacture Protoplasm." Then, the pre-existence of other compounds, besides the three he names, is necessary to the existence of the matter of life? There are other needful constituents. Pray what are they? Can that be the same substance into which they enter as that in which they do not appear? This is another specimen of the same lax and indefinite language which we condemned in his comprehensive description of living matter, as *more or less* albuminoid, from which he deduces the striking uniformity of its material composition. This fluctuating, hazy style of expression has become exceedingly common with scientific men since Darwin's theory has prevailed among them. They see things in a state of "flux," or endless "becoming." No-

thing is stable, precise, determinate. They profess to suspect theology of antagonism to science, because of the "doctrine of miracle" which it teaches, and which they think contravenes the fixity of natural law. But theology insists on such fixity, in order to give validity to the evidence of miracle, and it unites with sound philosophy in proclaiming the certitude of human knowledge, and the necessity or determinateness of physical phenomena; both of which are imperilled by the ever-changing and incognisable transitions and developments—the "more or less" and "*à peu près*" conditions of physical phenomena, with which the school of Darwin and Huxley would familiarise us. To Mr. Huxley we say—not we, but he, has forgotten the language and the law of science.

The phrase "matter of life" has now to be defined, if it is possible, and brings us near to the essential and most debatable portions of Mr. Huxley's essay. The definition of this phrase is not easy, as anyone who reflects upon it and attempts a definition will discover. But Mr. Huxley's essay will help us to define his meaning, at least, of the phrase. It might mean the same as living matter properly means, the matter which is instinct with life, as it composes a living organism; but in this sense Mr. Huxley's phrase "living matter of life," is tautological, and his other phrase, "dead matter of life," is absurd. When such matter, whatever its composition, ceases to hold life and to exhibit the phenomena of life, though precisely the same matter as when it did, it is as dead as the dust of the ground. But this is not Mr. Huxley's meaning. And there is no other meaning conceivable save that which we believe and will show Mr. Huxley does intend by it. According to him, "matter of life" means such a composition of matter, as engenders or produces life naturally, and by virtue of its own inherent properties—matter whose nature or attribute it is to live, which lives, therefore, by the necessity of its nature, just as all matter gravitates to other matter, and as water becomes solid, liquid, or gaseous at differing temperatures, by like necessity. "Matter of life" is accordingly *matter which lives of itself*, as the result of its nature and arrangement of its several molecules. There can be no question on this point. Mr. Huxley has studied to give even terrible distinctness and emphasis to his meaning. To recall a passage already quoted: "When carbonic acid, water, and ammonia are brought together, they give rise to the still more complex body Protoplasm, and this Protoplasm exhibits the phenomena of life." And "if the properties of

water may be properly said to result from the nature and disposition of its component molecules, I can find no intelligible ground for refusing to say that the properties of Protoplasm result from the nature and disposition of its molecules." "It may seem a small thing to admit that the dull vital actions of a fungus or of a foraminifer are the properties of their Protoplasm, and are the direct results of the nature of the matter of which they are composed. But if, as I have endeavoured to prove, this Protoplasm is essentially identical with, and most readily converted into, that of any animal, I can discover no logical halting-place between the admission that such is the case,* and the further concession that all vital action may, with equal propriety, be said to be the result of the molecular forces of the Protoplasm which displays it. And if so, it must be true, in the same sense and to the same extent, that the thoughts to which I am giving utterance by thoughts regarding them, are the expressions of molecular changes in that matter of life which is the source of all vital phenomena." Be it so. We now clearly understand Mr. Huxley. But Mr. Huxley must now face two antagonists, Nature, and one he may think more formidable, Himself. If life be the direct result of the nature of this matter, so that it may be called the matter of life, how comes it, pray, that the very same matter abides, of precisely the same nature and arrangement, and yet there is no life? Do we ever mix our oxygen and hydrogen in proper portions and not get water? Do we ever boil water to a certain temperature and not get steam? If we can learn aught from nature, it is that its processes are definite, regular, and certain. There is no variableness in nature. In miracles we believe, but not in chance. How can it be, therefore, that the same antecedents exist and the result varies; that this matter of life exists, of whose nature "life is the direct result," and yet it is dead? It is the very nature of this matter to live, as it is of light to shine and stones to fall, and yet we may find it at any moment dead, and Nature is as stultified and belied as if we poured sunlight upon seeing eyes and it was a "flood of blackness," or as if the mountains sailed up to the skies like clouds.

Of course this cannot be. If it be "the direct result of the nature of this matter" that it lives, be sure it does live

* Mr. Huxley must pay some heed to the composition of living speech as well as of living matter. Few readers will perceive at first sight to what antecedent the phrase "such is the case" refers: it is ambiguous, but Mr. Huxley means what English grammar does not allow.

always, everywhere. Let me quote a passage from an authority in biological science whom Mr. Huxley will respect. M. Claude Bertrand, in his *Introduction à l'Etude de la Médecine Expérimentale*, writes:—

“Nous ne pouvons en réalité connaître les phénomènes de la nature que par leur relation avec leur cause déterminante ou prochaine. Or, la loi n'est rien autre chose que cette relation établie numériquement de manière à faire prévoir le rapport de la cause à l'effet dans tous les cas donnés. C'est ce rapport, établi par l'observation, qui permet à l'astronome de prédire les phénomènes célestes; c'est ce même rapport, établi par l'observation et par l'expérience, qui permet au physicien, au chimiste et au physiologiste, non seulement de prédire les phénomènes de la nature, mais encore de les modifier à son gré et à coup sûr, pourvu qu'il ne sorte pas des rapports que l'expérience lui a enseignés, c'est-à-dire de la loi. . . . Je suis proposé de démontrer que les phénomènes des corps vivans sont, comme ceux des corps bruts, soumis à un déterminisme absolu et nécessaire. La science vitale ne peut employer d'autres méthodes ni avoir d'autres bases que celles de la science minérale, et il n'y a aucune différence à établir entre les principes des sciences physiologiques et ceux des sciences, physico-chimiques.”

These fundamental propositions of all phenomenal science we accept, and we must enforce their irrefragable authority as canons without the common acceptance of which debate is idle logomachy that can certify nothing, and physiological science is impossible. Then we affirm, if it is the nature of this matter to live, if whenever it exists “it exhibits the phenomena of life,” if “its properties (of vital action) result from the nature and disposition of its molecules”—it is simply absurd of Mr. Huxley to tell us that it may be dead, and to speak of “dead Protoplasm” or “dead matter of life.” As well may he speak of black whiteness, of solid air, of motionless planets, streams, and winds, or any other collocation of incompatible qualities.

We do not, however, end this question here. Mr. Huxley may answer, “When you find this matter dead, it is not the same matter. Its constituent elements are indeed the same, but the arrangement of these elements has altered.” This answer is legitimate and adequate. And Mr. Huxley's illustration, though not intended to meet our objection, will serve his purpose well, if we use it on his behalf. “The statement that a crystal of calc-spar consists of carbonate of lime is quite true, if we only mean that by appropriate processes it may be resolved into carbonic acid and quick lime. If you pass the same carbonic acid over the

very quick lime thus obtained, you will obtain carbonate of lime, but it will not be calc-spar, nor anything like it." Now calc-spar has properties which carbonate of lime has not, and these properties depend upon the crystallising disposition of the molecules in the spar. Carbonate of lime is disintegrate as a heap: calc-spar is of the same materials built up in orderly fashion, and has properties which result from this arrangement, as a house has properties which a heap of bricks has not acquired. Now, we ask Mr. Huxley, does he mean that "dead Protoplasm" is different in its structure or arrangement from "living Protoplasm," as calc-spar is from ordinary carbonate of lime, or a house from a rubble of stones? So far as the most subtle chemical or microscopic analysis has penetrated, Mr. Huxley knows that no difference can be detected in the disposition of the molecules in a living tissue or vessel, and in that tissue or vessel when it ceases to live. This analysis discovers infinite diversities between different living organs in their matter and arrangement, but none between such matter and its arrangement in the living and dead organs. There is not accordingly the identity for which Mr. Huxley pleads between all sorts of living matter; but there is perfect identity between the matter that had life and that matter when it is dead.

Take the dead heart or tongue of a man, let a limb be cut off, or an eye be gouged, or a tongue be plucked, or a drop of blood be drawn from a vein, there is no difference perceptible under the most rigorous scrutiny in the material substance or organisation of these parts of a living organism before and after they are removed from it—but they no longer live. In like manner if any part be encysted in an organism, so as to cease to participate in the general life of that organism, its structure is unaltered, and its substance is the same, and yet it no longer lives. The *Protoplasm* of the mutton-chop, by which Mr. Huxley hoped to recruit himself after his lecture, was as genuine when the cook grilled it on the gridiron for his good, as when it lined the ribs of the sheep—for its: but Mr. Huxley would not eat aught that is alive; so, forsooth! he yields on this occasion to truth, which compels, we gladly acknowledge, with his sensibilities, and allows that this particular bit of "matter of life" is but dead matter after all, and may be eaten therefore without a Scotch grace we fear, but with some sort of grace. Then our defence for Mr. Huxley will not hold. His illustration will not serve him. Not only the same constituent elements, abide but they have the same disposition, and

yet they do not exhibit the phenomena of life. It is not the fact that carbonate of lime has different properties from calc-spar which will serve Mr. Huxley. It would be this fact, that here is calc-spar having the same crystallisation of the same elements, and yet it exhibits none of the properties of calc-spar, but properties that are the very opposite. A thing impossible—as all men, not of science merely, but of sense, exclaim.

We will now, however, grant to Mr. Huxley, if he please, that in every case in which a living tissue or vessel has ceased to live, there is an alteration, though quite unobserved, in the disposition of its molecules; but then we beg Mr. Huxley to vindicate himself against himself. For why call these two substances, with different structure,—with a difference of structure which is such as to cause the stupendous difference between life and death,—by the same name? Has he furthered knowledge? has he furthered the controversy about the origin of life, when he tells us that there is a certain kind of matter which is dead, and that this matter, when all its component molecules are differently arranged, lives? Wherein does this statement vary from the old horn-book doctrine, that life belongs to, or, as others put it, originates in, organised matter? The secret of life, then, according to either statement, lies in this peculiar arrangement or organisation of matter; and its origin will be explained by revealing the cause of this arrangement of the component molecules of certain matter, or of the component parts of an organism. But imagine a scientific man giving the same name to matter that differs so essentially in its structure. He is not ignorant of Isomerism, and does not call cane-sugar gum-arabic because they contain identical proportions of the same elements. A clock is made up of brass and wood, but no one, we think, would call it jumble of brass rods and wood chips a clock; although a clock only differs from such a jumble in the disposition of certain molecules of its several parts and of these parts to one another. A clock might be called a piece of time-keeping matter, because its matter was so arranged as to keep time; but a heap of metal and wood scraps cannot be so designated, just because their matter, though of the same kind as the works of the clock, has not been arranged for such a purpose.

Accordingly we touch the crowning blunder of Mr. Huxley in respect to the phrase we are considering. Even if he felt he might name two descriptions of matter which varied by a marvellous though undetected difference in the dispo-

sition of its component parts by the same name, he must not style both by a name which expresses the distinguishing quality—the differentia of the one kind of matter as contrasted with the other. He may call the one description of matter—matter of life, because it lives, but he must not give that name likewise to the other, which is as dead as, in common parlance, a door-nail. The very difference between these two kinds of matter is, that the one is “matter of death,” the other “matter of life.” By what right, then, does he call both “matter of life?” And, *à fortiori*, by what right does he inflict upon us the nonsensical jargon, *dead matter of life*, which is as contradictory as frozen heat, and *living matter of life*, which is as redundant as hot heat?

We do not deny the existence of Protoplasm, but we confess to much difficulty, in the present state of physiological research, to define precisely what shall be understood or comprehended by that word. And Mr. Huxley's article serves only to confound, as it seems to disdain, whatever is accurately known, and may be, therefore, truthfully stated. We know, for example, that plants appear to originate in a viscous substance of an albuminous nature, to which substance the name of “Protoplasm” is given. In this Protoplasm, as some say, nuclei appear, which gives rise to cells; others affirm that the nitrogenous matter divides of itself into cell cavities. We think it most probable, from Mohl's and Schleiden's investigations respecting the nuclear formation of cells both intracellular and extra-cellular, and respecting the nucleoli which appear in cells whose action is at present little known, that in the formation of the first vegetable cells of every plant there is a primordial nucleus.

It may guide those who are labouring in this recondite field, and at any rate will preserve them from rash conclusions, to recollect that in the infusoria the two infinitesimal glands or particles which were known as “nucleus” and “nucleolus” are now ascertained to be the one an ovary, and the other a testicle, and their mode of generation is identical with that of the most perfect animal.*

* To confirm our view, we quote the following passage from a work which is as authoritative, though not as dogmatic, as Mr. Huxley's scientific writings—*Carpenter's Animal Physiology*, pp. 43, 44. “New cells may originate in one or two very distinct modes, either from a pre-existing cell, or by an entirely new production in the midst of an organisable fluid or blastema (also called in scientific language *Protoplasm*). The most remarkable example of the first process is presented in the early development of the germ, which entirely consists of an aggregation of cells, every one of which undergoes successive sub-divisions into two, so that the total number of the germ-mass is repeatedly doubled. The process of sub-division *seems to begin in the nucleus*, which begins to

We are willing to concede to Mr. Huxley that the nucleated colourless corpuscles that are found in the blood should also be called by this name of Protoplasm. These corpuscles are graphically described by Mr. Huxley:—

"If a drop of blood be drawn by pricking one's finger, and viewed with proper precautions and under a sufficiently high microscopic power, there will be seen among the innumerable multitude of little circular discoidal bodies, or corpuscles, which float in it and give it its colour, a comparatively small number of colourless, corpuscles of somewhat larger size and very irregular shape. If this drop of blood be kept at the temperature of the body, these colourless bodies will be seen to exhibit a marvellous activity, changing their forms with great rapidity, drawing in and thrusting out prolongations of their substance, and creeping about as if they were independent organisms. The substance which is thus active is a mass of Protoplasm."

We have consented to this appropriation of the word "Protoplasm," because these colourless corpuscles of the chyle and lymph seem to be a *first formation* from the liquor sanguinis, from which, in some manner unexplained at present, the red corpuscles are developed, which in their turn, along with the soluble albumen of the blood, nourish and replenish the muscular tissues of the body; but we must observe that the term "Protoplasm" is now being used in a different sense from that in which we employed it in the preceding paragraph, and which is its common scientific acceptation. It now denotes, according to Mr. Huxley, cells of particular kind. It usually denotes, and we have used it to denote, that organisable substance in which cells originate. We may apply it to both, but we must then distinguish its

separate itself into two equal parts, and each of these draws around it a portion of the contents of the cell. . . . In other cases, however, *the nucleus* appears to break up at once into several fragments, each of which may draw around it a portion of the contents of the parent cell, which becomes invested by a cell-wall of its own, and thus the cavity of the parent cell may at once become filled with a whole brood of young cells, without any successive subdivision. . . . The production of new cells in the midst of an organisable blastema or formative fluid, such as is poured out from the blood for the reparation of an injury, is a very different process. The blastema when first effused is an apparently homogeneous semi-fluid substance; as it solidifies, however, it becomes dimly shadowed by minute dots, and as it acquires fresh consistence, some of these dots seem to aggregate, so as to form little round or oval clusters, *having a strong resemblance to cell nuclei*. These bodies appear to be the centres of the further changes which take place in the blastema; for if it is about to undergo development into a fibrous tissue, they seem to be the centres from which fibrillation spreads; whilst if a cellular structure is to be generated, it is from them that cells take their origin." . . . And, again, "when the formation of cells is complete, and it is not destined to reproduce its kind, the nucleus frequently disappears."

divers uses, and not employ it confusedly, for both or either, as Mr. Huxley constantly does, without a sense of the difference. For example, we had questioned whether "Protoplasm" would be called living matter, as being the matter of any organised and living part of a living being. We should prefer to call it the matter from which these organised and living parts formed or replenished their proper substance. But in this assertion we understood Protoplasm in its proper scientific sense, and not in the derivative sense in which Mr. Huxley now likewise applies it.

We know too little of the colourless corpuscles to which we consent to apply the term "Protoplasm," to judge whether they may properly be styled "living," whether they are reproductive or not, and whether they act directly in the production of the red corpuscles, or only supply the nutriment for their growth and multiplication; but we can affirm that, instead of these corpuscles being the constituent units that make up the human body, as Mr. Huxley says they are, they form but an infinitesimal part of the blood, and have no direct function in the forming or repair of any vital organ of the body. Mr. Huxley appears, however, to apply the term Protoplasm, not only to such cells, but also to cells in which indubitably there is life. If, therefore, we take Mr. Huxley's various and dubious use of the word "Protoplasm," it would be a "fallacia plurium interrogationum" to inquire whether Protoplasm were in itself "living matter," or were the substance from which "living matter" formed itself. If, however, we use it to denote the substance in which the first cells of any living being are formed, and from which their matter is drawn, we have indeed a distinct conception of "Protoplasm;" but it is then vividly contrasted with that which has life, and which fashions and changes it to living uses.

Let us read M. Bertrand's striking description of an egg during incubation:—

"What takes place every day under our eyes during the incubation of a hen's egg is well fitted to astonish us, and show us the abyss of our ignorance. But, from custom, we cease to be astonished at common things, because we cease to reflect on them. The silent organic evolution, which takes place within that egg, has been compared to the silent harmony of the heavenly bodies in space. Van Helmont, who appears to have been a bright intelligence amidst the darkness of the Middle Ages, placed within the egg an *archeus faber*, or an idea which directed the evolution. And in truth that evolution resembles an idea which develops itself; for from the moment of its commencement, all is co-ordinated, all is pre-seen and pre-arranged, not only for the produc-

tion of a new being, but for the maintenance of its functions during its entire life; for nutrition is only continuous generation. And if we now recur to modern science, we shall see that the essential part in the egg is reduced to a small vesicle, a microscopic cellule, all the rest of the bird's egg being only materials of nourishment, which are designed for that development of the cellule which takes place outside the body of the mother bird. We are, then, obliged to place in that simple microscopic organic cellule, which constitutes the egg of every animal, an evolutive idea so complex, that it not only encloses all the specific characters of a living being, but further delineates all the traits of its individuality."

Now here we have two substances that are vastly different—the albumen of the egg and the living cellule. Does it not confound all thought, that both of these should be indiscriminately named "Protoplasm," as Mr. Huxley has done? The albumen is the matter from which that cellule will draw the substance of the divers cells, which distribute themselves and severally congregate, till they form the divers organs and the manifold harmonious structure of the bird. It is Protoplasm, but is not alive. The organic cellule may be called Protoplasm too, but it has something inconceivably more and essentially different from other Protoplasm, it has life. The unfathomable chasm between that living cellule and all dead matter is found in this fact, that from precisely identical matter, and in precisely identical circumstances, it fashions an infinite diversity of products, which diversity is yet regulated to insure the harmony and unity of a living organism.

We now rise by two successive stages to meet and confute Mr. Huxley's cardinal principle, that Protoplasm is itself the originating principle or the cause of life: *First*, because in the widest, or rather in every sense in which even Mr. Huxley uses the term, Protoplasm does not exist, save in living beings. Life is the condition of its existence. How, then, can it be the cause of life? *Second*, because if Protoplasm were ever found to exist out of living beings, or could be manufactured by the chemist, then, it is evident by the bare statement of the case that Protoplasm would be only dead matter, like any other; and we affirm and will prove that no life can originate in such matter. There are here two questions: the formation and origin of Protoplasm, and the origin of life. In discussing them we need to be brief, we will try to be clear.

We confess to a sense of amazement, and almost of annoyance, at the inaccurate and indefinite language which Mr. Huxley uses in describing the formation of Protoplasm, and still more at the shifty manner in which he glides away

from a meaning which is ambiguous, but may pass current, to another which he quietly assumes to be identical with it, but from which we revolt, and against which science protests. As we now press to the heart of the controversy, we must quote largely from him, that our readers may have his own words, and see that we give him fair play:—

“Carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen are all lifeless bodies. Of these, carbon and oxygen unite in certain proportions and under certain conditions to give rise to carbonic acid; hydrogen and oxygen produce water; nitrogen and hydrogen give rise to ammonia. These new compounds, like the elementary bodies of which they are composed, are lifeless. But when they are brought together under certain conditions, they give rise to the still more complex body Protoplasm, and this Protoplasm exhibits the phenomena of life.

“I see no break in this series of steps in molecular complication, and I am unable to understand why the language, which is applicable to any one term of the series, may not be used to any of the others. We think fit to call different kinds of matter carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, and to speak of the various powers and attributes of those substances as the properties of the matter of which they are composed.

“When hydrogen and oxygen are mixed in a certain proportion, and an electric spark is passed through them, they disappear, and a quantity of water, equal in weight to the sum of their weights, appears in their place. There is not the slightest parity between the passive and active powers of the water and those of the oxygen and hydrogen which give rise to it. At thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit, and far below that temperature, oxygen and hydrogen are elastic gaseous bodies, whose particles tend to rush away from one another with great force. Water at the same temperature is a strong though brittle solid, whose particles tend to cohere into definite geometrical shapes, and sometimes build up frosty imitations of the most complex forms of vegetable foliage.

“Nevertheless we call these, and many other strange phenomena, the properties of the water, and we do not hesitate to believe that in some way or other they result from the properties of the component elements of the water. We do not assume that a something called aqosity entered in and took possession of the oxide of hydrogen as soon as it was formed, and then guided the aqueous particles to their places in the facets of the crystal, or amongst the leaflets of the hoar frost. On the contrary, we live in the faith and in the hope that, by the advance of molecular physics, we shall by-and-by be able to see our way as clearly from the constituents of water to the properties of water as we are now able to deduce the operations of a watch from the form of its parts and the manner in which they are put together.

“Is the case in any way changed when carbonic acid water and ammonia disappear, and in their place, under the influence of pre-

existing living Protoplasm, an equivalent weight of the matter of life makes its appearance? It is true that there is no sort of parity between the properties of this component and the properties of the resultant, but neither was there in the case of the water. It is also true that what I have spoken of as *the influence of pre-existing* living matter is something quite unintelligible; but does anybody quite understand the *modus operandi* of an electric spark, which traverses a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen?

"What justification is there, then, for the assumption of the existence in the living matter of a something which has no representative or correlation in the *not living matter which gave rise to it*? What better philosophical status has 'vitality' than 'aquosity'? And why should vitality hope for a better fate than the other 'itys' which have disappeared since Martinus Scriblerus accounted for the operation of the meat-jack, by its inherent 'meat-roasting quality,' and scorned the materialism of those who explained the turning of the spit by a certain mechanism worked by the draught of the chimney? If the properties of water may be properly said to result from the nature and disposition of its component molecules, I can find no intelligible ground for refusing to see that the properties of Protoplasm result from the nature and disposition of its molecules. But I bid you beware, that in accepting these conclusions, you are placing your feet on the first ring of a ladder which, in most people's estimation, is the reverse of Jacob's, and leads to the antipodes of heaven."

Let our readers peruse this quotation carefully. Mr. Huxley would urge this request, for this quotation is the burden of his article. We likewise urge it, and have repeated one or two sentences in order to reproduce the entire argument, because this quotation is the cause of just battle between us, and is itself the centre of our controversy. Ere this discussion cease, we shall winnow it well. Meanwhile be it remembered that by a universal consent, which Mr. Huxley does not challenge, Protoplasm is only produced, and is only known to exist, in a living organism, and let these points for criticism be noted.

First. Mr. Huxley in the course of this argument alters his language, and drifts his readers almost by stealth along a series of expressions which have that look of general identity of which he is fond, but are essentially different, so as to lead them far from their starting place. Observe the three successive phrases in which he details the connection between Protoplasm and the three composite elements that form its matter. First we are told when these three compounds "are brought together, under certain conditions, they give rise to the still more complex body Protoplasm." Here, of course, a careful reader would at once exclaim: No! *they do not give rise to the*

new body—that which makes them Protoplasm is not given in them.” But still the two expressions, “when they are brought together,” and “under certain conditions,” give room for all that might be claimed of an opponent, since it is the living organism, that of itself, and within itself, by unknown processes, *brings* together the chemical compounds, and, furnishing the “certain conditions” requisite, converts them into Protoplasm. Here two functions are allowed tacitly, though not expressly, to the living organism which produces this substance, and the reader is content. In the next phrase, describing the production of this substance, this creative or productive energy of the living organism is thus minimised and fined away. “Carbonic acid, water, and ammonia disappear, and in their place, under the influence of pre-existing living Protoplasm, an equivalent weight of the matter of life makes its appearance.” It is not a living organism, it is only living *Protoplasm*, that is here alluded to; and we say no living or dead Protoplasm—as Protoplasm, and without being a part of a living being—ever had the slightest influence to produce the so-called matter of life. Again, it is *pre-existing* Protoplasm that has influence. How a substance that is not existing, but pre-existed, can have any immediate influence (such as Mr. Huxley supposes and as the case requires), it would baffle better philosophers than Mr. Huxley or ourselves to conceive: a thing has influence when it is, not when it was. But especially in the case of the appearance of Protoplasm, it is only during the actual existence and by the present energy of a living organism that food becomes Protoplasm. A dead sheep may make good Protoplasm for Mr. Huxley; but it will make no more for itself despite its pre-existence. And, lastly, all the functions of the living organism, in bringing the necessary elements of food together, and supplying all necessary but unknown conditions, are now reduced to an *influence*. Well, but all these—the “pre-existing living matter with its influence,” the force which brings together and supplies the conditions for the production of Protoplasm—have now finally to be whisked away. The third phrase dispenses with their cumbersome “apparail,” and a sentence in the quotation we have italicised tells us boldly and boldly of the *not living matter which gave rise* to living matter. Even the influence of pre-existing life is needless now. The three compounds themselves give rise to living matter and to life. Thus *facilis descensus Averni*.

Secondly, we affirm that according to the methods of in-

ductive science, and every authority in inductive logic, Mr. Huxley has mis-stated the true cause of the formation of Protoplasm. He has indicated by every kind of allusion and illustration, he has attempted to prove, and he has bluntly asserted, that the three compounds, carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, were the cause of the appearance or existence of Protoplasm, and the necessity of a living organism to its appearance is sidled off at first as a mere condition, an influence, and is then ignored. But what say the masters of scientific logic? Mr. Mill writes: "That which will be followed by a given consequent, when and only when some third circumstance also exists, is not the cause, even although no case should have ever occurred in which the phenomenon took place without it."* And, again, "whatever antecedent cannot be excluded without preventing the phenomenon, is the cause, or a condition of that phenomenon."† Accordingly, the presence and co-existence of the three compounds named by Mr. Huxley do not give rise to Protoplasm, because they do so only *when a third* circumstance also exists, viz., the action of a living organism. M. Claude Bertrand puts this law of evidence still more clearly: "Pour conclure avec certitude qu'une condition donnée est la cause prochaine d'un phénomène, il ne suffit pas d'avoir prouvé que cette condition précède ou accompagne toujours le phénomène; mais il faut établir que, cette condition étant supprimée, le phénomène ne se montrera plus." By which canon of induction, a function of the living body is the *prochaine cause*—immediate cause—of the phenomenon of Protoplasm. And what do these modern masters of science teach, save to re-echo the sage counsels of Bacon, who advises us to reverse our experiments or to suppress the supposed cause, and then see if the phenomenon will still take place; and to draw up "tables of absence" to register negative facts, with which to counteract and control positive facts. Let Mr. Huxley suppress the presence of a living body, and then, as deftly as he can, arrange his three compound elements, carbonic acid, water, and ammonia. Will Protoplasm make its appearance? Can he dispense as lightly with the influence of pre-existing (!) living Protoplasm in his laboratory as he has done in the lecture-room!

Mr. Huxley's illustrations shall again serve our purpose, better, we fancy, than he will find them to serve his. Here is a watch: it goes: what is the cause of the special arrangement which makes it keep time? By every line and word of

* *Logic*, vol. i. pp. 411.

† P. 455.

his reasoning Mr. Huxley is bound to say the properties of the component elements of the watch are the cause of the watch and all its movements. We press the analogy, for Mr. Huxley has cited it, and we shall use it. It is true that we know that a mechanic arranged the parts of the watch so that it has its specific time-keeping properties; and that steel and brass, its component elements, have never been known to arrange themselves into such a complex body without a mechanic's skill. We know, in M. Bertrand's language, that, the "mechanic" being suppressed, no watch will make its appearance. And, therefore, by right of his logical canon and of common sense which it formulates, we pronounce the mechanic to be the immediate cause—the producer of the watch. But we know, with equal absoluteness of certainty, every one of these facts likewise concerning Protoplasm; that the peculiar arrangement of its elements is caused by a living organism, and that these parts never arrange themselves into this complex body without a living organism. We know that, if life be suppressed, no Protoplasm will make its appearance. What, then, shall we pronounce to be its cause? The molecules that form it? Then brass and steel make the watch! Cannot Mr. Huxley see that as he deduces the operations of a watch, not from the matter of its several parts, "but from the form of its parts, and the manner in which they are put together," that the operations or phenomena of Protoplasm are to be deduced from the same source? And that, as the watchmaker is the producer of the watch, because he gives its parts the needful form and the needful arrangement, so that produces Protoplasm which gives its parts their form and arrangement? A skilful man makes a watch—a living body makes Protoplasm. This analogy goes further. The watchmaker brings the different parts together in order to form and arrange them. So does the living body. These elements that have been named are not brought in definite amounts and due proportions to it. It seeks and selects them separately or unitedly, and then forms and combines them by an inscrutable chemistry into Protoplasm. Therefore, again, and *à fortiori*, the living body is the cause of its formation.

That Mr. Huxley's argument about Protoplasm may be fully understood by the light of the illustration of a watch which he has tempted us to use, we apply his three series of expressions to the production of the watch.

(a) The brass and steel, like the elementary bodies of which they are composed, are lifeless. But when they are brought together under certain conditions, they give rise to the still

more complex body—a watch, and this watch exhibits the phenomena of motion.

(β) A certain amount of brass and steel disappears, and in their place, under the influence of pre-existing living Protoplasm (a watchmaker, who, according to Mr. Huxley, is correctly and fully described by this periphrasis), an equivalent weight of the matter of motion makes its appearance.

(γ) The not moving matter gives rise to the moving matter—a watch.—Q.E.D.

Shall we be forgiven if we now refer to the other illustration of the meat-jack, and say that Mr. Huxley has out-Martin'd Martinus Scriblerus himself? A very safe explanation, indeed, and an irrefutable one, was that of Scriblerus. When ignorant of the cause of the meat-jack's motion, he attributed it to a special meat-roasting "property" it had which he did not understand. Mr. Huxley attributes to molecules of carbonic acid, water and ammonia, the endless properties of motion, thought, sentiment, and will, which include meat-roasting and joking: and if he knew that they had these properties as surely as Martinus saw the meat-jack had its property, this article would not have been written. Before Scriblerus, Molière had cracked the same joke against scientific jargon. When his "doctor," under examination for a degree, was asked "why opium induces sleep," he answered, "*Quia est in eo virtus domitiva cujus est natura sensus assoupire.*" And yet the greatest European physiologist has written, "This answer seems indeed to be a pleasantry or an absurdity. It is, however, the only answer that can be given. In like manner, if we wished to answer the question, why does hydrogen, when it combines with oxygen, produce water? we can only reply, "because hydrogen has a property capable of producing water." It is, then, only the question which asks "the why" that is absurd, because it compels an answer which seems naïve or ridiculous. We can know the "how" and in what condition opium induces sleep, but we can never know the "why."

Thus vindicating poor Martinus Scriblerus, we should gladly vindicate Mr. Huxley too. If in his ignorance he had ascribed the nature and function of Protoplasm to its properties, and of the meat-jack to its property, we should have learnt nothing, but would have said nothing. Well for him if he had been such an apt pupil of Scriblerus! But what shall we say when now, by the logic which attributes all the nature and function of Protoplasm to the nature of the matter of which it is composed, we must attribute the nature

and operations of the meat-jack to the same cause? It is a jack and roasts meat, because it is made of brass. The molecules of brass gives rise to a meat-jack!—Scriblerus never sank to this bathos.

Thirdly, we protest against Mr. Huxley's language in describing the process of the formation of *Protoplasm*. We take the readers of Mr. Huxley's article, or of our long quotation from it, to witness, whether he does not represent it thus—that three given elements are brought together or chance to co-exist, that then externally to them a certain condition arises, or a certain influence is exerted upon them; and lo! the result—*Protoplasm* makes its appearance and life begins. The fact is this, a living organism exists, it seeks and draws together for its use certain elements. These elements it combines within itself into the substance of *Protoplasm*, from which it elaborates the fabric of its various parts as they decay. How, then, shall we criticise Mr. Huxley's representation so as to exhibit its faultiness? First, the words "conditions," "influence," are not adequate to express the several actions of the living organism in this productive process. They give a false impression. They do not express a causative agency. Second, there is a wholly unscientific conception of force running through Mr. Huxley's representation. He allows an "influence," he allows a something, which brings certain elements together, and supplies certain conditions; and then he imagines that "influence"—that "something" which had, when "pre-existing" a certain efficiency—to be suddenly extinguished—to become non-existent. No! Mr. Huxley, that "influence," that "efficient something," is as indestructible as your carbonic acid, water, and ammonia. It abides in the effect. The *Protoplasm* is of three elements, plus that influence, plus that mysterious something.

Mr. Huxley's explanation of the formation of the drop of water is as faulty as his entire essay on *Protoplasm*. Mr. Tyndall has written a remarkable article on "Chemical Rays" in the same number of the *Fortnightly Review*, which has not, we fear, attained like popularity with Mr. Huxley's on *Protoplasm*, but strikingly contrasts with it in stringent accuracy of language and consecutiveness of reasoning. We know, from that article, that Mr. Tyndall would not confess to such blank ignorance of the *modus operandi* of an electric spark in the production of a drop of water as Mr. Huxley imputes to him and to all physicists when he says: "The influence of pre-existing living matter is something quite unintelligible; but does anyone quite comprehend the *modus operandi* of an

electric spark which traverses a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen?"* Is this *modus operandi* quite unintelligible? A molecule of water is an aggregate of atoms of oxygen and hydrogen maintained in positions of equilibrium by the equalised action of two opposing forces. The force or energy of those waves of electric light delivers up their energy or motion to those atoms. It has driven the atoms together and become the bond of cohesion that locks them together. The "modus" or "how" of this process is not quite unintelligible.

But observe, further, by what right is that force which really constitutes the drop of water, as much as a driven hammer and nails make a box, ignored, and the nature of water attributed to the sole properties of oxygen and hydrogen? That electric light is as real and as efficient an element in the composition of the water as its other elements, and is as indestructible as they are. And not impossibly, the variegated geometrical shapes into which water freezes when it "builds up frosty imitations of the most complex forms of vegetable foliage" are to be traced to the force derived from electric light, more than to any property of either oxygen or hydrogen. Well, now, granting that the life in an organism which produces Protoplasm may be described as a force. Let its character as a force be distinctly apprehended: it is a force of various functions; it is a force which seeks, attracts, selects, imbibes the necessary elements, and then combines them together. And let it be further understood that this "force" abides in and is the essential part of the result which it produces. When it disappears, Protoplasm disappears; just as certainly as when the force of the electric wave is counter-balanced and annulled in the water, it is no longer water. The atoms of oxygen and hydrogen fly asunder whenever their chains are loosened. Third, Mr. Huxley represents the transformation of the three lifeless compounds into Protoplasm, as though it took place out of a living body; as though an influence were applied, or a condition supplied to them, from without, precisely as when the electric spark is sent through a mixture of two gases. We only wish to draw attention to this fact because, whilst scientifically we can establish no

* As a species of verbal ambiguity, which constantly hazes Mr. Huxley's language, our readers should note the adverb "quite" in the two clauses of this sentence, which will mislead ninety-nine readers out of a hundred. A man may not quite comprehend that which is yet not quite or wholly unintelligible. He may comprehend much of it. It may be almost wholly intelligible, and yet he may not quite comprehend it. "Not quite comprehensible" and "quite incomprehensible" are two quite different predicates, and yet Mr. Huxley uses them as quite identical.

objection against such a view, to the general reader the whole representation is misleading and false. In no case are the compounds prepared outside the body, and then an influence applied to them. Pre-existing Protoplasm does not expire in imparting this influence, as the electric spark expires in the production of water. The body always finds and draws *within itself* the several elements it uses to produce Protoplasm. And Mr. Huxley exposes himself by his inaccuracy of expression to a similar answer to that which was formerly given by the *savants* of the Royal Society in Charles II.'s reign, when after long examining why a bucket of water with fish weighed only the same as a bucket without, at last discovered and replied *it didn't*. So when Mr. Huxley says, "carbonic acid, water and ammonia disappear," and "in their place an equivalent weight of the matter of life makes its appearance," we are apt to reply, Never! There is the weight of the fish in the bucket after all. You must have the weight of the living organism that converts the elements added to them before you cause Protoplasm to make its appearance. You must weigh Mr. Huxley along with his mutton-chop after supper, if any Protoplasm is to be made that night.

All we have written appertains to Protoplasm in its proper sense—that substance within living bodies in which its cells originate and from which the tissues of its living organs are built up. Does this Protoplasm ever of itself become living Protoplasm? We now open another subject—the origin of life. In considering it we will assume that all we have written on the formation of Protoplasm has been or may be either disproved or discredited by chemical research; that Protoplasm proper has been or may be produced by the chemist without the instrumentality of a living organism. Well! we then affirm and prove that this Protoplasm cannot of itself engender life. Our proof is twofold, and rests, first, upon the unvarying and unequivocal testimony of scientific inquirers; and, second, upon the invariable laws of matter.

1st. Universal experience and scientific research combine to prove that spontaneous generation, or the origination of life in any kind of matter which has not life, is unknown to nature. We quote authorities. They are the best arguments here. And Mr. Huxley must admit that we cite the living chiefs and judges of his own realm—Biology—to decide this question.

Quatrefages says: "Mediately or immediately every animal is derived from a male and female parent. This is equally true of plants. A male and a female—such is the origin of

every living human being. Accordingly, the existence of sexes, of which inorganic nature does not present the slightest trace, appears to be a distinctive mark of organised matter and to be one of those fundamental laws, the reason of which we need not seek.”*

M. Flourens writes: “Harvey arrived first at the most perfect generalisation which has been made on the origin of life. ‘*Omne vivum ex ovo.*’ Every living being comes from an egg. Axiom—famous and absolutely true. For it is as applicable to plants as to animals. The grain is the egg of plants. Life does not begin at each new individual. It continues itself.”†

Finally, M. Bertrand writes: “If it were necessary to define life in a single word, I should say *life is creation*. What specially characterises the living machine is *not the nature of its physico-chemical properties*, as Mr. Huxley asserts, however complex they may be—it is the creation of a machine which *develops itself* in all its parts under our eyes, in conditions which belong to it, and according to a definite idea which expresses the nature of the living being and is the very essence of life.”‡

We need not add the results of the observations of M. Pasteur, concerning which the Secretary of the French Academy of Sciences pronounces his verdict firmly and concisely thus: “So long as my opinion was not formed I said nothing. To-day it is formed, and I speak it. M. Pasteur’s experiments are decisive: To give rise to animalcules, what is necessary? If spontaneous generation is possible, air and putrescent liquids. But M. Pasteur puts air and putrescent liquids together, and there is no generation: Then is there no spontaneous generation. Still to doubt, is not to comprehend the question.”

2nd. We now rise higher—to the very highest evidence possible to the human reason. In Protoplasm which is not living—whether it exist in a living body, or produced by a chemist, if such a marvel should take place—no life can spontaneously originate. It does not live of itself. It cannot of itself engender life. As a matter of fact, we know it does not. We shall now show that by the two fundamental and universal laws of matter it cannot. What are these two laws? They

* *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1st and 15th April, 1855; 1st and 15th June, and 1st July, 1856.

† *Ontologie*, pp. 113—115. Paris, 1864.

‡ *Introduction à l’Etude de la Médecine Expérimentale*, p. 161.

are known of all physicists as the laws of "inertia" and "determinism."

By the former we denote that universal property of matter that it acts only as it is acted on. Spontaneity is unknown to matter. It cannot act causelessly. It is motionless, property-less, until external motion moves it, or external circumstances evoke and manifest its properties. It may display unexpected properties, but only when under novel conditions and when an unknown cause acts upon it. Now, if Protoplasm not living exists, by this law of matter it shall continue to exist not living—unless and until a new life-giving cause act upon it. But in that case not it, but that which acts upon it and produces life in it, is the cause of life.

By the second law, which we call that of "determinism," we denote that universal property of matter which makes the action of the same matter in the same circumstances always the same. Now, consider the microscopic cell in the egg, which from identically similar matter round about it fashions the various cells of differing nature, which arrange themselves in differing ways, and build up the living organism. A law which is not given in matter, which is opposed to the very primordial conception and law of matter, is here manifest. From the same matter, the same cell produces different results. This diversity is the very essence of life. There can be no living organism without diversity of parts. But no matter, abiding the same matter, can from itself produce such diversity. Every one particle of that matter must always produce the same result upon every other particle. Therefore that matter cannot change at all till it is changed, and the cause of its change is necessarily outside of itself. *A fortiori*, one particle of it cannot from precisely similar particles produce diverse results. Life only originates in such diversity, therefore it cannot originate in such matter.

We might add to these laws of matter a law of reason, viz., the law of "a sufficient reason," in other words, that the cause must be equal to the effect which, in fact, it contains. But in this article we have confined ourselves to the physical world, and therefore we refrain from this argument.

Our space is gone; but we have not done. Therefore, *au revoir*.

ART. VIII.—*Culture and Anarchy. An Essay in Political and Social Criticism.* By MATTHEW ARNOLD. Smith, Elder and Co. 1869.

THE name of Matthew Arnold will always, in this country, be associated with the doctrine of culture. Others have written about it before, but none so definitely and fully as he. None have used the term with quite the same wide and precise meaning. He seems to regard it as his mission to awaken the interest of his countrymen in it. This pervades, and gives the dominant tone and aim to, all his previous writings. But the times, he thinks, are favourable for a fuller enunciation of the doctrine; it is deeply needed. We are hurrying on to the vortex of social anarchy, and nothing can save us but immediate and general attention to culture.

And what is culture? According to Arnold it is a certain habit of mind, not of mere manners. It is the study and pursuit of perfection—of perfection harmonious and general—the main characteristics of which are “sweetness and light,” or, in other words, beauty and intelligence. It sees the standard of this perfection in right reason and the will of God; it seeks therefore to make them prevail. It strives to get at reason and the will of God by reading, observing, and thinking, by turning a current of fresh and free thought on all matters, even the most sacred and time-honoured, which claim belief and call for action. It is not satisfied to regard things through the medium of traditional opinion and feeling. It strives to see things as they are. It is not in love with any mere machinery as such. It has no sympathy with the tendency to immediate action of some kind or other which so generally prevails, and is so much applauded. It is more given to consider how to act in the best way. It does not tend to self-isolation. Indeed, according to its expositor, it has a passion for doing good. It believes that individual perfection very much depends on the progress of society in the same direction. It is therefore bent on affording society all the help it can in the way of pointing out its real evils, suggesting the means of removing them, and indicating those courses which will best tend to its general and harmonious perfection.

With these qualities and aims, culture in the person of Mr.

Arnold, looking abroad over the state of things prevailing in this England of ours, finds much that needs instant remedy. In politics, in literature, in religion, things appear to be sweeping on to anarchy. The forces which have long been urging us towards this frightful goal exist partly in what is common to human nature everywhere, partly in what is peculiar to the English character, and partly in certain bad habits which are fostered by some of our most cherished institutions. There is the natural inclination to the bathos common to human beings as such, parading itself in hideous or ludicrous forms, gravely unconscious that it is not sublimity itself. There is the national preference of doing to thinking, which finds its counterpart in the worship of wealth, coal, free-trade, bodily vigour, population, and organisations of all sorts. There is the all but universal disbelief in an absolute right reason, and impatience with any authority which does not depend upon, and therefore merely represent, the opinions and prejudices of our own particular class. All which evils, so far from being held in check, are really promoted and strengthened, by our public speakers and writers. The result is that we are rapidly approaching the vortex of general confusion. Mr. Arnold's national plan of salvation is attention to culture, as that habit of mind which is essentially opposed to these causes of our danger.

The cure of anarchy is the restoration of belief in, and regard for, competent authority. Culture, looking about for such authority to remedy the tendency which it observes to a general break-up of society, cannot find what it seeks in any of the principal classes of which society consists. They are all living in their ordinary selves. They have no notion of a best self—of a paramount right reason. To invest either of them with supreme authority would be but the triumph of vulgar, ungenial, intolerant class prejudices. Turning away then from Barbarians, Philistines and Populace, culture points us to its idea of the *State* as the organ of the collective right reason of the nation—the active embodiment of its best self. The State, then, whatever its defects, culture suggests, must be upheld, and those who would weaken or pervert it must be promptly put down. For if it has not done much for us yet, who knows what good things it may accomplish by-and-by? In the meanwhile order is the prime condition of progress. Mourning over our anarchical tendencies in literature, Mr. Arnold thinks he sees a proper centre of authority in the notion of an academy after the French model. But he sighs to think how impossible at present is the realisation

of his dream, so potent are the blind conflicting forces of national self-assertion and prejudice; and as to religion, why should not the State establish Presbyterianism or Congregationalism on the same footing with Episcopacy? Then surely all reasonable and cultured men would find in the one or the other ample room for the employment and satisfaction of their religious faculties, moving at the same time in the healthful current of national life, and leaving to incurable fanatics their hole-and-corner systems, and the blind worship of their own peculiar fetishes.

It may betray a sad want of culture on our part, but to a great deal of this we can only say *non placet*. But culture itself must not be confounded with Mr. Arnold's private opinions. It may be successfully pursued by those whose views on many important questions differ widely from his own. We are not disposed to undervalue Mr. Arnold's teaching, so far as it describes the essential nature of culture, and points out the serious need for calling general attention to it at the present time, because we cannot endorse *all* his views and suggestions. That teaching in the main is sound, valuable, and timely. Certainly the nation needs culture as defined by Arnold, but not altogether as exemplified by him. It needs culture, but not Arnoldism. We say this because, unless we greatly misunderstand him, his views as to some of the most important matters affecting human interests generally, and the interests of the nation at this particular juncture, are essentially wrong. The "current of fresh and free thought" which he has turned upon these subjects has somehow led him far astray. But culture itself is not to blame for this. It is not too much or too free thought, but too little and too superficial, which has done the mischief. With regard to the great questions with which religion deals, and with regard to Christianity in particular, he seems to have attained the shining mists of philosophical indifference to which so many cultured and imaginative natures find their way. And this not because of their culture and imagination. We believe that the chief element in the solution of this fact consists in what old-fashioned Christians call human depravity. It is only one of its innumerable forms and evidences. But we are persuaded that the world, which has a wonderful instinct for selecting what is necessary to its health and growth, will take and assimilate the truly valuable part of Arnold's doctrine of culture, that which relates to the essence of the thing itself, and leave what is merely Arnoldism, like an empty shell, to swell the heaps of similar exuviae which

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mark the several stages of human progress. There is but too much truth in the author's description of the present state of things. Nor is it likely, notwithstanding the assertions of the popular newspapers to the contrary, that such a condition of things can continue as it is, or that it will improve itself into something better. And it would be well if, instead of crying "peace, peace," or fostering these evils and the bad mental habits which produce them, the professed teachers and guides of the nation would urge upon its attention more of the sort of thing which Arnold recommends as culture. We have little expectation that this will be done, or that it would accomplish all that Mr. Arnold looks for if it were done. Our hope for the continued organic existence of society and for its improvement is not in culture alone, which even if generally pursued is inadequate to the task, but in religion. Not that religion can supply the place of culture any more than culture can be a substitute for religion. Their functions are quite different. Religion develops and directs the moral powers of man. And without this society cannot long continue in freedom, health, and progress. Religion, then, supplies those conditions in which alone culture can work with certainty and success.

But culture, as Mr. Arnold seems to apprehend it, is a far wider thing than will come within the definitions of it given in this volume. The more we read Arnold's writings, the more convinced we are that he does not really differ from Goethe in his view as to what is the chief end of man. His position seems to be this—man is greater than all systems and doctrines; whatever is according to nature is right; human nature is a very various and many-sided thing; the perfection of this nature of ours is the harmonious development, employment, and gratification of all its constituent parts; this should be our aim and object in life as far as circumstances permit; nature, reason, and the will of God are different expressions of the same thing; conformity to nature under the guidance of reason, which takes all the surrounding facts into account, is really conformity to the will of God, and in this consist our duty and happiness.

The fundamental tenet of this theory is self-sufficiency. Our great duty is to make the best we can of ourselves, with a view to our present happiness—to develop ourselves as much as possible on all sides—and to this end to adapt ourselves wisely and cautiously to the requirements and promptings of the nature within and without. And we must by no means relegate our bliss to a future life, if indeed there be

one, beyond an endless transformation of impersonal and unconscious force.

But one fatal mistake marks this theory of culture. It ignores the fact of man's moral weakness. To this sad fact passing events, the course of history, and the common conscience of men, abundantly testify. And if Mr. Arnold had been as well acquainted with human nature as he is with human opinions, he would not have overlooked it. But it is here that all such theories inevitably break down. When applied to actual life they prove their impracticability, and by their failure witness for the need of some superhuman power to correct this inherent weakness, and enable us to attain that perfection of character which excites the admiration and desire of all candid souls. But while the culture-theorists will not admit the existence of this weakness, or if they do, that it is from the cause and of the nature and extent that believers in the Christian revelation hold, they nevertheless feel obliged to recognise it practically, and to make some sort of provision for it. Mr. Arnold points us to Hebraism, of which Christianity is the latest and most powerful embodiment, as affording that support and nourishment which our moral nature requires. But he must surely know that Hebraism derives whatever power it possesses over man's moral nature from its supernatural facts and doctrines. Take away men's belief in these, and the marvellous influence it has so long exerted on the world's mind and on the course of human progress—the energy which has adorned that course with such conspicuous and affecting monuments of moral worth—will vanish at once. Now it is as far as possible from our wish to misrepresent Mr. Arnold. But we cannot, while reading his books, resist the conviction that, whatever his own view of the Christian revelation may be, it does not at all resemble that of a man who recognises its exclusive Divine efficiency, and the objective reality of its alleged supernatural facts. We cannot imagine what can remain in Christianity for Mr. Arnold except a *caput mortuum* of bewildering and powerless legends. What, in such a case, can Hebraism avail to correct man's moral weakness, and to sustain his faltering purpose against the assaults of temptation?

But the advocates of culture go a little further in tacitly admitting man's moral inability. They accommodate their theory itself to that inability. They do this, first, by deposing the moral from the grand and far excelling eminence which it has hitherto occupied, and placing it on a level with the intellectual. Hebraism and Hellenism are made to stand

side by side as equal and component forces necessary to bring about human perfection. There is nothing intrinsically more excellent in the former than in the latter. Its chief value is that it supplies a sort of toughness to the character without which Hellenism would be imperfect and unstable. But sin does not really possess the specially evil and fatal character which Hebraism assigns to it. Nor is obedience to what is called the moral law of such exclusively vital importance as Hebraisers commonly consider it to be. All this, if not dogmatically expressed, seems to us fairly implied in the doctrine of culture, as Mr. Arnold holds it. And its obvious tendency is to lessen our reverence for moral excellence, and to weaken the force of conscience.

But the culture theory is still further accommodated to man's moral weakness by practically lowering the standard of morals. We do not charge the promoters of this theory with consciously tampering with the interests of morality. What we mean is this. Little or no regard is paid to any supreme authority on morals such as exists in Divine revelation. That is right which commends itself to the cultivated mind as allowable, or expedient, or conformable to nature. The prevailing sentiment of cultured people thus becomes the sole standard of morals. We need not stay to show how shifting and uncertain such a standard must be, nor how surely it would be continually reduced. The path of virtue, while still retaining its name, would become more and more easy and pleasant, until at last, human desires, attended by self-satisfaction and the approving smiles of the cultured, unchecked by such old-world things as conscience and revelation, would roam over all the ground left undisputed by the dread of unpleasant temporal consequences. And would they always certainly remain even within these limits? What support can a human soul, trembling with the energy of mighty passions, find in the well-reasoned considerations of ethical theorists elaborated in the cool retirement of their studies? A rare combination of favourable circumstances may enable some men of uncommon endowments to attain a high degree of moral and general excellence. But to how few does it happen to be placed in such circumstances. And even such rare cases when they do occur, looked at from a Christian point of view, will not be found quite so satisfactory as the advocates of these theories appear to consider them to be. And what are the masses of men to do, amid the ordinary surroundings of life, with no more effectual help for such feeble hesitating impulses towards the

right and good as may exist within them than the doctrine of culture, or some other more or less ethical theory, can supply? With such views and aims, with a refinement destitute of spirituality, with a conscience supported only by the vaguest and feeblest of religious convictions, with no high and distinctive moral purpose, with neither faith nor hope worth calling such, what can life become, even in the best of such cases, but a piece of washed and scented secularism, a course of philosophical sensuousness, Sadduceeism baptized with the modern spirit and clad in modern manners? But what neither culture nor any similar system can effect, Christianity, and Christianity alone, is able to accomplish. It is true Christianity does not profess to be a cure for all forms of anarchy. It does not come to us as the sole and sufficient means of harmonious and general perfection. It says nothing about these things. The aspect it wears is that of a specific remedy for a definite disease. It addresses itself directly to man's moral nature. It seeks to correct his weakness and to put him right there. And thus it lays the foundation for rectification and improvement on all sides—for the attainment of all that is meant by culture. But how does Christianity make men morally strong? By the influence of its truths and by the accompanying grace of the Holy Spirit. Those truths are pre-eminently solemn, wonderful, and affecting. And that grace of the Holy Spirit is given to all who rightly regard and heartily embrace Christianity. And these truths and this Divine power thus brought constantly to bear upon their conscience, their needs, their aspirations, their hopes and fears, cannot fail to create and maintain a moral strength which enables them to resist temptation and successfully to strive after perfection. Thus Christianity effectually corrects man's moral weakness, and opens the way for the pursuit of culture and all virtue. And that it does so the experience of multitudes abundantly testifies. It accomplishes the task to which culture itself is utterly inadequate.

But, although Christianity does open the way for culture, it does not do so expressly. It does not necessarily impel its professors to the study and pursuit of harmonious and general perfection. It makes no statements, gives no directions, affords no special provisions for its attainment. And, notwithstanding the need for it, and the fact that Christianity alone renders it possible, there are great numbers who, through want of knowledge on this subject, and the pressure of adverse circumstances, never set themselves to reach it, even to the extent that Christianity allows and

justifies. Not that culture can ever be regarded by the true Christian as the principal aim of life. The salvation of ourselves and of the world through the merciful provisions of the Gospel must still be first. The stake is too great to place it on a level with anything else.

This brings us to notice for a moment the purport and scope of the Christian revelation, and the utter inconsistency of the demands of the culture theory with its just claims. In the writings of Mr. Arnold, and of others like-minded, we do not, indeed, mark any express and formal rejection of Christianity, but only a quiet ignoring of it as generally understood and believed. It is regarded merely as a means of culture, though a very important means, and each man is to use it according to his own independent reason and taste. It has to undergo a searching scrutiny by the critical faculty. All that offends the cultivated judgment or taste must be suppressed or explained away, and the whole enveloped in the graceful folds of philosophy and imagination, and thrown into an interesting and unexceptional pose; and when it has thus been rendered acceptable to modern culture, it may be admitted among the forces which are needful for the general and harmonious perfection of society. But how does the religion of Christ present itself to us? Certainly not as merely one among many co-ordinate means of perfection. Nor can anyone receive it and make right and full use of it as such. Mr. Arnold regards Christianity as pervaded by the element of Hebraism. This determines its doctrines and aim. The characteristics of Hebraism are the prominence given to the doctrine of sin and the weight it attaches to obedience. "It is of wonderful power," says Mr. Arnold, "in correcting the obvious faults of our animality," in forwarding habits of self-restraint, and in toughening the moral fibre, and, so far, it plays an important and necessary part in culture. But he thinks too much is made of it, too much is expected of it. To be religious is regarded as the be all and end all. Other sides of our nature, which religion does not touch, are neglected. A narrow, rigid Puritanism is the result, and the full development of this is considered as perfection. We are not disposed to advocate the Puritanic view of religion in all its extent. We admit that there is room for culture, and that it is much needed, and nowhere more than among the professedly religious portion of the nation. Yet we quite demur to Mr. Arnold's view of religion, which he seems to consider as the one sanctioned by culture. What is the aspect under

which Christianity has ever presented itself to the world? What have the candid and earnest ever seen when they have turned their gaze on the religion of Christ? Have not all eyes fastened on the amazing spectacle of the Person and Work of a Divine Redeemer? And has not the Gospel been always understood as declaring that the whole work of this Redeemer had reference to and was necessary in order to bring about the pardon of sin and the salvation of man? Indeed, salvation is the central and determining theme of revelation. It seems as if the view which God takes of man's case is just this. To Him the human race appears wrapped in the embrace of various evil forces, which are sweeping it along to ruin. And the source of these evil forces, the spring of their being and deadly energy, is sin. The essential and enormous evil of sin is clearly estimated by God. He hates it. In the interests of His government, and in those of His creation too, He must adequately deal with it. By His appointment sin is ever pursued by death. But the Divine pity gives birth to the purpose of salvation. That purpose God has been working out from the beginning, and it finds its final embodiment in Christianity. To it all His dealings with men are subservient. To Him men must appear not so much beings of culture, as beings needing salvation before all things else. Now, if this be the view which God takes, what view should we take? What but the same? And it is obviously reasonable that such an apprehension of our case should give the dominant colouring to all our views of things, and the ruling tone and direction to our whole life. How, then, can a man in the presence of the whole wonderful system of salvation coolly propose to himself culture as the great aim of life? We can understand a heathen or an infidel doing so, but we cannot understand any one who believes in the Divine origin of Christianity doing so. To such a man it must appear that his first duty is to extricate himself from the crushing evils of sin, and this by falling in with the Divine plan of salvation; and next that when he has thus secured his own safety, he should spare no pains to save others. This view of our case and of the duties arising out of it lies upon the very surface of New Testament teaching. And men are bound to accept and act upon it. Salvation must occupy the first place. It is all very well for Mr. Arnold to bestow a pitying smile upon those who show extreme concern about saving their souls. But can he make it appear that such concern is irrational in anyone holding the ancient and orthodox view of Christianity? Of course if

one has some grand transcendental notion about it which takes from it all obvious meaning and point, and removes it to the far cold distance of philosophical contemplation, such extreme concern, or indeed any concern at all, about salvation would be the height of absurdity. Devotion to culture in Mr. Arnold's sense is only possible when all belief in the objective truth of Christianity has vanished away.

Nevertheless there is room for some attention to culture without relaxing our regard for those great ends which religion puts before us. It is really pitiable to see whole masses of our countrymen blindly hurrying on, full of energy, empty of thought, crowding with unquestioning confidence the old ways of traditional opinion and usage, losing sight of ends in means, worshipping facts and heedless of their real nature and bearing. And some even of the best and noblest are borne along the confused and mighty torrent. But action is easy, thought is hard. More thought, fresh, free, patient, reverential, conscientious thought, is the great thing wanted. Little worth calling thought is ever given even by the educated and respectable classes to any matters beyond the region of their most importunate needs. It is wonderful with how few ideas people manage to get decently through life.

But it is in our public affairs that this want of ideas finds its most striking illustration. Witness our patchwork legislation, our lumbering educational system, our numerous benevolent institutions, far less efficient than they might be through defect of thought and want of concert; our vast and expensive machinery for baling out the evils which threaten to sink us, and the all but entire neglect of the yawning leaks which ceaselessly admit the flood. The nation is a well-meaning but weak-eyed Titan, whose prodigal energy is largely wasted through want of light. There is surely room for culture here. But culture also includes sweetness—that is a disposition opposed to narrowness, bigotry, and all self-complacent assumptions of the perfection and universal fitness of the views and practices of our own class, school, or denomination—a disposition that, unappalled by the authority of names or the fierceness of party clamour, waits and watches for the true, the beautiful, and the good, and welcomes them in whatever quarter, and amid whatever surroundings, they present themselves—a disposition that reverently regards all the hints of many-voiced nature, and looks on all that is with tolerance and hope. There is more of the Roman than the Grecian in our national character, more of

sternness and rigidity than of sweetness and grace. And how much need there is for the latter anyone may feel who, hushing if he can the tumult of passion in his own breast, listens to the uproar of societies, parties, and institutions, ignoring or combating each other, struggling for existence or supremacy, and pursuing their several ends with unlimited self-assertion.

But culture has its dangers. It needs the safeguards of common-sense and Christian principle. Its love of light and realism, its Hellenic tendency, of which our own Shakespeare is a fine though unconscious example, may develop into the beautiful, sensuous, classic naturalism of Goethe, or the daring and fanatical paganism of Swinburne. On the other hand, its sweetness and grace may degenerate into the indifference and licence which express themselves in much of our high-class current literature, and in the habits of too many of our educated and cultured youth.

And now we must say farewell to Mr. Arnold for the present. We have read his essay with pleasure and profit, notwithstanding we have felt obliged to differ from him in several important particulars. His clear, flexible style, his delicate humour, his imperturbable good temper, make his book very pleasant reading, while there is much in the matter advanced that must engage the the serious interest of thoughtful minds. Beneath the play of *badinage* there is an earnest meaning, sometimes a profound pathos. If he trifles at times on the edge of great questions, almost like a heartless sceptic, it is because he sees more keenly and truly than many how great and deep these questions are, and because he despairs almost bitterly in his secret heart of any solution of them, at least in our time. He has merited thanks by his caustic exposure of the superficiality and ignorance of much that has long passed in England for unquestioned truth and wisdom. Boldly has he, with his sling and stone, assailed the Goliath of our newspaper press, and he has left his dint and mark upon the brow of the great Philistine. He has helped to abate our ignorant national self-confidence on the subject of education. He has taken down a little of our tall talk on several pressing questions. He is, indeed, too much of an exquisite in all things, and more self-conscious than is really beautiful or graceful, whatever he may imagine, or than is consistent indeed with the truest and noblest culture. Apollo among the gods is too much his model; among the saints he has too little sympathy with the soul of Paul. In a word, he verges

upon effeminacy, and has as little as possible of the heroic in his composition. He neither glories in the Cross, nor is prepared to address himself to any labour of Hercules. Still we have always considered that those were wide of the mark who regard Mr. Arnold as a mere dreamer, a superfine amateur reformer. We wish, however, that this opinion had not so much colouring of excuse. There is a sort of gay-hearted innocence about him, or rather perhaps a wonderful assumption of it. There is an apparent want of earnest recognition of the ills and needs of society. We are sure, however, that he is not without deep and manly feeling on these subjects; only he believes that what is wanted now is not so much an instant application of some remedy or other, as more thought about the whole matter. Yet it would be better for the effect of Mr. Arnold's exhortations if he threw into them a little more feeling, and if he showed some appreciation of his countrymen's sincerity and labours. There is a trifle too much mere fault-finding. Mr. Arnold has Hellenised himself too completely. And pleasant as it all is while he discourses, we are apt to get cloyed with the sweetness and wearied with the light, and to long for a little Gothic ruggedness, strength, and gloom. Above all, it would be well if, upon the true and firm convictions of a Christian believer, were built up in his character the strength and hope of the Christian life.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Origin and Development of Religious Belief. By S. Baring-Gould, M.A. Author of "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," "The Silver Store," &c. Part I.—Heathenism and Mosaism. Rivingtons: 1869.

MR. BARING-GOULD is the most remarkable man of the latest generation of extreme Anglo-Catholics. It would hardly be guessed from the work we have now before us how various are his credentials, or how advanced is the position which he occupies in that vanguard of Sacramentarian Ritualists, which has done not a little already towards revolutionising the Church of England. More than three years ago he contributed to the first annual volume of the series of Essays known under the general title of "The Church and the World," a frank and striking paper "On the Revival of Religious Confraternities"—a paper which indicated great breadth of view, remarkable knowledge of human nature, and especially of rustic English human nature, and a politic and practical sagacity such as is not so often found even among "Mission Priests." Last year, for the third volume of the same annual serial, he wrote a paper on the "Origin of the Schools of Thought in the English Church." This paper showed much learning, and a definite system of philosophy, and of ecclesiastico-historical criticism. In it he maintained that "the essentials of Catholicism are—1. Unity of Faith. 2. Apostolic Succession. 3. Sacramental System;" that "the conviction that the English Church is Catholic, makes it a matter of conscience with the Catholic party to remain in her communion;" that "Protestantism," in the modern stress and conflict of thought, must, before long, suffer "necessary extinction," and only Scepticism and Catholicism be left to divide the world of thought between them. Whilst he has thus been taking part as a mission-priest and as a leading writer in the labours of his special church school, he has at the same time been lending his attention to researches which do not often attract "mission-priests." Within the last three years, or thereabouts, he has published two volumes on the "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," which have earned high commendation from our highest critical authorities of various schools, and which are just now republished in a new edition in one volume. He has also published a book on *Iceland, its Scenes and Sagas*; another entitled, *The Silver Store: Legends, Parables, and Anecdotes collected from Mediæval*,

Christian and Jewish Writers, and one on *Past Mediæval Preachers*, which contains "some account of the most celebrated preachers of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries," and he has now in the press an *Essay on the History of Church and State in France*, while he has just published the volume whose title stands at the head of this notice. It is a volume of multifarious learning, of great acuteness, tersely and vividly written, and most comprehensive in its sweep. Mr. Baring-Gould adopts the merely physiological conclusions of the physiologico-psychological school of which Mr. Lewes may be taken as the best known representative, but rejects their conclusions as to the law of causation. The combination of the sensi-idealist philosophy and phraseology of Bain or Lewes with the doctrines of spiritualistic realism in philosophy is very curious—the effect indeed is not seldom almost grotesque. The volume, however, is one which merits and will secure marked attention. The following extracts contain passages with which our readers will not sympathise. On the whole, however, they intimate the outlines of a philosophy which aims, not weakly or unworthily, at conciliating the results of inductive demonstration in that which is material with the philosophy of consciousness.

"The seventh hypothesis is that the universe is the creation of infinite wisdom operating in love; that there are two attributes in God conditioning one another—liberty and necessity. Creation, reflecting this nature, is at once free and necessary. Pantheism gives us an absolute God, anthropomorphism gives us a personal God, materialism supplies a link of cohesion. Fuse the ideas, absorb materialism in pantheism, and pantheism in theism, and the result is what I may call phusitheism. Reasoning from final causes, the existence of a Creator is obtained; for the presence of mind working in nature is demonstrated. It is a clear and satisfactory proof to the ordinary understanding of man; but it proves nothing more than a finite God. If this idea be supplemented by another obtained by ontological argument, the result is an infinite God, impersonal and yet personal, immanent in nature and yet not of or by nature, omnipotent and omniscient, influencing and moulding the material world, which is in Him, and He in it.

"God can be seen in His creatures, for He communicates Himself to man through nature; He is in the works of creation by His essence, which is that by which they have their being; He is in them by His power, as principal cause giving motion. Thus it is God who enlightens through the medium of the sun, warms by the fire, and nourishes through bread. God is present in every force of nature—in heat, electricity, magnetism, attraction, gravitation. It is not that heat, electricity, &c., are God, but that light, heat, electricity, &c., are the effects of the presence of God, effects of His action on the bodies He has given us. Thus, all creatures are to us sacraments, or outward and visible signs of the invisible being of God, veiled under them. 'What do I see in nature?' wrote Fénelon: 'God God everywhere—God alone.'"



"Now if we look at man's faculties, we see that their sweep extends far beyond the term of the development of his sensual life. The intelligence of the Andaman islander may possibly not over-step this limit. He knows, and desires to know, perhaps, nothing but what will prevent the sun from blistering his skin. He is a naked monkey, *plus* the faculty of covering his nakedness. But with the vast majority of the races of men it is otherwise. Their faculties extend beyond these narrow bounds. Through eye and ear enter gleams that illumine a phase of life other than that which is animal, and fill it with longings and impulses to which the material existence is a stranger. The human mind is open to a chain of pleasurable impressions in no way conducive to the preservation of man's sensual being, and to the perpetuation of his race. He derives pleasure from harmonies of colour and grace of form, and from melodious succession of notes. His animal life needs neither. He is conscious of instincts which the gratification of passion does not satisfy, for they are beside and beyond the animal instincts. He feels that his orbit is an ellipse around two foci, that there are two centres of attraction to him, an animal consciousness, and that which we will call a spiritual consciousness. Unless we suppose a second centre, a series of instincts, sensations, and volitions remain unaccounted for. Man derives his liveliest gratification and acutest pain from objects to which his animal consciousness is indifferent. The rainbow charms him. Why? Because the sight conduces to the welfare of his spiritual being. An infant manifests these instincts in a pronounced manner. It dreads and hates darkness: light fills it with ecstasy. It distinguishes between persons. The solicitations of some are received with smiles, those of others meet with an opposite response. It ~~crow~~ crows with delight at the sight of a rose; it laughs with pleasure on hearing a tune. A pictured angel pleases it, a painted devil appals it. All these instincts are utterly waste, unless we suppose that there is another consciousness in man beside that of the animal.

"Man's structure is axial, as has already been said. Towards the lower pole are the seats of the animal apparatus, towards the higher pole is the spiritual apparatus. To the lower pole belong the reproductive and the digestive organs—the latter the apparatus for acquiring force, the former that for disengaging the force requisite for propagation. At the higher end of the axis is the brain, the seat of the intellect. The vital power can, at will, be precipitated on any point. Sentiment stands as it were on the fulcrum, and inclines either to the side of the animal or to that of the spiritual nature according to circumstances.

"When, as among savages, the vital energy is expended on the sensual life, the brain is inactive. When, as among men of intellect, the vital force is directed upon the brain, the sensual life is enfeebled. This is capable of direct proof. Intense mental application, involving great waste of the nervous tissues, and a corresponding consumption of nervous matter for their repair, is found to be accompanied by a cessation in the production of sperm cells. The reverse is also true; an

undue production of spermatozoa involves cerebral inactivity. Consequently, mental activity is directly antagonistic to reproductiveness, for it uses up that force which would otherwise be employed in the formation of cells for the transmission of life.

"The antagonism of the two poles of consciousness is indeed sufficiently apparent to all, and finds expression in such sayings as that of the Wise Man: 'The corruptible body presseth down the soul, and the earthly tabernacle weigheth down the mind that museth upon many things;' and that of St. Paul: 'With the mind I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin.' When the animal nature is made the object of attention, and when to it the intelligence and affections are rendered subservient, the mind acts solely as an animal instinct, and the sensations of pleasure derived from the acquisition of knowledge, from the exercise of reason, the perception of the beautiful, &c., disappear. On the other hand, when the intellect is highly wrought, the sense of pleasure and pain derived from things beyond the animal horizon is intensified, and the physical nature languishes.

"Man is conscious of an apparent strain on the link of cohesion, as though the vital force strove to concentrate itself on the spiritual pole, and resolve the motion of life into a revolution about it, by rupturing the tie which binds it to the animal pole.

"The perception of pleasure or pain is a resolution of force. This is evident in the life of the animal. Where there is no pleasurable or painful sensation there is no arrest and disintegration of force. A clown placed before a painting by Raphael is insensible to its beauty. The waves of light pass through his brain as through a sheet of clear glass. But a connoisseur before it is sensible of delight, because the pulsations of light are stopped and resolved in his mind, which like a convex mirror focuses and refracts the force, and like a lens resolves it. The formation of an idea, as has already been said, is an assimilation and alteration of force, and a stream of ideas passing through the brain leaves evidence of its material action in the excretion of alkaline phosphates by the kidneys. The resolution of muscle, on the contrary, produces lithates.

"There seems to be—but this is merely suggested, not insisted upon—a spiritual force as well as a material force, and a process of spiritual generation going on in the ideal world, not unlike that with which we are familiar in the physical world.

"Three hundred years ago, let us say, a man of genius writes a book. His ideas are thrown out like so many spores, and they lie imbedded in printer's ink till I read his book. They at once take root and develop in my brain, and I, in conversation or in writing, transmit them to others. We find the same ideas, the same speculations, the same plays of fancy, reproduced generation after generation, with modifications peculiar to the time, as though they were living descendants of original ideas which were brought into being before the dawn of history. But this is mere conjecture, and must be laid aside for what is provable."

In his discussion of mysticism the author brings out some strange things. Of course he has something to say about "Wesleyan conversion." We shall not, however, retort by more than a reference to the mysticism of his own sacramental theory, and to the ascetic ecstasies common among the "religious confraternities," whose revival he so greatly desires. Meantime our readers may learn from Mr. Gould that "Mysticism is produced by the combustion of the grey vascular matter in the sensorium—the thalami optici and the corpora striata;" and that "mysticism may be combined with intellectual action, in which case the grey matter in the cerebral hemisphere undergoes oxidation as well."

Mr. Baring-Gould is still a young man. We doubt whether his section of Anglicanism has, or has had since it lost Newman, a man of equal intellectual versatility and vigour. We apprehend, however, that in him there is a sanguine force of temperament contrasting strongly with the ascetic intensity of Newman.

The Witness of St. Paul to Christ. Being the Boyle Lectures for 1869. With an Appendix on the Credibility of the Acts, in Reply to the Recent Strictures of Dr. Davidson. By the Rev. Stanley Leathes, M.A., Professor of Hebrew, King's College, London, and Preacher-Assistant at St. James's, Piccadilly. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1869.

PROFESSOR LEATHES, in his Boyle Lectures for 1868, addressed himself to certain crucial questions connected with the interpretation of the Old Testament, on which the battle must be fought between faith and unbelief. In this volume he deals with the grand and central questions of fact, as respects the New Testament, which group themselves around the history of the Acts of the Apostles, but especially around the history and the individuality of St. Paul, as his course and character are disclosed to us in the Acts and in his Epistles, taken together. This is the strongest ground on which the Christian apologist can take his stand. The argument which was drawn out by Lord Lyttelton, in one aspect of it, and by Paley in his *Horæ Paulinæ*, in another aspect, must always remain the great, we may boldly say, the impregnable defence of Christian doctrine. Most honestly and genuinely has Mr. Leathes made the argument his own, and the result is a work of real value.

We are obliged, however, to repeat some of the criticisms which we made on his former work. Mr. Leathes is greatly wanting in subtle exactitude of language. It is evident that he is defective in logical discipline and in culture of style. He has not fully mastered his own argument in all its breadth and depth, in all its reaches and excursions. Moreover, he is again in this work guilty of the strange mistake, in his Preface especially, of arguing as though St. John's Gospel might be unauthentic, not written by St. John (as it certainly assumes to be),

or by any actual eye-witness, and yet, if its ideas have approved themselves to be quickening and enlightening, it would remain none the less true and good for the believing reader. The same sort of view he intimates also, here and there, as respects the narrative in the Acts. Honestly and manfully as Mr. Leathes grapples with the central arguments along his line of thought, there is a blundering confusion about his conceptions as to this point, which makes it difficult to appreciate his argumentative position.

Furthermore, in this, as in his former work, he says and unsays. After conducting in a positive and often a convincing manner a critical and moral argument, he makes a sudden turn and bend, tells us that, of course, what he has adduced is no such thing as demonstration, and that, unless there is faith in the student (faith which is compelled to "jump to its conclusions"), it will not be felt to be convincing. Now we confess that we do not understand this. Mr. Leathes evidently imagines that there is no demonstration except that which is syllogistic or mathematical. We believe, on the contrary, that the argument from probability and the inductive argument rightly applied to historical and moral subjects, may attain to the height of absolute demonstration; that what is spoken of as moral certainty may be such as to leave the intelligent and attentive student no place for doubt; that such demonstration rests ultimately on the same broad basis of intuitive assurance on which mathematical demonstration rests. It is true that not all men are able to follow the links or to appreciate the force and completeness of the demonstration, but it is equally true that many men are altogether incapable, from intellectual unsteadiness or feebleness, to follow and appreciate a mathematical demonstration. On Mr. Leathes' principle, of what value can his work be to those who do not believe?

Furthermore, Mr. Leathes throughout uses *belief* as the precise and full expression of that which constitutes the Christian. He evidently has never realised the essential truth that belief is but one element in a true faith. "The devils believe and tremble." This entire want of perception, of consciousness, so far as the volume shows, that a Christian believer is much more than one who holds a certain belief, wonderfully mars the exactitude and blunts the edge of his reasoning, thus greatly reducing the value of his argument.

Once more, we are bound to say that Mr. Leathes' eloquence, his rhetoric and his pictorial passages, add nothing at all to the value of his lectures. We give a sample or two of his eloquent manner, from which it may be discerned how far Mr. Leathes works in his illustrations with a master's hand:—

"The voice of the first preachers 'of the Gospel was heard like the sound of a mounted traveller, echoing through the desolate and ruined corridors of some vast and magnificent temple which had long lain waste, and had been untenanted and unvisited of its God. The altar was overthrown, the sanctuary forsaken, the courts and precincts were choked with briars and overgrown with weeds, the birds nestled and

reared their young in the costly friezes and the lofty pediments; it was dismantled within and decayed without; the marble floor was the haunt of unclean beasts; the winds sighed, and the owls hooted through the pillars and the aisles; and the whole was open to the wide vault of heaven, to the heat by day, and to the frost by night. But it was beautiful in its decay. The hand of the master was conspicuous everywhere; throughout were the traces of sublime intelligence, and infinite wisdom, and exquisite skill; everything bespoke how fair it once had been, how fair it yet might be, if the God would return to His forsaken shrine. For now the hoofs of the rider's horse awoke but the echoes of desolation, and discovered but the tokens of decay.

"Such was the sound of the Gospel message, as it fell on the ears of a worn-out civilisation and a decayed humanity."

Some may think this fine. In that case they will probably also admire the extract now following:—

"It is borne across the wide waters of eighteen centuries from the shore of the ancient world, and is as clear and distinct in its utterance now as at the time when it was first uttered. We may be distracted, on this modern strand of ours, with the roaring of many waters, anxious for the safety of many cargoes, deafened with the din of many alien and discordant voices, shattered and wrecked with many storms, and ruined with many losses, but in moments of heavenly calm, when the waves are stilled, and the winds are lulled, and the cares of life are hushed, we may hear it in the cool of the evening, as another voice of more solemn import was once heard in Paradise, and that which it says to us will be what it once said on the banks of Jordan and on the mountain of vision, 'This is My beloved Son; hear ye Him.'

"But whether we hear it or not, it is none the less a fact that it still speaks. A certain condition of the atmosphere and of the elements may be needed, and still more a certain purging of the ears, but its utterance is distinct, and its message unmistakable; and, maybe, if we hear it not now, we never should have heard it then, had we been present by the waters of Jordan, or on the mountain of Galilee."

We confess that, to our thinking, this is by no means clear or classical writing; it even borders upon fustian. From an uneducated sectary such writing might be excused. The *Saturday Review*, the *Spectator*, probably even the *Pall Mall Gazette*, if this book had been written by a Nonconformist, would have used such passages as these to point a sarcasm at the expense of Nonconformist education and association. But from a distinguished scholar and professor, and a man of hereditary university position, we confess that we should not have expected such writing.

Perhaps, however, it is in Mr. Leathes' discussions respecting miracles that he appears to least advantage. It is plain that he has never defined to himself what a miracle is, or what is the distinction between a miracle and a portent or a *lusus naturæ* or a merely unaccountable event. Moreover, he affirms that, to those who were eye-witnesses of them, it is likely that many miracles hardly seemed to be

at all miraculous: that all appeared much less miraculous than they were, and that possibly the miracle of the feeding of the five thousand did not appear to those who witnessed it as any miracle whatever. But if this be so, what is the meaning of our Lord's appeal to His works, and what could be the evidential value of miracles at the time, for which evidential value notwithstanding Mr. Leathes contends?

Such instances as we have now referred to show that Mr. Leathes has written much too hastily, and with an inadequate mastery of the whole subject involved in his argument.

Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, however, Mr. Leathes, grounding himself on the undisputed letters of St. Paul, and combining with them the parallel passages in the Acts, makes out a case of reality in the character, the history, the conversion of St. Paul, and in the spiritual and supernatural experience of the Apostles and of the Christians to and of whom he wrote, which forms a firm basis for Christian faith; and his Appendix, in which he examines in detail all Dr. Davidson's criticism in regard to the history of the Acts, is really able and valuable.

Saint Paul. Par Ernest Renan. Paris: Michel Levy.

THIS is a third instalment of the undertaking in which the French freethinker seeks to give a philosophic account of the origin of Christianity. It embraces the history of St. Paul's life and labours, from his departure on his first mission to his arrival at Rome. The criticism of the Apostle's epistles is exhaustive, and the narrative of his history original and suggestive. The scope and value of the work, as a whole, we hope in this Journal to exhibit at some length. Meanwhile, the reader may be prepared by the following translation of its first and last sentences. The critical introduction to the original document thus opens:

"The fifteen or sixteen years the religious history of which is contained in this volume are in the embryonic age of Christianity, those with which we are best acquainted. Jesus and the Primitive Church of Jerusalem resemble the images of a far-off Paradise, lost in a mysterious vista of wood. On the other hand, the arrival of St. Paul at Rome, at which point the author of the Acts has determined to shut up his narrative, marks for the history of the Christian origins the commencement of a profound sight, into which only the bloody light of the barbarous fêtes of Nero, and the thunderbolts of the Apocalypse, throw some little radiance. The death of the individual Apostles is enveloped in an impenetrable obscurity. On the contrary, the time of St. Paul's missions, especially the second and third, is known to us by documents of the greatest value. The Acts, down to that date so legendary, become suddenly solid enough; the last chapters, composed in part from the relation of an eye-witness, are the only completely historical record we have of the first periods of Christianity. Finally, by a privilege very rare on such a subject, these years present us with dated documents of an absolute authenticity, a series of letters, the most important of which resist all the attacks of criticism, and

sustain all its tests, and have been never subjected to interpolations. The thirteen epistles which represent themselves as from Paul are, in respect to authenticity, to be ranged under five heads: 1. Incontestable and uncontested epistles: those to the Galatians, the Corinthians, the Romans. 2. Epistles certain, though objections have been urged against them: the two to the Thessalonians and that to the Philippians. 3. Epistles probably authentic, though they also have been attacked: the epistle to the Colossians and the annexed letter to Philemon. 4. A doubtful epistle to the Ephesians. 5. False epistles: the three to Timothy and Titus."

So far for the documents; now for the Apostle himself:—

"At the head of the sacred procession of humanity moves the good man, the man of virtue; the second rank belongs to the man of truth, the savant, the philosopher; then comes the artist and the poet. Jesus appears to us, under His celestial aureol, like an ideal of goodness and of beauty. Peter loved Jesus, understood Him, and was, it appears, in spite of some infirmities, an excellent man. What was Paul? He was not a saint. The predominant trait of his character is not goodness. He was proud, stiff, severe; he defended himself, asserted himself (as we say now); he had hard words; he thought he was absolutely right; held his own opinion; he was embroiled with many individuals. He was not a wise man, a savant; we may even say that he did much injury to science by his paradoxical contempt of reason, by his eulogium of apparent folly, by his apotheosis of the transcendently absurd. No more was he a poet. His writings, works of the highest originality, are without charm; their form is rough, and almost entirely devoid of grace. What was he, then?

"He was eminently a man of action, a strong, enthusiastic, vehement soul, a conqueror, a missionary—all the more ardent because he had displayed his fanaticism in another and opposite cause. Now, the man of action, however noble when he works for a noble end, is less near to God than he who has lived with the pure love of the true, the good, and the beautiful. I persist, then, in asserting that, on the creation of Christianity, the part of Paul ought to be made much inferior to that of Jesus. We must even as I think, place Paul below Francis of Assisi and the author of the 'Imitation,' who both saw Jesus much nearer. The Son of God is unique. To appear for a moment, to throw round Him a soft and deep radiance, to die very young, that is the life of a god. After having been for three hundred years the Christian Doctor *par excellence*, thanks to orthodox Protestantism, Paul in our days sees the end of his reign; Jesus, on the contrary, is more living than ever. It is no longer the epistle to the Romans that is the *résumé* of Christianity, it is the Sermon on the Mount. True Christianity, which will endure eternally, springs from the Gospels, not from the Epistles of Paul. The writings of Paul have been a danger and a quicksand, the cause of the principal defects of Christian theology; Paul is the father of the subtle Augustin, of the arid Thomas Aquinas, of the sombre Calvinist, of the Jansenist, of the ferocious theology

which damns and predestinates to damnation. Jesus is the father of all those who seek in the dreams of the ideal the repose of their souls. That which makes Christianity live is the little that we know of the work and of the person of Jesus. The man of ideal, the Divine poet, the great artist alone defies time and revolutions. He alone is seated at the right hand of the Father for all eternity. 'Humanity, thou art sometimes just, and some of thy judgments are good!'—But what will we say of Renan?"

This indefatigable but superficial writer is now at work on two final volumes, the programme of which he thus sketches:—

"After the arrival of Paul at Rome we cease to build on the solid ground of uncontested texts; we begin again to lose ourselves in the night of legends and apocryphal documents. The next volume (fourth book of the *History of the Origins of Christianity*) will present the end of the life of Paul, the events in Judæa, the arrival of Peter in Rome (which I hold probable), the persecution of Nero, the death of the Apostles, the Apocalypse, the destruction of Jerusalem, the reduction of the Synoptical Gospels. Then, a fifth and last volume will comprise the reduction of the less ancient writings of the New Testament, the interior movements of the churches of Asia Minor, the progress of the hierarchy and discipline, the birth of the Gnostic sects, the definitive constitution of a dogmatic orthodoxy and of the episcopate. The last document of the New Testament compared, and once the authority of the Church constituted and armed with a sort of touchstone to discern error and truth, once the little democratic confraternities of the first apostolical age have abdicated their power and placed it in the hands of the Church—Christianity is complete. The infant will grow apace, but it has all its members; it is no more an embryo, it has no more essential organs to acquire. Towards the same time, moreover, the last bonds which attached the Christian Church to its mother, the Jewish synagogue, are snapped; the Church exists as an independent entity; it has no longer any feeling but aversion towards its mother. The *History of the Origins of Christianity* finishes at this point. I hope it will be granted me before five years to accomplish this task, to which it has been my object to devote the ripest years of my life. It will have cost me many sacrifices, especially in excluding me from my office in teaching in the College of France, the second end I propose to myself. But one must not be too exacting; perhaps he who has been permitted to attain one out of two designs ought not to accuse fate, especially if he has attempted these designs as duties."

Thus M. Renan sketches his task, in the further accomplishment of which we hope to follow him, with much pity, with some sympathy, and with tranquil confidence as to the result.

A Sketch of the Character of Jesus. A Biblical Essay. By Dr. Daniel Schenkel. Longmans.

THIS is a book of no small importance. It has created much "stir," as the translator calls it, among Dr. Schenkel's orthodox countrymen,

and it has been reproduced in several languages, being in all much read and admired. It claims to be written in a different spirit from that of the works of Strauss and Renan, and in fact to be somewhat like an antidote to those attacks on Jesus and Christianity. "A different spirit pervades Dr. Schenkel's work; he believes in the imperishableness and glory of Christianity, and in the incomparableness of the person of the Saviour. He intends not to destroy, but to build up—not to oppose the Christian Faith, but to purify and renew it."

The work is one of high art. After an introduction, on the importance of the person of Jesus and right views on it, as also on the sources of the Gospel history, we have seven sections. First the development of the Lord's character, and of the plan which He conceived, and the purposes with which He appeared before the nation; then the founding of the community, with the introductory sermon, programme of the kingdom, and selection of Apostles; then the full presentation of the Messiah and the Messianic idea; then the Judæan sphere of action, with the calling of the Gentiles; then the great crisis; and finally the consummation in death, and the events after death. The appendix contains some elaborate and useful disquisitions, which, however, all serve the purpose of showing how unsettled every question concerning the four Gospels may be made.

Let our readers be warned as to the true character of this book. Strauss and Renan bring with them their own antidote; Schenkel and the whole body of the mediating school are simply Rationalist votaries of the human excellence of the man Jesus, and students of that portion of His doctrine which they are pleased to receive after searching criticism. For instance: all depends upon the question, *Whom say ye that I am?* According to Dr. Schenkel's account of the person of Jesus, two great tendencies were at variance from the beginning; the Gentile Christian tendency beheld in Him a person endowed with Divine power and dignity, who down to the fourth century was considered as subordinate to the supreme God and Creator of the world. By degrees it came to be discovered that His true humanity was no real hindrance to His having the attributes of the Godhead. In vain did the Jewish Christians protest for the honour of God. The doctrine of the unconditional Divinity of Jesus Christ was exalted into an inviolable law of the State, and established on the Church doctrine of the Trinity, with all the supports of apparent learning, as incontrovertible. The Reformers, bold as they were, did not dare to touch the foundation of the Church doctrine thus laid, illogical as it was to build a new edifice of doctrines upon an old basis, which in the course of time had become decayed. But let us hear Dr. Schenkel, whose work is translated to assist in clearing up the theological atmosphere of England.

"It is essential above all things to the idea of a person that he is in his inmost self a unit; only upon this supposition can he be historically comprehended. This unity is by the traditionary doctrine destroyed in the person of the Redeemer of the world. In the Church creed Jesus Christ is represented as a double being, as the personal union of two

existences, which in themselves have nothing in common, but rather contradict each other, and only by means of a miracle transcending all comprehension have been brought into the closest and most inseparable connection. Accordingly, he is *man and God* in one and the same person. Church theologians have made great exertions to represent as intelligible and possible this inseparable union of God and man in one person. But they have always had at last to confess that the matter is incomprehensible, and that an impenetrable mystery wraps the personality of Jesus Christ. In a case, however, in which the point aimed at is the elucidation of an historical fact, an appeal to mystery and miracle is, for the purposes of knowledge, worthless. That Jesus Christ once lived as *true man and true God* among men, and is still living on as such above men, is a proposition that demands the gravest consideration. How can a person, possessing God's illimitable attributes, and able to manifest them at any moment, be at the same time subject to those limitations which belong distinctively to the nature of man?"

Here it is evident that Dr. Schenkel and the school that he represents will have no Divinely-revealed Saviour. They must understand what they believe. Mystery and miracle are alike offensive; alike insuperable obstacles to the first reception of truth. Let that principle prevail, and of what use is it to open the New Testament? What need of further witnesses? But Dr. Schenkel is the representative of true Protestantism, and as such protests against the traditionary beliefs that fetter the Protestant spirit and ruin its prospects. He thinks that when Protestantism took up into its creeds and dogmas, without revision, the Catholic doctrine of the Middle Ages in regard to the person of Christ, it was still following *Roman Catholic* methods. And he thinks that it was punished by being obliged to create a corresponding doctrine of faith—like object of faith, like faith in the object. All freedom of thought is gone, and tradition is still the law in Protestantism.

But Dr. Schenkel does not admire the exhibition of Christ which Rationalism offers. He is no Rationalist himself, at least in his own opinion. He boldly charges the Rationalist theory with leaving the feelings cold, the imagination empty, and the heart indifferent; and it amazes him how they can suppose that their Christ could succeed in establishing a religion for the world, and in turning for centuries the stream of all human culture into one determinate channel. He thinks the Rationalist, Christ better adapted to be the founder of an order of *illuminati* than of a Church for the world. He is very severe with the Rationalist, and his words are very keen. No man can *believe* in their Christ. He lacks everything that man's soul cries out for. We can only say that it is easier for us to believe in the Christ of Renan, especially in the Christ of Strauss, than in the Christ which this book sets forth. God-man must save us or we are not saved.

In dealing with the four Gospels, we find Dr. Schenkel quite as free as the Rationalists themselves. A certain degree of order he thinks

visible. They enable us to trace the gradual formation of the Messianic self-consciousness of Jesus. He thinks they show—we confess that no Rationalist ever said anything we were more startled at—"that on His first public appearance He was not perfectly clear about His calling as the Redeemer." As to the miracles, this defender of the faith against the Rationalists, comes to a conclusion at last, which he thus expresses: "The harder it became for the later generations to estimate the spiritual greatness and moral elevation of His unique personality, the more easily we can understand their yielding to the temptation to make the *inner* wonder of His personal greatness and glory evident by *outward* wonders. Besides, it was required that Jesus should not be inferior to the typical men of the Old Testament. As Moses had drawn water from the rock to refresh the thirsty, and had fed the hungry with manna; as Elijah and Elisha had healed the sick and raised the dead, how natural was it to ascribe greater or more glorious deeds to one who was unquestionably greater than Moses and more glorious than Elijah. It is no device of authors; still less, as from a coarse historical point of view might be supposed, is it falsehood and deceit that we have here. In these extraordinary accounts we have the unconscious homage of a religiously inspired imagination paid to Jesus by disciples and followers touched to the inmost, and seeking by such hyperboles to give expression—inadequate indeed when measured by sober historical criticism—to the sacred glow of their admiration, love, and reverence for the heroic form of Him by whom they had been refreshed with living water, fed with the bread of heaven, and raised to an undying life."

St. John is the terror of all such believers as Dr. Schenkel. Hence the attack on his Gospel invariably summons all the resources of the critic. Here we have much stress laid on the fact that there is no development in the history of Christ; He is at the beginning what He was to the close: from the first He manifests the Divine glory, and makes His disciples perfect believers; and shows that He is bent upon destroying the temple service. Nowhere have we seen this argument more strongly put, nowhere so forcible and specious a detail of the seeming contradiction between the last Gospel and the Synoptists. But it is most strange to us that a writer like this, who is for ever uttering the most ardent language concerning the sublimity and beauty of the Lord's character—language which St. John taught him—should be so utterly dead to the transcendent self-demonstration of this document. Dr. Schenkel has summed up the arguments of his predecessors in Holland and Switzerland; but he is an original writer, and has some startling views of his own. He takes wonderful pains to save the character of this Gospel while he condemns it. He does not accept it as the work of St. John, and yet his better spirit so far prevails as to invent a strange theory to account for St. John's supposed connection with it. This we must quote; it is one of those elaborate attacks that are really elaborate defences of what they assault. We give his views in our own style.

The Apostle John lived and laboured for some time in Ephesus, where he became more enlarged in his Christian views, being brought into connection with the large body of Gentile Christians. Thus he approximated to the theology of St. Paul, the effect of this being to transform and elevate his earlier ideas. Hence the image of his Master became transfigured to his thought; and the result was that his teaching gradually familiarised the Ephesian mind with a view of Christ materially different from that of the first three Gospels. After his death these views took a Gnostic and speculative colouring. The unknown author of the fourth Gospel took great liberties with the traditional material to which he had access. For instance, he transferred the scene to Judæa. He gave a sensible garb to spiritual truth by inventing a setting for it. After dilating upon this for some time, the writer closes with this sentence, which we quote as one among the grotesque mysteries of the semi-Rationalist mind. Dr. Schenkel is a believer in spite of himself; yet nothing is further from his thoughts than to say all that we might suppose these words to mean:—

“The fourth Gospel, therefore, is really a *historical* source for the representation of the character of Jesus, but in a *higher, spiritualised* sense of the word. Without this Gospel the unfathomable depth, the inaccessible height of the character of the Saviour of the world would be wanting to us, and His boundless influence, renewing all humanity, would for ever remain a mystery. In the separate stages of His development Jesus Christ was not what the fourth Evangelist paints Him, but He was that *in the height and depth of His influence*; He was not always that actually, but He was that essentially. The first three Gospels have shown Him to us wrestling with powerful earthly forces. The fourth Gospel portrays the Saviour glorified in the victorious power of the spirit over earthly nature. The former show us the Son of Israel striving in His humanity towards heaven; the latter the King of Heaven who descends full of Divine grace from the throne of eternity into the world of men. Our portraiture of Him must not forsake the natural, earthly foundation of the first three Gospels, if it is to be historically real; but the representation of the character of Jesus becomes eternally true only in the heavenly splendour of that light which streams forth from the fourth Gospel.” This is enough. We entirely condemn this book as a defence of Christianity against Rationalism. But it abounds in beauties, which, however, are found only at some expense and danger.

Das Evangelium nach Johannes Deutsch Erklärt. Von Dr. C. H. A. von Bürger. Nördlingen: Beck.

THIS work is evidence of the healthy tone that is prevailing in Germany in regard to the fourth Gospel. It is a bulky volume, but without the defects of German comment: being clear, full, and evangelical. One sentence of the introduction well states the question of the fourth Gospel, and may be read with interest:—

"By the side of the three other Evangelists stands the fourth as an altogether independent work, following out its own plan: the idea that John aimed to supplement the others must be given up so far as regards the author's design. His book is too sharply defined and self-contained, wrought from one impulse and to one end, never diverted by side-glances of any kind from its problem and its process. It does, indeed, supplement, but simply through what it is and what it presents: not that this was the writer's purpose. But the former works were known to him, and he presupposed the knowledge of them among his readers. Therefore, he passed over so much that had been recorded before, and could restrain his work within the bounds that its scope prescribed, without being under the necessity of fearing that anything which the Church should know would thereby be withheld. He does not lay claim to absolute completeness, chap. xx. 30. What he writes he selected, chap. xx. 31. But he did not select it for polemic or apologetic ends, as has been so often assumed, and in intention demonstrated. The proof of this is wanting. He has a design, as we read in chap. xx. 31: to confirm the faith that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God. To this he was moved by the observation, which he mentions in 1 John ii. 18, 19, iv. 1—3, that the spirit of unbelief and misbelief threatened the Church. For the withstanding of this spirit of unbelief, it was enough to exhibit the history of that unbelief in Israel, the simple testimony how Israel had arrived at the rejection of the Saviour and its salvation, connected with the development of the testimony that Jesus had laid down in word and work; and which at the same time demanded and inspired faith in itself, and made that faith possible. Therefore, he says of his book, chap. xx. 31: 'These signs (for so must we supply from ver. 20) are written that ye may believe.' Signs are the works of Jesus, because they point from themselves to that which they signify; signs are the words of Jesus, for their substance is Jesus the Christ, who in them reveals Himself and makes Himself real. What hinders faith is the form of the flesh of Jesus, the insuperable stumbling-block of the Jews against which they stumble; but the word and works of Jesus go beyond this flesh, and bear witness to His origin of God, His Divine nature and mission. In a specific manner this Gospel shows Jesus to be the Son of God: not as if the other Gospels did not this; but in no other is the veil of the flesh so continually and with such manifest design pierced, the abiding fellowship and unity of the Father with the Son manifest in the flesh so declared, as in this."

The exposition is sound and good; its doctrine of consubstantiation in the sixth chapter is scarcely an exception, as that doctrine is exhibited in a highly spiritual manner. The closing chapters are dwelt on with much reverent expansion of mind and heart.

Commentaire sur l'Evangile de St. Jean. Par F. Godet, Pasteur. 2 Tomes. Paris. [Commentary on St. John's Gospel. By F. Godet.]

Compte Rendu des Discussions récentes relatives aux Témoignages Ecclésiastiques sur le Quatrième Evangile. Par F. Godet. [Report of Recent Discussions relative to the Ecclesiastical Testimonies concerning the Fourth Gospel; being a Supplement to the Introduction of the Author's Commentary on St. John.]

THE commentary of Pastor Godet, of Switzerland, has been three or four years before the world. It is a work of German thoroughness, of French clearness, and worthy to be classed among the best evangelical expositions of the day. The first sentence of the long and elaborate introduction will commend it better than any words of ours. "The book which I undertake to explain is, in my eyes, the most precious jewel that mankind possesses. It is the portrait of a Being unique, drawn by a unique painter. In thus expressing myself, I do no wrong to the other Biblical narratives of the ministry of Jesus. Each Gospel has its special mission; and each Evangelist received the gift appropriate to the design of his undertaking. Why, then, should the superiority of one of these writings exclude the relative perfection of the three others?" After a brief view of the scope and execution of the three synoptists, Mr. Godet goes on: "St. John wrote at a more advanced epoch of the Apostolical age. Jerusalem was no more. The Church was founded in the pagan world. The greater part of the colleagues of the Apostle had gone down to the tomb. It was his function not to found, but to maintain and affirm. Does the Church indeed understand the greatness of the treasure which had been intrusted to her in this Christ, the object of the Apostolical testimony? Does she hold her crown with a hand firm enough to withstand attempts to wrest it from her? Is she, whether in knowledge or in life, up to the level of the gift she has received? Almost the only one remaining of the Apostles, St. John, gathers himself up in the presence of these questions. He seeks, amidst his most profound remembrances, the principal facts and the most salient discourses in which Jesus had revealed to him, as also the other founders of the Church, His Messianic dignity and His glory as the Son of God. He *bound up*—to use the magnificent expression of Jerome—to the *Word Himself*; and, placing the Church on this rock, she is in a position to struggle with the tempests of persecution, and to brave the most tumultuous and fearful waves of human speculation, which already in the Evangelist's time were beginning to assail her. He does not show, like St. Luke, the beginning and the gradual increase of the light. From his first word he makes it shine with all its splendour; supposing the historical matter to be already known, he places it all in its right point of view, and throws upon it the celestial rays. In his narrative he reveals

he shows that a true Apostle is always a prophet at the same time that he is a witness. Then his second work, should he write one, would be not an historical complement, but a prophetic document. After having revealed Christ as the Alpha in the Gospel, he will celebrate Him as the Omega. The Apocalypse will be the second part of his work, just as naturally as the Acts of the Apostles was the second volume of St. Luke. If it is certain that the principal phases of the Apostolical history were the following: the preaching of the twelve in the Holy Land, the foundation of the Church among the Gentiles by the ministry of St. Paul, the dispersion of the Apostles, followed soon after by their successive disappearance from the scene; finally, the explosion in the bosom of the Church of an intestine war, due to the attempt of human wisdom to make redemption a prey to speculation; then it follows, from the character of our Gospels, as we have established it, that each of these writings answers to one of these phases, and may be regarded as its literary monument. This historical correlation appears to me to be the starting-point of the specific proofs that may be alleged in favour of the authenticity of these four documents.

"The fourth Gospel is scarcely more than a tractate of a hundred small pages; we may affirm, nevertheless, that if this short document had not existed, the course of history would have been profoundly modified. 'The motive power of history,' says Augustin Thierry, 'is religion.' Without the Gospel of St. John a totally different course would have predominated in the higher regions of history, those of religion and thought, and consequently also in the lower spheres of human existence. Without doubt, in the absence of St. John we might have had St. Paul, whose teachings are at bottom identical with those contained in the Lord's discourses in the fourth Gospel. The more we study the works of these two men, the more are we struck by meeting, under forms completely independent and original, the same conception of the Gospel and of the person of Christ in particular."

At this point we are loth to cease translating, but we must recommend the original work to our reader, who will judge from these extracts what kind of commentary awaits him. The Supplementary Tract is very valuable, especially to one who has mastered the critical matter of this work in relation to the question of St. John's authorship. M. Godet has watched carefully the current of speculation and argument, and meets its every phase with a masterly ease. The interminable series of attack and rejoinder would be wearisome indeed were not the issues of the deepest importance. The result is a perfect demonstration that the voice of antiquity cannot be shaken. With reference to the only dissentients in early times, the Alogi, we will translate a few words of M. Godet:—

"In 1856 Scholten declared that the denial of the authenticity of the fourth Gospel by this party, in the face of the unanimous testimony of the Church, from Asia to Gaul, was of no serious importance. Now, however, he counts this rejection on the part of the Alogi as 'a very grave fact, proving, in fact, that at the middle of the second

century the Apostolical authenticity of our Gospel was not yet held to be indubitable.' Instead of 'was not yet,' would it not be more exact to say 'was no longer?' It is certain, in fact, from a word in Irenæus, that what induced the Alogi to reject the fourth Gospel as well as the Apocalypse, was not by any means a tradition contrary to the authenticity of these books, but simply the opposition of this party to the Montanist prophecy, which based itself on the promises of Jesus in the fourth Gospel as well as on the Apocalyptic predictions. This party, in taking so extreme a position, were well aware that they broke with the unanimous opinion of the Church, and that was the reason why, to give some colour to so new an opposition, they sought to attribute the Gospel and the Apocalypse to a contemporary of St. John, like him, resident in Ephesus, that is, to Cerinthus. Without intending it, they thus gave their testimony not only to the antiquity of these two writings, but also to the unanimity of the tradition which had till then attributed them to the Apostle John."

A collation of modern opinions shows that the results of adverse criticism themselves establish the fact that the fathers as well as the heretics of the beginning of the first half of the second century. Keim, no friend to the Apostolical authorship, says: "It results from external evidences that the fourth Gospel appeared in the beginning of the second century, without any doubt, under the Emperor Trajan." "Thus," says M. Godet, "criticism is like the Prodigal Son. To proclaim its independence it wandered far from the father's house, from ecclesiastical tradition, when its very wanderings bring it back again, but enriched with new experiences." Once more we express our gratitude to M. Godet, who is one of many able investigators who have dedicated themselves to the vindication of St. John, a task of measureless importance.

The Words of the Apostles, Expounded by Rudolf Stier, D.D. Translated by G. H. Venables. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1869.

WE have devoted some space in this number to Dr. Stier's life and expository labours. This volume, therefore, may be dismissed with a slighter notice than it otherwise would have received. Messrs. Clark are almost invariably judicious in the selection of authors and books for their Foreign Theological Library; Stier's *Discourses of the Apostles* (this is the better title after all) is not an exception, although for many reasons it cannot be placed among the most important of the series. It was the author's earliest work; promising all the excellence of the *Reden Jesu*, but without the thoroughness and strength of that masterpiece. Moreover, Messrs. Clark have made the public familiar with Olshausen, Baumgarten, and Lange on the Acts; and these leave not much to be added. Finally, there are many tokens of immaturity which the veteran did not altogether remove in the second edition of his old age; it would have been too much to expect that he should

recast the work entirely. On the other hand, the reader will find the same remarkable combination of independent thought and profound deference to the *ipsissima verba* of inspiration that distinguished the great work; the same glow of pure devotion that preaches while it expounds; the same mystical insight into meanings that the purged eye is quick to perceive, and the right-hearted instincts of the regenerate will seldom reject; and the same adoring submission to the one Voice that gives the utterances of the Apostles all their dignity and all their value. Whatever faults may be laid to the charge of Dr. Stier, the devout reader must own that he always writes with authority, as one whom the Spirit has made His own instrument.

In reading this most edifying book the young student must be on his guard against being snared here and there by the refinements of special pleading in favour of interpretations rather uncommon. For instance, Matthias's apostleship is argued away by a series of questions which might with perfect ease be matched by equally convincing questions on the other side. After all, we are shut up to the testimony of Scripture. And when, amidst the solemnities of the time of transition, when the little company were making their Pentecostal preparations, we are told that the first great prayer was offered to Christ to direct, that the lot fell upon Matthias, and that he was numbered with the eleven Apostles, without a syllable to indicate that the disciples had committed this awful breach on the Lord's prerogative, we are shut up to the conclusion that it was the Lord's will to prepare the Apostolical body for the Holy Spirit before He came. Let us mark Dr. Stier's conclusion: "The discourses of the Apostles begin with one delivered before their reception of the Holy Ghost, anticipating the comprehension of the Scripture, yet erring, because it was without complete comprehension, in order the more clearly to show us the limit of inspiration for all the following discourses, if only we are willing and able to understand it." This is very arbitrary; and if such a theory pervaded the exegesis, the book would be worthless.

He must be cautious also how he accepts the free interpretation of the Hades mysteries that are found here. Whatever measure of truth there may be in it, the general exposition is not without a considerable twisting of the letter of Scripture. There is as much vagueness in such sentences as there is boldness. "The human soul of Christ went down to Hades, just as every defunct human soul; and to every ordinary undeveloped soul Hades is in general a place for regeneration in bitter labour-pangs. But the death of Christ, the Holy One of God, in whose body and soul was no stain of sin—the death of Christ, given up into the hands of sinners that His death might remove their sins—was completed at the instant of His last breath. For this soul there remained no pains or labour-pangs in Sheol, just as for His body laid in the grave there was no corruption. The perfected Son of God entered the vanquished kingdom as a conqueror; the soul, living in the Spirit, burst asunder for itself, and hence for all, the fetters of the great prison-house; and the kingdom of those who were under the

earth received the glad tidings of the Gospel earlier and more directly even than the upper world! This is the great *loosing* that took place." The sixteenth Psalm is thus further explained; not indeed hesitatingly, or speculatively, but with perfect confidence. "The eternal, living spirit of Jesus, committed to the Father's hand, received forthwith from Him the key of the path to the tree of life. The Cherub of Paradise gave way before the angel of the eternal presence, and the soul—an element of His slain mortal nature—was quickened in Hades. The soul, free and quickened in the spirit, now went and proclaimed the good tidings of the victory over death, and of the newly-regained path of life, in all the depths of the prison where the spirits without independent life were languishing in the trammel of their souls (1 Peter iii. 19). First down in the deepest abyss, hard by the abode of the devil, where the Titans of the world before the Deluge, having had their 'foundations overflowed by the flood' (Job xxii. 16), were yearning for deliverance 'under the waters with the inhabitants thereof' (Job xxvi. 5). Then through all the various stages of Hades, loosing the bonds of those who had died in faith of a future deliverance; is that they, like the penitent thief, should now be with Him in Paradise, and not in Abraham's bosom only," and so on. *

But we must not proceed, as our purpose is not to review the book as a whole, but to describe and recommend it. With a few failings, it is a popular commentary of very great value.

Vie de J. Calvin. Par Théodore de Bèze : Nouvelle Edition, publiée et annotée par Alfred Franklin. Paris : Cherbuliez.

THIS exquisite little volume shows to what a pitch of excellence French type and paper and editing is brought. But it is a remarkable volume on other grounds. M. Franklin has prefixed to the old Life of Calvin, by Theodore Beza, a striking little essay on the character of the Genevan Reformer and autocrat which may be read with interest. We will translate a few extracts, as it is not probable that our merely English readers will ever make its acquaintance.

"It is 1536. Calvin is only twenty-seven years old; and already, intellectually and physically, he is what he will be throughout life. In this man of bronze nothing will know further change. On his countenance, pale, sombre, emaciated, one may detect the action of prolonged watchings, of obstinate work, and the slow ravages of consumption. His words short and severe. His look sad and grave, but passionate and penetrating, astonishes more than it attracts. This young doctor is already one of the most learned men in France; he writes Latin with an inimitable purity; Wolmar has taught him Greek, Alciat jurisprudence, and Capito Hebrew; as theologian he has scarcely had any other master than his own solitary meditations. He has just finished a work long dreamed of by the Reformers, and which the aged Luther was perhaps not willing to undertake: he has just published his *Christian Institutes*, a clear and synthetic exposition of

the new doctrines; and thus has, at a stroke, taken rank among the chiefs of the Reformation, and placed himself at the head of the prose writers of the day. He will never go any farther; for he is not one of the thinkers; he is not one of those intelligences, eager after truth, and the ideal, who are for ever seeking and doubting. His religious theory is from this time onwards complete; he has created it all at once and of a piece, and will keep steadfast to it for ever. Although very sincere, it will never occur to him that he may have deceived himself; the wisest objections will be dashed fruitlessly against a conviction obstinate and irrevocably fixed."

That is, Calvin was one of that class of theologians who alone has moulded the faith, saved the integrity of doctrine, and impressed their stamp upon the Church: not a reed shaken of the wind. But next view him as a religious politician.

"He is the first who thinks of organising on these bases, such as he understood them, a complete social and political religious system; and he declares that he will not remain at Geneva unless his project for the constitution is adopted without reserve by the republic."—"As to Calvin, his dogmatic spirit, his austere and imperious character, did not allow of his accepting the Reformation as absolutely releasing the mind. He accepted it only as a return to the pure Biblical doctrine; and we shall see that, forced to accept liberty of examination, its fundamental principle, he succeeded in vitiating its meaning and rendering it null." That is, Calvin was obliged to lay some restraint upon the unbounded licence of private judgment, and laid it with a firmer hand than some other heads of the Reformation. The yoke under which Geneva groaned was undoubtedly a severe one, but faith and morals flourished under it. Servetus, however, rises to challenge inquiry.

"After twelve years of struggle Geneva submitted to him, gave herself up to him body and soul, and became in reality the capital of Protestantism. Calvin made it a warm focus of propagandism, which was respected even in the worst days of religious persecution, which always affirmed the existence of the Reformation, and served as a refuge for all the victims of Romish intolerance. But, in creating Geneva, making it the centre and representative of the Reformation, in imprisoning its large principles within the limits of a harsh formulary, Calvin suddenly arrested the magnificent *élan* which, from one end of Europe to another, Luther's word had provoked. France especially was repelled: the austerity of Geneva, the sinister despotism of Calvin, frightened her, and she threw herself back into the arms of Catholicism." This is, perhaps, more dramatic than true; but there can be no question that the stern sway of Calvin's theocratical principles in Geneva, like the dominion of his iron formula in theology, wrought much harm to Christianity. There is a probability that some points in connection with the frightful death of Servetus will yet be cleared up, but the facts of the case as summed up by M. Franklin can hardly be disputed. Not so, however, with this opening sentence.

"Servetus was one of the noblest characters of the sixteenth century.

His was one of those bold, restless, seeking minds that are attracted by all subjects, and enlighten all those that they approach. In medicine he discovered the laws of the circulation of the blood, the full formula of which Harvey gave seventy-five years afterwards; in theology, he was three centuries in advance of his contemporaries. He was narrow, irreverent, and obstinate, and as to his being in advance, it might as well be said that he was behind them; for he simply pursued into the hopeless abyss of atheistic Pantheism the speculations of some of the earlier schoolmen of the Middle Ages.

"A strange fatality seemed to draw him irresistibly towards Calvin. They had studied together at Paris, and they had just left the university when Servetus proposes to him a public disputation. They kept up a correspondence; and, later, after the violent theological discussions of Basle and Strasburg, Servetus desires to take refuge in Geneva because he saw Calvin powerful there. Calvin refused to receive him, and writes to Viret: 'If he comes, and I have authority, he shall not go out again alive.' He publishes his book *Christianismi Restitutio*, a criticism and antithesis of Calvin's *Institutes*. Immediately a letter from Geneva denounces the work to the Inquisition. Servetus is pursued; but there is nothing in the book to specify him as the author, but his private correspondence with Calvin gives proof, and that proof is forwarded to the Commissioner of the Inquisitors. By whom? By the Reformer himself, or, unknown to him, by his secretary. The second hypothesis is difficult to sustain; but it has Calvin's word for it, and Calvin never lied.

"Servetus contrived to escape from the prisons of Vienna, and whither does he go for refuge? To Geneva. He is recognised and arrested. Calvin takes up the work of the Holy Office. But the letters of accusation had been sent to Vienna: they must be brought back. Hence Calvin is in direct communication with the exterminator of the Vaudois and with the terrible Orri, inquisitor-general of France. He drew up the thirty-eight articles of heresy with his own hand. Servetus declared that, having committed no trespass on the territory of the republic, he rejected the competency of its magistrates. As to the book, he thought he might publish it without crime, under the empire of that liberty which was a leading principle of the Reformation: he did not complain of the destruction of his book, and was willing to give up the propagation of his opinions, but his conscience would not allow him to retract them. Calvin visited him some hours before his death, and they held a last theological discussion; then he gave him up to Farel to take him to the stake. When Servetus, taken to the court, learned by what a fearful death he was to die, he rolled in fear before the feet of his judges, demanding the sword as a favour. But he would not buy even this at the cost of retraction."

M. Franklin says nothing of Calvin's attempt to substitute a milder punishment. He says nothing of the stern and honest principle that led Calvin, like many others, astray; or of the peculiarities of the age, that might afford some measure of apology. "Certes, if the veteran

Orri could have had any the least doubt as to the sanctity of the bloody work that he directed, the punishment of Servetus would for ever have reassured his conscience. These men, who had so violently separated from the Roman Church, who had proclaimed its doctrine false, absurd, obsolete, and barbarous, who pretended to inaugurate a new religious era, founded on reason and liberty—see them already forced to return to Catholicism, and to borrow from it that one of its institutions which they declare the most monstrous. Decidedly, the Holy Office is the necessary crown of Christianity. The heresiarchs themselves agree.” The truth on this most tragical and sad interlude of the Reformation lies somewhere between this sarcastic reflection, and the following passage of the sturdy Beza himself, no unworthy successor of Calvin. His old French suffers in the translation:—

“At this time Michael Servetus (of whom mention was made above), a Spaniard of accursed memory, came here: not indeed a man, but rather a horrible monster composed of all the heresies ancient and modern, condemning the baptism of little children, and above all an execrable blasphemer of the Trinity, especially of the eternity of the Son of God. This man, arrived in this city, and recognised by some who had seen him elsewhere, was secured by the magistrate on August 13, on account of his blasphemies. He was, on these points, so warmly attacked by Calvin in the strength of God and His Word, that there remained to him no other defence than an untameable obstinacy. On account of which, by the just judgment of God and man, he was condemned, October 27, to the punishment of fire. And thus ended his wretched life, and the blasphemies which he had belched out by mouth and writing, for the space of thirty years and more. Now there is no need that we should say anything further about him, since there is an excellent book which Calvin composed shortly afterwards, that is in the year 1554, wherein he shows the true and sound faith which believes in Three Persons in one sole essence Divine, refutes the detestable errors of this wretched Servetus, and proves that the office of the magistrate extends to the suppressing of heretics, and that this wicked man was justly punished with death at Geneva: in short, that he bore the very certain marks of reprobation.”

But we must abruptly close. These extracts will give some idea both of the rugged texture of that fine piece of antique French, *Beza's Life of Calvin*, and of the vigorous but too freethinking *littérateur* who introduces it to the nineteenth century.

The Second Death and the Restitution of all Things: with some Preliminary Remarks on the Nature and Inspiration of Holy Scripture. A Letter to a Friend, by Andrew Jukes. Second Edition. London: Longmans, Green and Co.

THE aim of this work is to reconcile the “prophetic revelations as to the final restitution of all things, with those other statements of the

same Scripture, which are so often quoted to prove eternal punishment." It is presented in the form of a letter written to a friend whose mind had been unsettled on this subject. The writer affirms his sense of the responsibility he incurs in "dissenting on such a question from the current creed of Christendom," and declares that "nothing but his most assured conviction that the popular notion of never-ending punishment is as thorough a misunderstanding of God's Word as the doctrine of transubstantiation, and that the one as much as the other conduces directly to infidelity, though both equally claim to stand on the express words of Holy Scripture, would have led him to moot a subject which cannot even be questioned in some quarters without the charge of provoking heresy."

The "Nature of Scripture," and the "Destiny of the Human Race," are the two subjects discussed. The "Mystery of the Incarnate Word" is held to be the key to the written Word. "Like Christ's flesh, and indeed like every other revelation which God has made of Himself, the letter of Scripture is a veil quite as much as a revelation, hiding while it reveals and yet revealing while it hides." "In no other way could God's Word come in human form. In no other way could it come out of human nature. But it has humbled itself so to come for us, out of the heart of prophets and apostles; in its human form like Christ's flesh, subject to all those infirmities and limitations which Christ's flesh was subject to—thoroughly human as He was; yet, in spirit like Him, thoroughly Divine, and full of the unfathomed depths of God's almighty love and wisdom."

In dealing with the second topic, "the apparently contradictory" statements of Holy Scripture are given; "the orthodox solution of the mystery" is rejected, and the following is proposed as the true one. "The truth which solves the riddle is to be found in those same Scriptures which seem to raise the difficulty, and lies in the mystery of the will of our ever blessed God as to the process and stages of redemption:—(1) First, His will by some to bless and save others; by a first-born seed, 'the first-born from the dead,' to save and bless the later born:—(2) His will therefore to work out the redemption of the lost by successive ages or dispensations; or, to use the language of St. Paul, 'according to the purpose of the ages':—and (3) Lastly, His will (thus meeting the nature of our fall) to make death, judgment, and destruction, the means and way to life, acquittal and salvation; in other words, 'through death to destroy him that has the power of death, that is the devil, and to deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.'"—P. 28.

Christ is the "first-fruits," and His Church "a kind of first-fruits." "To the Church therefore belongs the same promise as first-fruits with Christ, not to be blessed only, but to be a blessing in its own heavenly and spiritual sphere." "Here, then, is the key to one part of the apparent contradiction between 'mercy upon all,' and yet 'the election' of a 'little flock;' between 'all the kindreds of the earth blessed in Christ,' and yet a 'strait and narrow way' and 'few finding it.' Here

is the answer to the question, 'Wilt Thou show wonders to the dead? Shall the dead arise and praise Thee? Shall Thy lovingkindness be declared in the grave, or Thy faithfulness in destruction? Shall Thy wonders be known in the dark, and Thy righteousness in the land of forgetfulness?' The first-born and first-fruits are the 'few' and 'little flock;' but these, those first delivered from the curse, have a relation to the whole creation, which shall be saved in the appointe times by the first-born seed, that is by Christ and His body, through those appointed baptisms, whether of fire or water, which are required to bring about 'the restitution of all things.' St. Pau expressly declares this when he says, 'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ . . . that in the dispensation of the fulness of times, He might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are in earth, even in Him.' The Church, like Christ its head, is itself a great sacrament, 'an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace given unto men; ordained by God Himself, as a means whereby they may receive the same and a pledge to assure them thereof. . . . Thus when 'He comes with ten thousand of His saints,' He will not only by them 'convince all ungodly sinners of all their hard speeches, which they have spoken against Him'—for if the thief be saved, and the Magdalene changed, who shall dare to say that the lost are uncared for, or beyond the reach of God's salvation?—but He will by them also, as His royal priests, joint-heirs with Christ, fulfil all that priestly work of judgment and purification by fire, which must be accomplished that all may be 'subdued' and 'reconciled.'—P. 44.

"A new creation which is only brought in through death, is God's remedy for that which through a fall is held in death and bondage. Therefore both the 'earth and heavens' must 'perish and be changed.' Therefore God Himself 'turns us to destruction,' that we may 'return' as little children. And God's elect accept this judgment here, that their carnal mind may die, and the old man be slain with all his enmity. The world reject God's judgment here, and therefore have to meet it in a more awful form in the resurrection of judgment in the coming world. For while here, through the burdens and infirmities of 'this vile body,' our fallen spirit is more easily broken, and we die to sin more quickly, though even here we need both fires and waters, to make us die to that self-willed life which is our misery. Who can tell how much harder this death may be to those who, having gone hence, have not the burden of 'this vile body,' to humble the pride of that fallen spirit, which, while unbroken, is hell, and which must die in us if we could reach God's rest?"—P. 75.

"The view, therefore, which has been accepted by some believers, as more in accordance with Scripture than the popular notion of never-ending torments, that those who abuse their day of grace will, after suffering more or fewer stripes, according to the measure of their transgressions, be utterly annihilated by the 'second death,' though a

great step in advance of the doctrine of endless woe, is not a perfect witness of the mind of God, nor the true solution of the great mystery. God has not made man to let him fall almost as soon as made, and then, in a large proportion of his seed, to sin yet more, and suffer and be annihilated, but rather out of and through the fall to raise him to higher and more secure blessedness; as it is written, 'As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive;' not all at once, but through successive ages, and according to an appointed order, in which the last, even as the first, shall be restored by the elect; for Christ is not only the 'first,' but also 'with the last,' and will surely in the salvation of 'the last' bring into view some of His glories not inferior to those which are manifested in the salvation of 'the first-born,' who are 'His body.' He is the 'first' both out of life and out of death, and as such He manifests a peculiar glory in His elect first-born. But He is also the 'last,' and 'with the last,' and as such He will display yet other treasures hid in Him, for 'in Him are hid all treasures' 'and riches unsearchable,' which He will bring to light in due season."—P. 81.

We have made these extracts that our readers may form their own judgments of the spirit and aim of this book. In vain have we looked through this volume for sufficient support to the theories which it so confidently affirms. To accept those theories would require us not only to recast entirely our theology, but to entirely change our methods of interpreting Holy Scripture, for which we have failed to derive from this work a sufficient warrant.

What will our readers think of the following, which is a natural sequence to the opinions of the book?—"But who can tell but that as death is the way of life for us, so also it may be with that first great offender, who 'robbed his father, and said it is no transgression.' Who but Adam and Lucifer are the two thieves crucified with Christ? and though to one only it was said, 'To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise,' what proof have we that the other shall never find mercy? Was not the blood of the Lamb of God shed on the cross to 'take away the sin of the world'? If so, what is the sin of the world? When did it commence? and why is not the sin of the 'prince of this world' to be included in 'the sin of the world'? Is not Christ 'the head of all principality and power' as well as a 'Lord both of the dead and living.' Nay, more, is not even the Church called with her Head to 'judge angels'? And if the judgment of the earth shall be its restoration, why should not the judgment of angels in like manner be their restoration, according to the promise, 'By Him to reconcile all things unto Himself, whether they be things on earth or things in heaven'?"—P. 132.

Apart from the peculiar sentiments of the book, we have a very grave objection to raise against its method. We refer to the frequency with which the words of Holy Scripture are used to give a turn or finish to a sentence, at the imminent risk, as our extracts must have shown, of sacrificing the true meaning of the words. In some instances this almost approaches to punning. Few things weaken the authority

of Holy Scripture more than this licentious use of its words—a practice far too common with many who have no desire to dishonour the Sacred Word. Sentences, on the accurate interpretation of which the world's life so greatly depends, ought never to be quoted but with the most scrupulous regard for their exact meaning.

This book is another evidence of the anxiety with which the human heart strives to trace beforehand, or shape in its own way, the untrodden paths of its own destiny. What wonder if it err!

Report of the Jubilee Fund of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, 1863-8, with List of Contributions received, Grants, Balance Sheet, &c. London: Published by the Wesleyan Missionary Society, at the Wesleyan Centenary Hall and Mission House, Bishopsgate Street Within, and sold also at 27, City Road, and 66, Paternoster Row.

The Report of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society for the Year ending April, 1869; with an Account of the Contributions received from January 1st to December 31st, 1868. London: Published by the Wesleyan Missionary Society, at the Wesleyan Centenary Hall and Mission House, Bishopsgate Street Within, and sold also at 27, City Road, and 66, Paternoster Row.

THE JUBILEE REPORT.—One hundred years ago Mr. Wesley sent two preachers to America, who, with their successors, were the clergy remaining in the United States when, in consequence of the Declaration of Independence, the clergy of the Established Church of England deemed it their duty to retire. Mr. Wesley's societies beyond the Atlantic eventually expanded into the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, destined in Divine providence to become one of the largest Protestant communities in the world.

While these two preachers were on their way from Leeds to New York, Napoleon Bonaparte was born in Corsica, August 15th, 1769. The recent purchase of Corsica by France in 1763 made Bonaparte a French subject, and thus gave to France its future Emperor, and in succession the Emperor who now holds the reins of that country's government.

It was an interval of peace. The Treaty of Paris in 1763 had secured to Great Britain the possession of Canada, or the greater part of British North America. Germany was reposing after her Seven Years' War. In France the luxurious profligacy of the Court of Louis XV. was at its height, and, as was well remarked by a writer in the *Times* newspaper, August 14, "there was hardly a worse date in the history of the human race than that marked by the combination of Louis XV., Rousseau, and Voltaire." But there was no indication at that time of the revolutions about to take place in America, by French

assistance, and afterwards in France itself, to be followed by the memorable period of war and tumult in which the Corsican, then an infant, was to act so important a part. And there appeared as little probability that John Wesley's collection at the Conference at Leeds should be the germ of the mighty system of Methodism in America, now taking an active part in the evangelisation of the world.

The *Jubilee Report* of the Missionary Society passes rapidly over the early history of Methodism in the American Colonies. In 1770 the two preachers in America had been increased to four, in 1775 to eleven. Ten years later America is reported as containing fifty-four circuits, to which ninety-eight preachers were appointed, Dr. Coke and Francis Asbury being "Superintendents" of the whole. In 1785 the West Indies, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland appear on the "Minutes" for the first time. The United States of America had now become independent of the mother country, and their statistics were no longer reported in the "Minutes." And yet at the Conference of 1813, the year in which the first missionary meeting was held in Leeds, there were reported thirty missionary stations (exclusive of the new mission to the East), to which were appointed fifty-eight ministers, while no less than 17,025 members were enrolled as the first-fruits of a blessed and still increasing harvest.

From 1813 the Jubilee Report takes its commencement. It narrates the "Formation of the Wesleyan Methodist Society," on the 6th of October, 1813, in the town of Leeds. It furnishes a brief sketch of the Society's history during the Jubilee period. It relates the development of some of the missions into "Affiliated Conferences," still in connection with the British Conference and the General Missionary Committee. Throughout ten most interesting pages it traces the recent progress of the missions; and winds up the whole by a most lucid account of the "Jubilee Celebration," and the liberal and gratifying results. This report will be a boon to every lover of the Society, and will afford the opportunity, seldom equalled, of furnishing to members of other churches some clear idea of Methodist history and Methodist work.

THE MISSIONARY REPORT.—The time may come when "Vacation Tourists" may not think it an unsuitable occupation to visit the missions among the heathen in many lands, and collect from personal observation particulars relating to their history and their present condition. They would find much to interest them. The character and appearance of the native converts, their contrast with the surrounding heathen, biographical sketches, anecdotes in plenty of persons and places, would enhance the readableness of their notes. Their work would be all the more attractive if illustrated by photographic portraits, and landscapes now known only by verbal description. Where are papers more sought for than those now in the course of publication, by Dr. Norman Macleod, pictorially describing his travels in the East? Why should not the Missionary Report meantime be enriched by copious illustrations? The increased expense would be more than covered by the additional

sale of the publication, and the cause of missions would be indefinitely advanced. But in the absence of these improvements, we must say, that the report now before us excels its predecessors and contemporaries, in pointed and pithy remarks, in valid reasoning, in detail and compression, and that it ought to command universal attention.

The Holy Bible, according to the Authorised Version, Arranged in Paragraphs and Sections; with Emendations of the Text, also with Maps, Chronological Tables, &c. Part I. Genesis and Deuteronomy. V. The Gospels. Religious Tract Society, Paternoster Row.

WE admire almost everything in this fine edition of the Scriptures. The division into paragraphs, according to the sense, and into sections with appropriate headings, has been long approved by the discernment of the public, and we heartily welcome this innovation. The changes of translation are inserted mostly within brackets, and sometimes are very helpful. But sometimes they are needless, and produce an unpleasant effect on the mind, especially as being inserted in the text, and therefore obtruding themselves perforce on the reader. This remark refers rather to the New Testament than to the Old. "Revealed" [or, uncovered]; "I will have [I desire]"; "they that be whole [*i.e.* well]." "They will be [*i.e.* are]"; "For whether [*i.e.* which]"; "coasts" [borders];—are examples on which we immediately stumble. This, however, is comparatively a slight fault; nor should we refer to it were it not for our anxiety to see the general excellence of the Authorised Version vindicated and acknowledged as much as possible. We trust this noble edition—with its clear type and good paper—will be very extensively circulated.

Le Poème de Lucrèce. Morale, Religion, Science. Par C. Martha. Paris : Hatchette et Cie.

A BEAUTIFUL study of the great Epicurean poem: one of those monographs for which modern French literature is famous. It may be recommended to all readers of ancient philosophy as a beautiful chapter, beautifully composed; while as a complete sketch of one of the most noble Roman poets, it is deeply interesting to the classical student. M. Martha is no convert to that philosophy which has found a home, if not a birthplace, in France, and reproduces the ancient doctrine of Epicurus, so far as it considers all faith in the supernatural as baseless prejudice, explains all things by the movements of matter, and suppresses the first and ruling cause in the evolutions of nature. He gives us in his preface some beautiful observations on the difference between the modern and the ancient Epicureanism; some of which we shall translate.

"Epicureanism, under its ancient form, has been refuted for ages. Its lot has been to encounter adversaries like Cicero and Fénelon; nor will it find again a Gassendi to redeem it from its discredit. In fact,

the physical science on which the system reposed was only a romance of nature, without probability and not always even diverting. The theology was of so infantile a simplicity as to suggest the thought that it could not have been serious. Its morality, without being actually corrupting, was at least equivocal, and set those at their ease to whom it was of consequence that virtue should not be too clearly defined. Now-a-days we are not Epicureans, after the fashion of Lucretius: men are such by character, by temperament, by habit. The Epicurean of our day wants no reasonings, and creates for himself scarce any dogmas; he knows no master, and escapes every uncomfortable yoke. He is not, like Lucretius, an enthusiast, and thinks not of making proselytes; he is perfectly content with his own happiness, without caring to create that of others." M. Martha introduces his author by some striking remarks. "His science is obsolete, but what is always young and of imperishable interest, is the enthusiasm of the poet for science, his confidence in its discoveries, and his admiration for the immutable laws of nature. His combinations of atoms are only an arbitrary hypothesis; but what can be more real than those vast pictures in which the poet delights to show that nothing perishes in the world, and that all undergoes transformation?" "It remains true that Lucretius is one of the greatest poets of Rome, perhaps the greatest, if we consider only the native force of his genius." If the age in which he lived did not allow of his reaching the perfection of art, and the sustained enchantments of language that ravish us in Virgil, at least, he did not sacrifice to the exigence of a timid art the free outgoings of his soul and the boldness of his thought. He belonged to those stormy times of the public when, thanks to an unlimited liberty, and even to a frightful political and moral disorder, everyone wrote with all his vigour, without having to accommodate himself to official proprieties, or make to his poetry the delicate amusement of an effete society."

The essay commences with a luminous sketch of Epicurus and the Epicurean philosophy; proceeds to a narrative of the life and opinions of Lucretius; then dwells on the history of his fame and popularity, the fate of his great work from its production until now. It then proceeds to a fine analysis of the poem on "Nature," with reference to its religion, its views of the future state, its morals, its science. The whole ends with a dissertation, illustrated by extracts, of the sadness of the system, not without some reference to the glorious contrast of Christianity. "What are, after all, life and death? The result of the blind and perpetual struggle between the atoms which rule and the atoms which recoil from each other, between creative and destructive movements, which by an infinite and eternal alternative of victories and defeats, form beings and dissipate them. The world is only the immense theatre of this war between two principles which by turns have the upper hand and inflict upon man either life or death. He never loses out of sight man, the victim of nature. How severe are his accusations when he paints the greatest evil of human existence, his entrance into life, precipitated into being in spite of himself, where

his first cry is a lamentation, as if he already forecasted his future miseries! Certainly there is nothing new in these complaints; they belong to all time. Solomon uttered them. Many of the sages of antiquity, Empedocles, Plato, Aristotle and others, have said over and over again that to be born was a calamity. Pliny the Elder, in a celebrated fragment, has instituted a painful comparison between the infant of man and the young of animals; and Buffon, with a multitude of Christian writers, have dwelt on the same strain. But none of them ever approached the profound question of Lucretius, or found for it such touching images. The Epicurean poet is as it were inspired by his impiety, and makes of the infirmity of man an argument against Providence."

These few extracts will give some idea of the vigour and delicacy with which the subject of this monograph is handled.

Ante-Nicene Christian Library: Translations of the Writings of the Fathers, down to A.D. 325. Vol. VI.—Hippolytus, Bishop of Rome (I.). Vol. VIII.—The Writings of Cyprian. IX.—Irenæus, Hippolytus (II.). Vol. X.—The Writings of Origen. Vol. XI.—The Writings of Tertullian (I.). Vol. XII.—Clement of Alexandria (II.).

SINCE we last referred to this noble series, it has added to its list more or less of the works of Hippolytus, Cyprian, Irenæus, Origen. Only instalments of these writers are given, of course, but there is no reason to doubt that the translations will in due time be complete.

The ninth and tenth volumes are peculiarly valuable, as containing the works of Hippolytus, a bishop and martyr of the third century, who was defrauded of his literary honour for many ages, indeed until even our own generation, when *The Refutation of all Heresies* was discovered on Mount Athos and edited at Oxford, and vindicated for Hippolytus against the claims of Origen and some other early Fathers. The work is of great value, on account of the very early age in which the writer lived, as also because of the comparative completeness of his review of the systems of philosophy and heresy, which he would have called ancient and modern. Hippolytus was without doubt a disciple of Irenæus, Irenæus of Polycarp, and Polycarp of St. John. His work supplies the Greek text of a considerable portion of the similar treatise of Irenæus, who wrote in the previous century, but is otherwise quite independent of it. As in the case of Irenæus, there is very much that the ordinary reader will never understand or care to study, but the student of early ecclesiastical history will feel it a great advantage to be able, by the help of these scholarly translations, and the notes appended, to study in the original documents, as it were, the details of those marvellous systems of error that filled the second and third centuries.

The writings of Cyprian will be found much more interesting. The volume already issued contains the letters which he wrote during his

retirement in consequence of the Decian persecution, and some of his separate treatises. Both are of considerable importance for the understanding of the ecclesiastical difficulties of the third century, and the growth of the hierarchical sentiment. Cyprian's style, like his master Tertullian's, is vehement and abrupt, and taxes severely the translator, who has done his work well.

The new volume of Tertullian's writings is of the deepest interest. The treatises we have already referred to. The volume is one of those, we predict, that the reader will peruse for its own sake, and not merely lay by as a book of reference. The tenth volume introduces us to Origen, the most remarkable of the Ante-Nicene writers. It embraces *De Principiis*, the letters to Africanus, and part of the treatise against *Celsus*. The first of these is noteworthy as containing the errors which procured the general condemnation of Origen, and the last as being the most important document of the century and perfectly orthodox. Immense pains have evidently been taken by the translator to secure the best possible text, Latin or Greek, from which to translate. The volume is an admirable earnest of the work which we shall owe to Mr. Crombie.

We earnestly recommend this almost gigantic undertaking to continued and increasing support among our readers. Messrs. Clark have committed themselves to a vast scheme which deserves generous and intelligent support, and they who subscribe to this series may be sure that their publishers will not break down midway. In this, as in all their enterprises, they have formed a wise estimate of the needs and tastes of the times.

Gone with the Storm; and Minor Poems. By Charlotte Mary Griffiths. London: Cassell, Petter and Galpin.

THE cutting and setting of Miss Griffiths' jewels is not always equal to their intrinsic worth, though in both sections of her volume beauty of language and freshness and strength of thought will often be found in happy combination. The most fastidious criticism will recognise in Miss Griffiths the true soul of poetry. Sympathy with nature, intellectual vividness, and a deep well of feeling are apparent in all her compositions; and if we venture to suggest the desirableness of a higher artistic finish, it is in the hope that Miss Griffiths may do more ample justice to her undoubted powers.

The Divine Mysteries. By J. Baldwin Brown, B.A. Second Edition. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1869.

HERE are two small books bound up into one volume, and thus appearing in their second edition, the former edition of each having been published separately. The separate books were entitled respectively *The Divine Treatment of Sin*, and *The Divine Mystery of Peace*, the latter being a sequel to the former. Mr. Brown is not an

evangelical preacher, in the strict sense of the word *evangelical*; we are not sure that he is even strictly orthodox, according to the ancient and standard meaning of *orthodoxy*. He was early misled by the mystical heterodoxy of Maurice, and has never worked himself quite free from it, although his works have greatly improved as time has ripened his thinking. If this volume is read with wary candour, there is so much in it of real thought and of what is morally beautiful, that the student will not fail to derive instruction from it.

Sermons on Doctrines, for the Middle Classes. By the Rev. George Wray, M.A., Prebendary of York, and Rector of Leven, near Beverley, Author of Sermons on our Blessed Lord's Character and Pretensions. Rivingtons: London, Oxford and Cambridge. 1869.

In the preface we are told that "these sermons make no pretensions to anything beyond a plain statement of the principal doctrines of the Church, adapted to the understanding of persons in the ordinary ranks of life. They were not written with a view to publication, but for the instruction of the author's flock, an agricultural population, to whom they were preached." The subjects selected are such as might be suggested by the festivals and other institutions of the Church, and being associated chiefly with Scriptural events, are treated in a style which is usually clear, interesting, and in some sense vigorous. There is nothing, however, either in the matter or the manner to warrant the expectation that the commercial speculation will be a success. It would be well if this were all. But by the "plain statement of doctrines" must be understood teachings of which one specimen will suffice.

"The Christian religion . . . is a sacramental religion. It is a system built on two great foundations, baptism by water and the Holy Ghost, and participation in the Lord's Supper of the body and blood of Christ." The sacrament of baptism "is attaching the soul and substance of man to Him who died upon the Cross for our redemption, so that their natures become, in a sense, inseparable. When a child is outwardly washed by man at the font, it is inwardly cleansed and sanctified by the Holy Ghost. A spiritual life is then first communicated." "All the privileges of an adopted son, all the blessings of an everlasting inheritance, have been made over to him." "How blessed is the change this holy sacrament effects! without it he is a stranger and foreigner to the Christian name; he has entered into no covenant with God by Christ; he has no title to the redemption and reward. He may plead his own merits for reward, if merit can dare to show its face before God. But when the day of judgment comes, and all his sins are disclosed to view, he will find no intercessor to stand between him and his accuser, and no advocate to plead a mitigation of his sentence. The awful words, 'I never knew you,' will fall from those lips which should have been opened in his defence, and the sentence, 'Depart

from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire,' will be followed by immediate banishment from the presence of God."

Such is the instruction with which the agricultural population of Leven, near Beverley, are favoured under the patronage of a Protestant State.

Semina Rerum; or, True Words, Words of "Truth" and Sincerity, *versus* Diplomacy and Compromise. By Kenneth Macqueen. Second Edition. Edinburgh: John Maclaren. 1869.

A MISSIONARY tract, 165 pp., the object of which is to promote the interests of the "Female Society of the Free Church for the Christian Education of the Females of India and Kaffaria," specially, and missionary work in general. It is fairly insisted upon that efforts to spread Christianity are essential to the healthy, vigorous life of the Christian; and, consequently, that self-interest, as well as compassion, calls upon all to preach the Gospel to every creature. It is not less earnestly urged, if less conclusively, that, because "appeals to the heart should precede the logic or evidences of Christianity, that, therefore, it is unwise to expect much success unless the way has been prepared by medical missions and other similar agencies for obtaining a willing and attentive audience." These are doubtless invaluable aids, but the foolishness of preaching need wait for none. There is throughout the little book a tendency to exaggerate evils, and unduly to exalt favourite appliances, leading to a somewhat one-sided but manifestly earnest and conscientious treatment of the subject. The writer makes a great demand upon our faith when affirming that so much disappointment has resulted from attempts to force on the fructification of the seed sown by education in India—that is, we suppose, to secure the true and scriptural conversion of the natives so taught—that "our missionary communications are becoming of necessity cheery official reports, which seek to console and beguile—'good words' to flatter and please the multitude:"—and that "such good words" have been so often repeated "that the Church—the universal Church—is losing confidence in her missionary records, and beginning to seek for 'true words' on which she may rely, from other sources of information." We submit that there are, at least, some exceptions to this supposed infidelity. Nevertheless, there are scattered here and there wholesome truths, well worthy of consideration, bearing, for instance, on the value of education, upon secular schools as hindrances rather than helps to the spread of Christianity, and on the value of female influence, especially amongst the young and in the family circle. True to the profession of the title-page, there is no surplusage of diplomacy when we are told that the listlessness and drowsiness of congregations are far more to be ascribed to the style of preaching than to "defective ventilation;" or that "the same stereotyped phrases are used in respect to every missionary who revisits our shores. He is our faithful, self-denying, self-sacrificing missionary, however much during his absence his luke-

warmness, worldly-mindedness, and waywardness may have been condemned." It is said that you may know a man by the company which he keeps. It is sometimes equally true that from a man's opinions you may guess what company he has kept. We should be as loth to apply this test in the case of the author before us, as to believe that what is here written of the Free Church Mission is true.

Topics for Teachers. A Manual for Ministers, Bible Class Leaders, and Sunday School Teachers. By James Comper Grey, Author of "The Class and the Desk." Vol. I. —Nature and Man. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

A LARGE amount of information is carefully compiled and methodically arranged, with valuable hints as to the best mode of using the same with effect. The subjects included in this first volume are the zoology, geography, botany, mineralogy, meteorology, astronomy, the men and the women of Scripture. The compiler invites communications from teachers who use his book, and he will thus be led probably to correct errors, which may be of the press alone, but which do not interfere with the practical value of the compilation.

A History of the English Church from its Foundation to the Reign of Queen Mary. In Two Parts. Addressed to the Young. By M. C. S. Oxford and London: James Parker and Co. 1869.

AN able, ingenious, rather than ingenuous, compilation of facts, sometimes compressed and sometimes amplified into fiction, relating, as occasion may require, to either the history of the State or the history of the Church. The whole book is written in the interests of the high sacerdotalism of the Anglo-Catholic school. Thus three parties are described as existing at the time of the Reformation. "Those who were satisfied that things should go on as formerly, and were content to receive most of the doctrines taught by the Church of Rome, I shall call 'Roman Catholics' or 'Romanists.' The second, who were anxious to restore the faith of the Church to her original purity, and were desirous of a moderate reform, I shall call 'Catholics;' while those who clamoured for a sweeping reformation, and would fain have followed the example of the foreign Reformers, I shall designate as 'Protestants.'" Whereupon a foot-note informs us that the term "Protestant" can only refer to the Edict of Spire, with which the English had nothing to do, and that "it is clear our reformed Church never recognised it." After the same fashion the author deals with the Divine right of episcopacy, with penances, with festivals, with "the Sacrament of the Altar," with the suppression of religious houses, and with vestments. The moral delinquencies of the clergy in former times are acknowledged, but it is added, that then the clergy "comprehended clerks, sextons, gravediggers,

&c." and the youthful reader is left to infer that these were the defaulters. In accordance with all this we read, "God did not give us the Bible in order that we might each one of us found a religion of our own upon it, but that having been instructed from our childhood in the principles of the Christian religion, as taught by the Apostles and their immediate successors, we might *from* the Bible 'prove all things, and hold fast that which is good.' Let us be thankful that in the Anglican branch of the Catholic Church in this land, we have not only an open Bible, but also an apostolic ministry and a primitive Liturgy, or Book of Common Prayer, for our guidance in all important matters of faith and practice." Perversions of history will not permanently avail those who put them forth. It matters little to add that the assumed supremacy of the Bishop of Rome is earnestly and consistently denied.

Timely Words: being Fifteen Sermons. By J. Jackson Goadby. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co., Stationers' Hall Court. 1869.

FIFTEEN sermons full of love and of good works. In them will be found earnest thought and stirring appeal. They speak much of Christ, and here and there even call Him a Redeemer. But in these fifteen sermons, in these three hundred pages, from the beginning to the end, there is *no evident recognition of the Atonement*. We would recognise such ability as the book manifests, but seriously demur to the title adopted. No words are "timely" which, whilst dealing with such texts as Malachi iii. 3, Romans x. 6—10, Hosea x. 12, and Isaiah liv. 10, utterly fail even in passing to recognise the central doctrine of the Christian salvation. Such writing is common, such preaching is increasingly prevalent; and it therefore behoves all who would maintain the authority of Christ or vindicate the hope of humanity, to let it be distinctly known that the "river of the water of life" flows "from the throne of God and the Lamb."

The Prophecies of the Prophet Ezekiel Elucidated. By E. W. Hengstenberg, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THOUGH the prophet Ezekiel invites the commentator into the deepest mystery of Old Testament Scripture, it is possible to write such a commentary as shall be both clear and popular. Such is the present production. It may be read from beginning to end by the unlearned reader with profit, while the critical interpreter will find himself much indebted to it. The retrospect at the end is the finest extant view of the prophet and his work; and the essay on the "Cherubim" is deeply interesting. Messrs. Clark have greatly enriched their series by this admirable volume.

Its interest is deeply enhanced by the fact, that Dr. Hengstenberg, the learned, indefatigable, evangelical defender and expositor of Holy Scripture, has rested at length from his labours. Our fuller tribute to his high excellence and almost unparalleled services must, for the present, be withheld.

Sermon Thoughts: Analysing and Illustrating Bible Texts, in Sketches and Brief Discourses. London: Elliot Stock.

THIS is a superior little volume of its class. The sketches are original and highly suggestive; too strongly marked with the writer's individuality to be used by others, and all the more valuable on that account.

Tamieion: sive Concordantiæ Novi Testamenti Græci collatæ et in angustum deductæ, curâ Ottonis Schmoller. Londini: D. Nutt.

To those who have not the quarto Brader this handy little quarto will prove of great advantage. Of course, its small size necessitates certain retrenchments; for instance, many references are omitted in the case of the less important words; sometimes the passages are only referred to and not quoted; many of the particles and pronouns are omitted, though not those which are theologically most important; and, lastly, some of the commonest verbs are absent altogether. These omissions have, perhaps, been carried too far. But, on the other hand, care has been given to distinguish the uses of the terms that form the foundation of the Christian Faith; and it has been a study with the compiler to make the book as useful as possible to the theological student as such.

The State of the Medical Profession in Great Britain and Ireland. By William Dale, M.D., &c. Dublin: Fannin. London: Longmans.

DR. DALE has done rightly in publishing this essay, which only not succeeded in obtaining the Carmichael Prize in 1868. It contains all the professional knowledge and all the professional assistance which young medical students might reasonably look for. It also takes a wide view of the state of medical science and practice in England, and abounds in thoughtful observations. In these respects it by no means falls below its more successful competitors; but it has a point of superiority peculiarly its own, viz., the very prominent place it assigns to the moral training of students. Nothing can be more important than this, and Dr. Dale has discharged his duty to his profession and his age in an able, intelligent, and thoroughly Christian manner.

The Perfect Man; or, Jesus an Example of Godly Life. By the Rev. Harry Jones, M.A. Rivingtons. 1869.

WRITTEN with a good design, and by an earnest preacher; but written with very questionable taste and discrimination. There is not a sufficient measure of pure Gospel truth in the volume to reconcile us to such a style as this: "He taught no carpet Gospel. The pains He took, lest anyone should follow Him blindly, appear in many short stern words at which we, who hear so much about the

sweetness of Jesus, are sometimes impressed; and the man who had great possessions shrank from the thought of exchanging them for the dim and distant treasures of heaven, and went away grieved. What a contrast is this to the common reception of the wealthy man now! How tenderly careful we are not to give him umbrage! How cautious is the poor minister of Christ, lest he should unwillingly scare *my lord* away, and lose a rich supporter! But Jesus was no diplomatist. He never shielded Himself, and never made things smooth to possible scruples, were they great or small. There is apparently a want of what we, in our modern delicacy, call tact and consideration in His way of calling them to His work."

Petronilla and other Poems. By Frederick George Lee, Author of "The King's Highway," "Poems," &c. Rivingtons. 1869.

HERE are poems by the author of *Directorium Anglicanum*, by the great authority among Anglo-Catholics in regard to vestments, processions, and postures. If some reviewers are to be credited, some of Mr. Lee's former publications have shown real poetical feeling combined with a superior sense of melody. If this be so, it is evident that he is losing his poetical faculties as he rises towards his point of culmination as a teacher of ceremonial. Indeed the steps, not of his *Gradus ad Parnassum*, but of his *facilis descensus*, may be traced with some distinctness in this little volume. Here are two earlier poems—"The Martyrs of Vienne and Lyons," and "The Conversion of Constantine," which show fair poetic taste and culture. But the later productions are, for the most part, both prosaic and puerile.

Let us take, to begin with, a sample which occurs early in the obscure and fragmentary production which gives its title to the volume:—

"There were some knights to match these ladies fair,
Who, if their portraits did not flatter them,
Appeared excessively uncomfortable,
Angular joints with faces brown and brave.

* * * * *

Above the space
Where two dog-irons shone on the chimney floor,
Rose a confused mass of carved black oak:—
Adam and Eve with a leafless tree between;
The Ark and Dove with Noah's turbaned head
Put out of window; while between and round,
Dragons devouring each with energy;
Boys, fruit, and wheat-ears; while along the top
Ran this inscription, *Dominus regnavit.*"

Than these lines nothing can well be more rugged and unrhythmical; the syntax and construction are as loose and lumbering as the prosody; the repetition of the *while* in the last three lines is something worse than careless, it shows want of poetic sensibility as well as of care.

Let us take another specimen from the end of this same poem of "Petronilla."

"Years afterwards, when Change had done his work,
 And the big world had moved with steadiness,
 I wandered in a church-porch open door,
 Oak benches unobtrusive, all restored,
 Where rich and poor together bend the knee ;
 Enamel pavement, screen with gold and blue ;
 An alabastrine altar, jewelled cross ;
 Three rings of tapers in the eastern part,
 And windows glowing with rich coloured tints,
 Jesus and Mary, Magdalene and John,
 And Petronilla, with a little fish,
 Daughter in Christ of the great Fisherman,
 All these I saw and more."

The meaning of the second line in this extract is to us a blank ;
 "wandered in a door," in the third line, is not very intelligible ; the
 remaining lines are no doubt worthy of the author of *Directorium
 Anglicanum*, especially the last but two, while the meaning of the last
 line but one is quite a study. The "Petronilla" here spoken of was,
 it seems, the patron saint of the young lady who restored this church ;
 the "poem" contains some dim maunderings about the said Petronilla ;
 the epitaph of the young lady within the church she had restored ends
 with—

"Lord Jesus, hear our prayers,
 Thy Petronilla was her patron saint."

But what we are now about to quote is far more pitiable in its
 grovelling and profane puerility than the specimens we have jus
 exhibited.

"ALONE.

I.

"Alone, in the noisy restless street ;
 Thousands hurrying to and fro
 Lonelier make me as I go
 Creeping onwards with none to greet.
 "First far backward a sunnier day
 Home-known faces in quiet dells,
 Till up and down music of chiming bells
 Brings me back as they comforting say,
 Jesus and Mary were out at night,
 When the winds were sharp and the stars were bright.

II.

"Then a glimpse of my after-delight,
 Heart with heart and hand in hand,
 A flood of sunshine over the land,
 Autumn rich and Summer bright.
 "Yet Summer was short and Autumn poor,
 Turbid streams and cloudy skies,
 Now but darkness round me lies,
 No red glare from an open door.
 But Jesus and Mary were out at night,
 When the winds were sharp and the stars were bright.

III.

"No sweet voice or joyous smile,
 No kind glance or bosom warm,
 Morn and even, calm or storm,
 Cold below, and none beguile.

"Alone, alone, keen though it be,
 The Olive Grove was keener still,
 The Nails and Lance, the darkened Hill,
 And all alone for love of me.
 Jesus and Mary were out at night,
 When the winds were sharp and the stars were bright.

IV.

"Alone in the desolate, crowded street,
 Dipping down with a curve of lights,
 Shining silver, glistening sights
 Right and left, but none to greet.
 "Yon church windows, lit up for prayers,
 Magdalene Saint though Sinner there ;
 Lead me, Lord, her lot to share,
 And let me tread the golden stairs.
 For Jesus and Mary were out at night,
 When the winds were sharp and the stars were bright."

And yet worse, if possible, is this next—

"BEHOLD THY MOTHER.

"A golden-haired child, with large blue eyes,
 Gathering violets fair :
 'Where do you come from, little girl ?'
 'I am going home out there.'
 "The chubby hand cannot grasp the flowers,
 So they fall on the dusty track ;
 The shy one's fears outforce a few tears,
 And she looketh taken aback.
 "'And what prayers do you say, little maid ?—
 Tell me what prayers you say.'
 "'Lighten our darkness,' and 'Pray God bless,'
 And the 'Our Father' always."
 "'I put my hands together, like this,
 When I go to bed alone,
 And I always say what my mother taught ;'
 Then she said in monotone :
 "'Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
 Bless the bed I lie upon.
 Four corners to my bed,
 Four angels at my head :
 One to sing and one to pray,
 And two to carry my soul away ;
 And if I die before I wake,
 I pray to God my soul to take,
 For Jesus Christ our Saviour's sake.
 Amen.'"
 "'And where is your mother who taught you this,
 My good little clever lass ?'
 'She's not at home now, for they've put her below,
 Under the churchyard grass.
 "'So every day when I'm out at play,
 I go and talk to my mother,
 And give her some flowers.'
 If one is gone,
 Methought, you have Another."

The Church of Christ: a Treatise on the Nature, Powers, Ordinances, Discipline, and Government of the Christian Church. By the late James Bannerman, D.D., Professor of Apologetic and Pastoral Theology, New College, Edinburgh. Edited by his Son. Two Vols. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

No one can glance over the contents of these exhaustive volumes without being impressed by the remarkable comprehensiveness and symmetry of Dr. Bannerman's view of this great subject. They exhibit the fullest, if not best, view of the Church, and of the wide variety of topics suggested by that word, that the student can get and read. The treatment is indeed so thorough, that we scarcely like to throw out an objection to the length and occasional diffuseness of the work, although we believe that it might have been published to greater advantage in half the size. We have read it, of course, with strong prejudice in its favour. Our own platform is Presbyterian, and while we incorporate with our theory what is true in the Episcopal and Congregational polity respectively, we are not eclectic or latitudinarian, but enter cordially into nearly all the polemical points of this work and make them our own. Dr. Bannerman did good service by his lectures on Inspiration, and we are exceedingly glad that his legacy in the present lectures has been found so worthy of his own reputation, of the chair and church he served, and, what is still more, of the great subject he discusses. We cannot do better than extract a few sentences of Professor Rainy's analysis, prepared with great care and perfectly true:—

"In this treatise the principles and leading applications of the doctrine of the Church are discussed; the Church being here considered chiefly as it becomes visible, and exercises definite appointed functions, the fundamental principles laid down being most commonly received among Scottish Presbyterians. Questions, such as those regarding the sense in which the Church is a Divine institution, regarding the powers entrusted to her, the principles on which they are to be exercised, and the virtue to be ascribed to her action in the use of them, the various controversies regarding offices, discipline, sacraments, schisms, and the like; these are not only important at all times, but at the present time they become continually more urgent. . . . Even those who belong to other schools and do not concur with the author in his conclusions, may benefit by the specimen here given of a coherent scheme of doctrine, and by the obligations which it may be felt to impose on anyone who sets forth a counter scheme."

Few books more fully justify this last remark. Dr. Bannerman's is an admirable text-book (in all but its prolixity), and the student of every form of ecclesiastical polity will find his own views fairly represented. Here and there the Congregationalist is rather hardly dealt with, but the general tone of the work is dignified, earnest, temperate, and devout. We heartily recommend it to the shelves of our universities and students of theology.

Hints on Clerical Reading, especially intended for Young Clergymen and Candidates for Holy Orders. By the Rev. H. Dale, M.A. Rivingtons. 1869.

THIS little book is faithful to its title; it gives only *hints*, and those hints are mainly useful to young *clergymen*. But there are some points which others, besides readers of the Liturgy, may note with advantage. Take the following: "We constantly hear a pause introduced between words which should be read closely together; while others, which ought to be separated by a pause, are read together, to the destruction of their true meaning. Many destroy the grammatical connection between the words in the clause of the Apostles' Creed, 'thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead,' by making a pause after 'judge.' In the Nicene Creed it is very rarely indeed—scarcely ever—that the titles of the Holy Ghost are read correctly. Almost always a pause is made after 'Giver,' as though the following words depended alike on *both* the preceding nouns. But though the Holy Spirit *might* truly be called 'the Lord of life,' it is quite certain that He *is not* so called here; but that the first title given to Him is 'the Lord'—simply and absolutely, as in the Athanasian Creed—and the second 'the Giver of life.'"

"Very important consequences may be involved in the position of an emphasis. For instance, I have heard the sentence, 'Ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets in the kingdom of God,' read with a very strong emphasis on the word 'all' without the least on 'prophets;' the effect of which was to wipe out, by implication, the whole interval between the patriarchal and prophetic eras." "A similar mistake is made in the Versicle, 'Grant us peace in our time, O Lord,' when so strong a stress is laid on 'our' as to imply that we think it of no consequence what may be the state of the world in other ages, if it be but peaceful in our own. The chief emphasis ought to be on 'peace.' 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;' here a stress is sometimes laid on 'be' and 'is,' as though there were an antithesis between time future in the first clause, and present in the second; though the very type in which 'it is' is printed shows that the words are not expressed in the original. It should be read, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' In Luke xvi. 9, 'And I say unto you,' &c., the stress is generally laid on 'say' alone, both the pronouns being left without any. And yet both of them require it, to show in what sense *our Lord* applies to *us* the lesson to be learnt from the conduct of the unjust steward and *his* lord: and *I* say unto *you*.' 1 Cor. xv. 36, 'Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die.' The second 'thou' in this verse is scarcely ever read with the full emphasis which it demands; generally without any at all. And yet in the original it stands the first word even in a relative clause, as though he would say, 'Thou, at any rate, who knowest the wonderful results of thine own actual sowing of grain, hast no ground for

denying as impossible those of the metaphorical sowing of the body.”

“The instances adduced surely warrant the suggestion, that it is well for all clergymen, especially young ones, to read carefully over beforehand the original Greek: they would thus run no risk of mispronouncing some of the proper names which occur in the lessons: changing, e.g., *Lasea* into *Lasæa*, and *Cenchræa* into *Cenchræa*; confounding the *Enæas* of St. Luke with the classical *Ænæas*; lengthening the penultimate of *Patrôbas*; changing the masculine dissyllable *Urbane* into the feminine trisyllable *Urbâne*; and the quadrisyllables *Timothæus* and *Elisæus* into the trisyllables *Timothæus* and *Elisæus*, as they are generally read.”

These extracts will give a fair idea of the character of this simple little book, which is a useful contribution to one branch of a wide subject.

System of Christian Ethics. By Dr. G. C. A. Von Harless.

Translated by the Rev. A. W. Morrison, M.A., and the Rev. W. Findlay, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THIS book is of much wider and deeper interest than the title would suggest. It is a complete exhibition of the plan of salvation in the Christian Scriptures: salvation needed and offered; salvation possessed and enjoyed; salvation exhibited and retained. The book is an old book, which has reached a sixth edition in Germany, and, like the author's exegetical works, has exerted a great influence on the evangelical reaction in that land. This is a beautiful translation; and we are glad to perceive that the original Greek is literally given. This gives a rich charm to the page, and adds very much to the value of a book which abounds on almost every page with striking expositions of the original. We have nothing but satisfaction in recommending this profound system of the theology of redemption to all Christian ministers.

Minutes of Several Conversations between the Methodist Ministers in the Connexion established by the late Rev. John Wesley, A.M., at their Hundred and Twenty-sixth Annual Conference, begun in Hull, on Thursday, July 29th, 1869. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1869.

HERE are the records of the ministers deceased during the past year; the stations of the living; the names and lists of the ministers lately ordained (seventy-nine in England, five in Ireland, twenty-two abroad) and of those who are passing through their years of probation; here are summaries of all the year's results, numerical and financial, and of all the business done in the various departments. Here are the lists of the various administrative committees, and committees of review, of which committees one-half are always laymen. The volume contains also the addresses to and from affiliated Conferences, and the pastoral

address of the Conference to the societies, a beautiful document, but one in which if the direct imperative verb and figurative language had been more sparingly used, there would, as we venture to think, have been an increase of grace and persuasiveness without any loss of force. It is a cheap and a deeply interesting volume.

The Student's Hand-Book of Christian Theology. By the Rev. Benjamin Field. Melbourne Wesleyan Book Depot. London: Hamilton, Adams and Co.

THIS is a very complete and excellent summary of Wesleyan theology. Mr. Field, since he went to Australia, has done his Church the valuable service of preparing this cheap, profitable, and well-digested volume. It is intelligent and carefully thought out, and shows extensive reading. The style also is clear and good. Not only the adolescent Methodism of the antipodes, but the mature Methodism of this kingdom, is under obligation to Mr. Field for an important service rendered. One complaint only we have to make—that the press has not been competently revised. On the title-page we have "*By Rev. Benjamin Field,*" Professor Plumtre's name is spelt with a superfluous *e*, the title of Mr. Garbett's book on the Written Word of God is given now as "*God's Word Written,*" and then as "*God's Written Word,*" Dr. Pye Smith's style and title is reduced to *J. P. Smith, &c., &c.* It will be well if such blemishes as these are removed from a book which is likely to be employed as a text-book, at least in Australia.

Conversations on the Rise, Progress, and Present State of Wesleyan Missions. Illustrated with a Missionary Map and Eight Engravings. By the Rev. William Moister, Author of "*Missionary Memorials,*" "*Missionary Stories,*" &c. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1869.

MR. MOISTER should by this time be well known to our readers. By his former excellent books, and by his own extensive experience in Southern and Western Africa, and in the West Indies, he has been prepared for the execution of the volume before us, which is, in reality, a history of Wesleyan Missions, and which is the only history of its missions Methodism possesses. It is an authentic, careful, and very interesting condensation, and will, we hope, pass through many editions. One only suggestion we submit to Mr. Moister. Is not the good boy, George, who appears as interlocutor in these "*conversations,*" though a most exemplary and excellent boy, yet company that might be well spared? If the reader and the author were left together, without any medium, the volume would gain in dignity without, as we think, really losing in interest; and, what is a not unimportant consideration, the size of the volume would be materially reduced.